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FERN TREE VALLEY NEAR HOBART TOWN

THE

LAST OF THE TASMANIANS;

OR,

The Black War of Van Diemen's Land.

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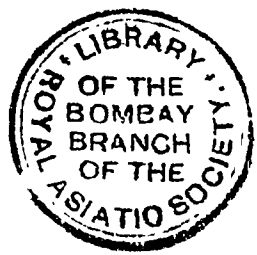
BY



JAMES BONWICK, F.R.G.S.

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WITH NUMEROUS ILLUSTRATIONS, AND COLOURED ENGRAVINGS.

LONDON:
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PREFACE.

My simple object in the publication of this book was to make known some facts of colonial history not collected by another. It is just possible that my own deep interest in the fate of the Lost Tribes may have led me to overvalue the importance of that knowledge. To me the story of the Tasmanians is so romantic, so affecting, so suggestive, that I, perhaps, have erred in deeming the public sensitive to such sympathies. Anyhow, a sense of duty has actuated the literary venture. Others had laboured for me; I did but return a little.

The critic's forbearance is respectfully solicited. I am conscious of irregularity of style, if not of graver faults. The apology is, that most of the book was written on the voyage from Australia; and those who know the constant disturbing influences of ship-board, and the absolute deprivation of quiet privacy, will be ready to accord me their indulgence.

The difficulties of collecting materials for such a work must be considered. It was not a mere hunt through Blue Books. The forest depths, the sultry plain—the homes of peace, the dens of penal woe—have each brought something to the store. The laugh of the Bushman, the sigh of gentle womanhood, the grief at lost affection, the curse from some remembered wrong, have been the varied accompaniments of tales thus told.

The returning of thanks to those who have aided my efforts is a pleasing duty. Yet where so many individuals have been kind it is not easy to name a few. To the Government officials of New South Wales and Tasmania I am under much obligation. The early records of both colonies were unreservedly submitted to my inspection. To the Australian Library of Sydney, the noble Public Library of Melbourne, and the Parliamentary Libraries of the Colonies, I am also much indebted.

If this simple narrative of the Tasmanians excite some benevolent desire to bless the rude tribes left beneath our sway, my object is accomplished.

The Second Part, soon to follow the present historical work, will speak of the Tasmanians in their home, and everyday life. It may be regarded as a sequel to the book in hand. The one traces their career as a nation; the other will bring them in their individuality before us. We shall see them at their meals, their sports, their sick couch, and their grave. Their songs and laughter will be heard, and their dark traditions told.

Should the British and American public listen favourably to the story of the Tasmanians, other chapters of early colonial days, as singular as they are interesting, may be unfolded.

It is with humble confidence in the sympathy of philanthropists, and a respectful reliance on the generosity of Anglo-Saxons in both hemispheres, that the book is launched upon the waters of the literary world.

JAMES BONWICK.

ACTON, LONDON, *October* 13, 1869.

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.

VOYAGERS' TALES OF THE TASMANIANS.

	PAGE
The First Battle	3
Captain Cook's Visit	5
The French Visit in 1792	9
Flinders and Bass at the Derwent	15
Péron's Visit in 1802	18
The French and the Wood-nymphs	23

CHAPTER II.

THE BLACK WAR.

Massacre of the Blacks in 1804	32
Destruction of Public Records	39
Kidnapping Black Boys	41
Michael Howe's Black Mary	47
Chase after Stock-keepers	50
Colonel Sorell's Order of 1819	53

CHAPTER III.

CRUELTIES TO THE BLACKS.

Cruelty of Early Settlers	59
Cruelty of Bushrangers	61
Spanish and Dutch Cruelties	68

CHAPTER IV.

OUTRAGES OF THE BLACKS.

Hanging of Two Aborigines	75
The Demarcation Order of 1828	78
Martial Law	82
Pictorial Proclamation	85
Proclamation of October 1830	89
Mosquito and the Tame Mob	93
Execution of Mosquito and Black Jack	103
Cruelties of the Blacks	107
A Hand left in the Trap	111
Bravery of a Half-caste Wife	121
Chastity of White Women respected	125
Time of Terror	129

CHAPTER V.

THE LINE.

PAGE
Proclamation for Volunteers 133
Arrangements for the Capture 143
Leaders and Numbers in the Line 151
Savage's Tale of the Savages 158
Mr. Walpole caught a Black 163
Siege of the "Three Thumbs" 169
£30,000 for One Black 173
Egg-gatherers break through a Line 179

CHAPTER VI.

CAPTURE PARTIES.

Leaders of Parties 182
John Batman, the Blacks' Friend 189
The Sydney Black Guides 193
A Night at Ben Lomond 198
Gilbert Robertson, the Leader 201
Jorgen Jorgenson, the Dane 206

CHAPTER VII.

GEORGE AUGUSTUS ROBINSON, THE CONCILIATOR.

Bruni Island Depôt 213
Truganina, the beautiful Tasmanian 217
The Conciliatory Mission 220
Robinson's Capture of a Tribe 223
Triumphal Entry into Hobart Town 229
Truganina saves Robinson's Life 233

CHAPTER VIII.

FLINDERS ISLAND.

Swan Island Depôt 243
Gun Carriage Island 245
Flinders Island Depôt 247
Visit of the Quaker Missionaries 251
Life of Aborigines on Flinders Island 253
Mr. Clark, the Catechist 259
School Examination of the Natives 260
Dr. Jeanneret, the Commandant 267
Dr. Milligan removes Natives from Flinders 270

CHAPTER IX.

OYSTER COVE.

Author's Visit to the Natives at Oyster Cove 274
Death of Mr. Clark 277
Maryann and Walter 282

CHAPTER X.

THE SEALERS.

PAGE
Home Life of Sealers' Women 295
Robinson removes the Women to Flinders 300
The Quakers and the Sealers 305

CHAPTER XI.

HALF-CASTES.

Murder of Half-castes 311
Fecundity of Mixed Races 313
Bishop Nixon's Visit to the Straits' Half-castes 317
Bong and her Daughter Dolly 321

CHAPTER XII.

NATIVE RIGHTS.

Legal Rights 327
Hanging of Four Tasmanians 331

CHAPTER XIII.

CIVILIZATION.

Whately's Degradation Theory 335
Effects of Civilization 343
Drink and Civilization 347
Walter, the civilized Tasmanian 352
An Aboriginal Discourse 354
Mr. Wedge's Black Boy 355
Failure of Australian Missions 365
Christian Tasmanians 367

CHAPTER XIV.

DECLINE.

Amalgamation of Races 373
Decline, a "Decree of Providence" 375
Hawaiian and Maori Decline 379
Drink, the great Destroyer 381
Story of the civilized Mathinna 383
Count Strzelecki's Theory of Decline 387
Lauué, the Last Man 393
Lalla Rookh, the Last Tasmanian 399

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

COLOURED PLATES.

	To face page
Fern Tree Valley, near Hobart Town	*Frontispiece*
Attack on a Settler's Hut	51
The Corra Linn of Northern Tasmania	364

WOODCUTS.

Mother and Child. (*Péron's "Voyage"*)	23
Tasmanian Woman. (*Péron's Arra Maida*)	25
Tasmanian. (*Péron's Grou-Agara*)	26
Pictorial Proclamation for the Blacks	84
Mr. Robinson on his Conciliation Mission. (*From* Mr. Duterreau's *great picture*)	210
Wooreddy, Truganina's Husband. (*From* Mr. Duterreau's *portrait*)	217
Manalagana. (*From* Mr. Duterreau's *portrait*)	218
Fac-similes of Autographs	268
Wapperty, a Tasmanian Woman. (*Photographed by* Mr. Woolley)	279
Patty, the Ring-tailed Opossum. (*Photographed by* Mr. Woolley)	280
Patty in Oyster Cove Holiday Costume. (*Photographed by* Dr. Nixon, Lord Bishop of Tasmania)	280
Bessy Clark, of Oyster Cove. (*Photographed by* Mr. Woolley)	281
Walter George Arthur, and his Wife Maryann the Half-Caste	282
William Lanné, the Last Man. (*By* Mr. Woolley, 1866)	393
Lalla Rookh, or Truganina, the Last Woman. (*Photographed by* Mr. Woolley, 1866)	399

TASMANIA.
BASS'S STRAIT
BANKS' STRAIT
FLINDERS 19
CLARKS 19
SWAN 19
THREE HUMMOCK 19
HUNTER 19
WALKER 19
ROBBIN 19
Ringarooma
Weymouth
George T.
York
Launceston
Deloraine
Westbury
Perth
Longford
Cleveland
Campbell Town
Ross
Oatlands
Falmouth
Burgess
Richmond
Bagdad
Brighton
New Norfolk
Bridgewater
Glenorchy
Hobart Town
Sorell
Hadspen
Bathurst
Hadsville
DORSET
DEVON
CORNWALL
WESTMORLAND
GLAMORGAN
MONMOUTH
LINCOLN
CUMBERLAND
BUCKINGHAM
KENT
PEMBROKE
Plateau 1000 Feet High
Mt Direction
Mt Arthur
Mt Nicholas
Mt Wellington
Mt Pillinger
Mt Picton
Mt Pillard
Arthur Hills
Cradle Mt
Middlesex Plains
Great Lake
Arthur L.
Sorell
Pitt Water
Storm Bay
Tasman Peninsula
Forestiers Peninsula
Port Arthur
Port Dalrymple
Port Frederick
Port Sorell
Port Davey
Macquarie Harbour
Circular Head
Table C.
Swan Port
Oyster Bay
Maria I.
Tasman I.
Schoutan I.
Bruny I.
Eddystone
Whale Head
South Cape
Waterhouse Pt
Banks' Strait
C. Portland
Three Hummock I.
Hunter I.
Walker I.
Robbin I.
Flinders I.
Clarks I.
Swan I.
Maria I.
Tasman I.
Schoutan I.
Bruny I.
Eddystone
Whale Head
South Cape
Storm Bay
Tasman Peninsula
Forestiers Peninsula
Port Arthur
Port Dalrymple
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Port Davey
Macquarie Harbour
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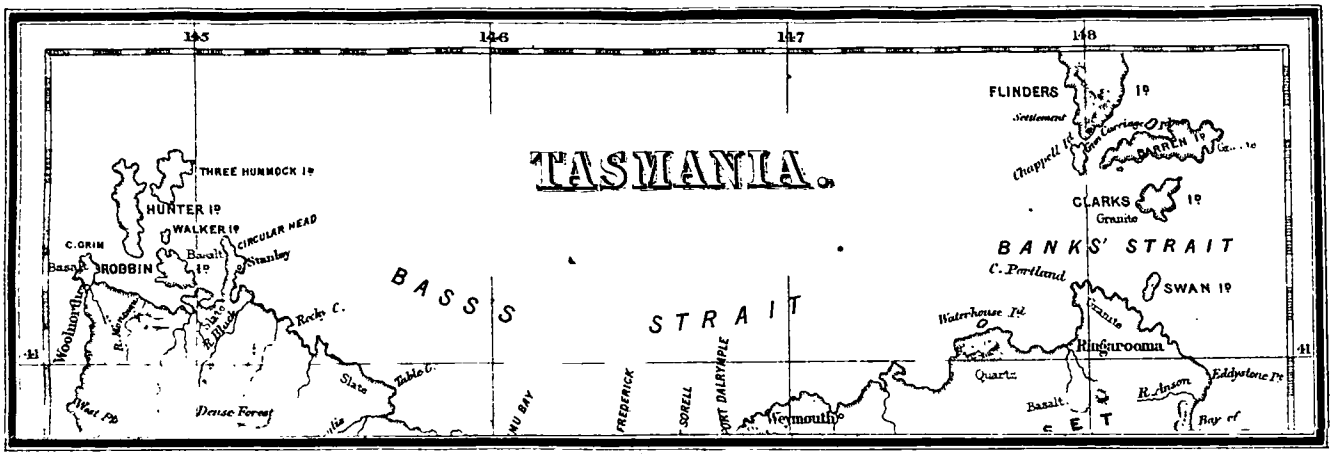
Table C.
Swan Port
Oyster Bay



London Published with Bennett's Last of the Tasmanians."

THE LAST OF THE TASMANIANS.

CHAPTER I.

VOYAGERS' TALES OF THE TASMANIANS.

It was at the close of 1642 that a couple of small Dutch vessels were struggling with the rough billows of the Southern Ocean. Their prows were plunging into unknown seas. The adventurous commander, Abel Jansen Tasman, sought new fields of discovery, new homes for his roving, thrifty countrymen. Glistening peaks of quartz ranges emerged from the waters. A white crest adorned the eastern horizon for many miles, succeeded by darker columnar masses of rock. A stormy bay was traversed, a frowning peninsula was rounded, and in a little cove the weary voyagers found rest and shelter. The startling novelties of that southern land, its charming climate, its animate and inanimate wonders, attracted attention and extorted applause. A name must be given to it. In the colony from which the captain had sailed, the Dutch settlement of Java, lived a fair girl, the daughter of the governor, whose sweet image followed the wanderings of the good ship *Zeehaarn*. Tasman called the country after the name of herself and parent,—Van Diemen's Land.

But my object is to introduce the sailor's first notice of the inhabitants of this new region,—the hapless Tasmanians. I cannot do better than give an extract from his journal:—

"I anchored," said Tasman, "on the 1st of December, in a bay which I called the Bay of Frederick Henry. I heard, or at

least fancied I heard, the sound of people upon the shore; but I saw nobody. All I met with worth observing was two trees, which were two fathoms or two fathoms and a half in girth, and sixty or sixty-five feet high from the roots to the branches. They had cut with a flint a sort of steps in the bark, in order to climb up to the birds'-nests. These steps were at the distance of five feet from each other; so that we must conclude that either these people are of prodigious size, or that they have some way of climbing trees that we are not used to. In one of the trees the steps were so fresh, that we judged they could not have been cut above four days. The noise we heard resembled the noise of some sort of trumpet; it seemed to be at no great distance, but we saw no living creature notwithstanding. I perceived also, in the sand, the marks of wild beasts' feet, resembling those of a tiger, or some such creature. I observed smoke in several places; however, we did nothing more than set up a post, on which every one cut his name or his mark, and upon which I hoisted a flag."

The steps cut in the bark were not, however, for the search after birds'-nests, but for the capture of opossums. The trumpet sound could be none other than the *coo-ee* of the foresters assembling the tribe, doubtless to consider the mysterious invasion of their land by the white-faced and pantalooned strangers.

As the Dutchmen sailed away in a day or two, they had no opportunity of intercourse with the wild men of the woods. But the visit was a memorable one; and posterity, in spite of the worthy old governor and his beautiful daughter, have recorded their estimate of the good fortune of the captain, by calling the southern isle TASMANIA.

The first French navigator who came to the fair island was MARION DU FRESNE. He had heard of the discovery by Tasman, and paid a visit to the spot on which the Dutch had landed, Frederick Henry Bay. He arrived there in two vessels, on the 4th of March, 1772. The French author, Domény de Rienzi, informs us that "the Aborigines came with confidence down to the boats, and remained near the French, with their children and their wives." As this was the first time the Tasmanians had come in contact with Europeans, it is pleasing to record this evidence of their frank cordiality with the strangers. A number of presents, usually most esteemed by savage nations, were dis-

tributed among them. M. Rienzi then proceeds with the story of the conflict,—*the first blood drawn by the whites*:—

"About an hour after the French landed, Captain Marion landed. Advancing in front of him, one of the Aborigines offered him a lighted firebrand, that he might set light to a heap of wood heaped up on the flat shore. Marion took it, believing that it was a formality intended to give confidence to the savages; but hardly had the little pile of wood been enflamed, when the Aborigines retired in mass toward a little height, from which they threw afterwards a volley of stones, which wounded the two captains. They (the French) repelled them by several discharges of musket. They killed one aborigine and wounded several others, and the others fled howling towards the woods."

From another historian of the voyage we learn other particulars. A party of thirty Natives came down, the women carrying their children behind their backs, fastened on with ropes of rushes. The men were said to be carrying pointed sticks (spears) and stone axes. Presents of pieces of iron, looking-glasses, handkerchiefs, &c., were laid before them, but were rejected with sulky disdain. Some ducks and geese were tendered, but were angrily thrown back again. The fire-stick was presented to a sailor first, and afterwards to the captain. But evidently the act, supposed to be friendly, was taken in another spirit. They might have regarded it as a proof that the strangers intended an establishment upon their own hunting-grounds. The historian adds: "This was no sooner done, than they retired precipitately to a small hill, and threw a shower of stones, by which Captain Marion and the commander of the *Castries* were both wounded." Shots, of course, replied to the stones, and the Frenchmen returned to their boats. Sending their women backward to the covert of the forest, the wild men ran along the shore after their foes. The sailors put back towards the land to arrest the pursuit. At this moment an old chief assumed the leadership, and raised a hideous war-cry, when a storm of spears answered to his call. Fifteen Frenchmen now chased the assailants, and by their destructive fire killed and wounded several of them.

The unfortunate Marion met with his death in New Zealand. Though a French author describes his countrymen as being fattened for thirty-two days, to be eaten on the thirty-third, yet

it is known that the New Zealanders treated them well till they polluted their sacred places, cooked food with tapued wood, and put two chiefs in irons. May they not have conducted themselves as ill in Tasmania, so as to incur the displeasure of the natives, and neglected to note the circumstance in their journal?

CAPTAIN FURNEAUX, of the *Resolution*, having got separated from his commander, Captain Cook, found himself off the south of Van Diemen's Land, in March 1773. Want of curiosity or opportunity gave him no tale to tell of the people in person, though he gathered some information of the country. Examining, on Bruni Island, a deserted *wigwam*, as he called a *break-wind*, he found a stone; he thereupon jumped to the conclusion that the Tasmanians, like the Fuegians, used a stone with tinder of bark for obtaining fire. He supposed them ignorant of metals, and left in the hut nails, gun-flints, medals, and an old barrel. There could not be a large population, he thought, as he found but three or four huts in one place. Observing no evidence of the use of any appliances of civilization, he regarded the Natives, as he said, "altogether, from what we could judge, a very ignorant and wretched sort of people, though natives of a country capable of producing every necessary of life, and a climate the finest in the world."

Passing to the eastward, Captain Furneaux ran along the eastern coast, passing Schoutens. Then he entered this passage in his journal: "The country here appears to be very thickly inhabited, as there was a continual fire along-shore as we sailed." He was now desirous of making some acquaintance with the Aborigines; but he said, "The weather being bad, we could not send a boat on shore to have any intercourse with the inhabitants."

CAPTAIN COOK entered Adventure Bay, Bruni Island, on January 26th, 1777. Anxious to fall in with the Natives, he went with a party of marines some miles into the bush. A rustling as of a wild beast disturbing them, they looked, and saw a girl, naked and alone. They soothed their terrified prisoner by binding a handkerchief round her neck, and placing a cap upon her head. They then allowed her to depart. Soon after, eight men and a boy approached without fear; one only had a weapon, which is supposed to have been a waddy. In his "Voyages" there is this account of their physical condition:

—"They were quite naked, and wore no ornaments, unless we consider as such some large punctures in different parts of their bodies, some in straight, and others in curved lines. The men were of the middle stature, but rather slender. Their skin and hair were black; and the latter as woolly as that of any native of Guinea; but they were not distinguished by remarkably thick lips, nor flat noses. On the contrary, their features were far from being disagreeable. They had pretty good eyes; and their teeth were tolerably even, but very dirty. Most of them had their hair and beards smeared with a red ointment, and some had also their faces painted with the same composition. When some bread was offered them, as soon as they understood it was to be eaten, they either returned, or threw it away, without tasting it."

A couple of pigs were brought ashore to turn adrift; but the Natives seized them by the ears and carried them off, doubtless to eat them. A musket was fired, when the party fled in great dismay. But the little girl returned, and brought several females with her. Of these it was remarked that they "wore a kangaroo skin fastened over their shoulders, the only use for which seemed to be to support their children on their backs, for it left those parts uncovered which modesty directs us to conceal. Their bodies were black, and marked with scars like those of the men; from whom, however, they differed, in having their heads shaved —some of them being completely shorn, others only on one side, while the rest of them had the upper part of their heads shaved, leaving a very narrow circle of hair all round. They were far from being handsome; however, some of our gentlemen paid their addresses to them, but without effect. That the gallantry of some of our people was not very agreeable to the men, is certain; for an elderly man, as soon as he observed it, ordered the women and children to retire, which they all did, but some with a little reluctance."

Cook was surprised at their indifference to presents, and disregard of iron, fish-hooks, &c. They lived "like beasts of the forest, in roving parties, without arts of any kind, sleeping in summer like dogs, under the hollow sides of trees, or in the wattled huts made with the low branches of evergreen shrubs, stuck in the ground at small distances from each other, and meeting together at the top." On another occasion, falling in

with a party of twenty, Cook was better pleased; and it was said of them, "Nor do they seem to be such miserable wretches as the Natives whom Dampier mentions to have seen on the western coast of New Holland."

Captain Cook's surgeon, Mr. Anderson, had several interviews with these people. From the account of his visit we read: "They had little of that fierce or wild appearance common to people in their situation; but, on the contrary, seemed mild and cheerful, without reserve or jealousy of strangers." He had no great belief in their mental superiority to other savages; for he says, "They have to appearance even less genius than the half-animated inhabitants of Terra del Fuego." Again, "Their not expressing that surprise which one might have expected from their seeing men so much unlike themselves, and things to which, we are well assured, they had been hitherto utter strangers; their indifference for our presents, and their general inattention, were sufficient proofs of their not possessing any acuteness of understanding."

Captain Cook thought it probable that the people belonged to the same family as those of Tanna and Manicola, whom he had recently visited, and that from New Holland eastward to Easter Island they might have a common root. He is constrained to admit that "the circumstances and progress of their separation are wrapped in the darkest veil of obscurity."

The navigator was struck with the superior virtue of the Tasmanian women over the more polished Polynesians. His remarks upon the conduct of Europeans toward savage women are worthy of citation here. He describes it as "highly blameable, as it creates a jealousy in their men, that may be attended with consequences fatal to the success of the common enterprise, and to the whole body of adventurers, without advancing the private purpose of the individual, or enabling him to gain the object of his wishes. I believe it has been generally found among uncivilized people, that where the women are easy of access, the men are the first to offer them to strangers; and that where this is not the case, neither the allurements of presents, nor the opportunity of privacy, will be likely to have the desired effect. This observation will, I am sure, hold good throughout all the parts of the South Seas where I have been. Why then should men act so absurd a part, as to risk their own safety, and

that of all their companions, in pursuit of a gratification which they have no probability of obtaining?"

CAPTAIN BLIGH, so celebrated in the early annals of Australia, paid two visits to Van Diemen's Land. He went sixteen years before its settlement, and four years after that event. The first time he appeared a voyager among a barbarous people. On the next occasion he came as ex-governor, exiled by a rebellious colony, and soliciting in vain assistance from his *quondam* subordinate, the ruler of Hobart Town. In 1788, he spent twelve days in Adventure Bay, Bruni Island, and observed the English record upon a tree, "A.D. 1773." He exhibited a disposition to benevolence, as Captain Furneaux had done, in planting apples, vines, oranges, cherries, plums, and other trees, together with potatoes, cabbages, and onions. The early settlers make no mention of these when they colonized the little island. Sailors are not proverbial for their skill in planting, although the season, being the spring-month of September, was favourable to their exertions.

The French historian, Domény de Rienzi, refers to Bligh at Adventure Bay, in some mistake: "Not being able to land because of the breaking of the waves, he caused presents to be thrown to the natives, which they disdained." But coming in contact with them at Frederick Henry Bay, near the scene of Tasman's visit in 1642, Captain Bligh has this relation of the tribe there:—

"Soon after we heard their voices, like the cackling of geese, and twenty persons came out of the wood, twelve of whom went round to some rocks, where the boat could get nearer to the shore than we then were. Those who remained behind were women. We approached about twenty yards of them; but there was no possibility of landing, and I could only throw to the shore, tied up in paper, the presents which I intended for them. I showed the different articles as I tied them up; but they would not untie the paper till I made an appearance of leaving them. They then opened the parcels, and, as they took the articles out, placed them on their heads. On seeing this I ventured toward them, when they instantly put everything out of their hands, and would not appear to take notice of anything that we had given them. After throwing a few more beads and iron on shore, I made signs for them to go to the ship, and they

likewise made signs for me to land; and as this could not be effected, I left them, in hopes of a nearer interview at the watering place. When they first came in sight, they made a prodigious chattering in their speech, and held their arms over their heads."

Elsewhere he adds: "They talked to us, sitting on their heels, with their knees close to their armpits, and were perfectly naked." His last observations are founded upon the information of another: "The account which I had from Brown, the botanist's assistant, was, that in his search for plants, he had met an old man, a young woman, and two or three children. The old man at first appeared alarmed, but became familiar on being presented with a knife. He nevertheless sent away the young woman, who went away very reluctantly. He saw some miserable wigwams, in which were nothing but a few kangaroo skins spread on the ground, and a basket made of rushes."

Among the first-fruits of the French Revolution were a generous impulse toward suffering humanity, a chivalrous desire for universal brotherhood, and a remarkable development of science. To these circumstances perhaps we owe the celebrated voyages of discovery conducted by ADMIRAL D'ENTRECASTEAUX, of the *Recherche* and *Espérance*, in April 1792, and by ADMIRAL BAUDIN, of the *Géographe* and *Naturaliste*, in 1802. The historian of the first was the amiable naturalist, M. Labillardière, and that of the second was the susceptible naturalist, M. Peron. The latter, however, did not live to complete the narrative, which, some years after, was carried on by Lieutenant Freycinet, who subsequently commanded in a similar enterprise under the Restoration.

As in some other expeditions of our Gallic neighbours, there was a want of prudence and foresight, a defect of discipline, and a loss of material resources, connected with the ships of M. D'Entrecasteaux, which occasioned much misery on board, and frustrated the purposes of discovery. But our concern is simply with the observations upon the Tasmanians. The Storm Bay of Tasman was avoided, and so the channel between an island and the mainland led the seamen past the mouth of a noble river, up to near the future site of Hobart Town. Admiral Bruni D'Entrecasteaux named the island after his own first name, and the

channel after the second; the river was called Huon, after Captain Huon Kermandée, second in command. A second visit was paid by the expedition in the following year.

The Natives, of whom they had heard something from the voyages of Captain Cook and Captain Marion, were great objects of curiosity to the prying Frenchmen. They had considerable amusement with the looking-glass, and great fun with an ape, the tricks of which produced roars of laughter. The introduction of a goat excited much astonishment. A burning-glass, after setting a piece of bark on fire, was made to give practical evidence of its powers on the thigh of a stalwart savage. If the loud laugh "bespeak the vacant mind," our dark friends illustrated their ignorance. M. Labillardière thus records his interview with one company:—

"We got ready a few cartridges as fast as we could, and set out towards the place where we had seen the Natives. It was now only nine o'clock. We had gone only a few steps before we met them. The men and youths were ranged in front, nearly in a semicircle; the women, children, and girls were a few paces behind. As their manner did not appear to indicate any hostile design, I hesitated not to go up to the oldest, who accepted, with a very good grace, a piece of biscuit I offered him, of which he had seen me eat. I then held out my hand to him, as a sign of friendship, and had the pleasure to perceive that he comprehended my meaning very well. He gave me his, inclining himself a little, and raising at the same time the left foot, which he carried backward in proportion as he bent his body forward. These motions were accompanied by a pleasing smile. (Worthy of a polished Parisian!)

"My companions also advanced up to the others, and immediately the best understanding prevailed among us. They received with great joy the neckcloths which we offered them. The young people approached nearer to us; and one of them had the generosity to give me a few small shells of the whelk kind, pierced near the middle, and strung like a necklace. This ornament, which he called *Canlaride*, was the only one he possessed, and he wore it round his head. A handkerchief supplied the place of this present, gratifying the utmost wishes of my savage, who advanced towards me that I might tie it round his head for him, and who expressed the greatest joy as he lifted his

hand up to feel it again and again. We wore abundance of clothes, as I have already observed, on account of the coldness of the nights; and we bestowed the greater part on these islanders.

"The women were very desirous of coming nearer to us; and though the men made signs to them to keep at a distance, their curiosity was ready every moment to break through all other considerations. The gradual increase of confidence, however, that took place, obtained them permission to approach. It appeared to us very astonishing that in so high a latitude, where, at a period of the year so little advanced as the present, we experienced the cold at night to be pretty severe, these people did not feel the necessity of clothing themselves. Even the women were, for the most part, entirely naked, as well as the men. Some of them only had the shoulders or part of the back covered with a kangaroo's skin, worn with the hair next the body; and amongst these we saw two, each of whom had an infant at the breast. The sole garment of one was a strip of kangaroo skin, about two inches broad, which was wrapped six or seven times round the waist. Another had a collar of skin round the neck, and some had a slender cord bound several times round the head. I afterwards learned that most of these cords were fabricated from the bark of a shrub of the Spurge family, very common in this country.

"I had given them several things without requiring anything in return; but I wished to get a kangaroo's skin, when, among the savages about us, there happened to be only a young girl who had one. When I proposed to her to give it me in exchange for a pair of pantaloons, she ran away to hide herself in the woods. The other Natives appeared truly hurt at her refusal, and called to her several times. At length she yielded to their entreaties, and came to bring me the skin. Perhaps it was from timidity only she could not prevail on herself to part with this kind of garment; in return for which she received a pair of pantaloons, less useful to her, according to the customs of ladies in this country, than the skin, which served to cover the shoulders. We showed her the manner of wearing them; but, notwithstanding, it was necessary for us to put them on for her ourselves. To this she yielded with the best grace in the world, resting both her hands on our shoulders, to support herself

while she lifted first one leg, then the other, to put them in this new garment. Desirous of avoiding every cause of offence, we behaved with all the gravity we could on the occasion.

"This party of savages consisted of two-and-twenty, seven of whom were men, eight women; the rest appeared to be their children. Amongst these we observed several marriageable girls still less clothed, most of them with nothing."

Other interviews at other localities are thus described:—

"Two boats were sent out to transport some of our men to both shores of the Straits. They discovered a number of savages landing from a raft on the east shore. As timid as those we had seen before, they had hastened with all possible speed to the land, where they made their escape into the woods. One of the officers of the *Recherche*, following a beaten path made by the savages through the woods, met six of them walking slowly towards the south, who were all stark naked, and armed with javelins sixteen or eighteen feet in length. Their surprise at so unexpected a rencounter was visible in their countenances; but their number inspiring them with courage, they approached at the invitation of the European, and bound round their heads a handkerchief and neckcloth which he offered them. They, however, appeared terrified at the sight of his hanger, which he showed them how to use; nor were their fears quieted till he made them a present of it. He endeavoured in vain to persuade them to come to the place where our ships lay at anchor; the savages walked away, following the same path in a direction opposite to that which led to the shore.

"Some of our men having landed on the other side of the Strait came to a large fire, round which eight savages, each of whom had a kangaroo skin wrapped round his shoulders, sat warming themselves under the shelter of four fences against the wind. They immediately ran away as soon as they saw our people. An old woman who had the care of their provisions, which she did not choose to leave behind her, was soon overtaken by some of the sailors. She accepted, with an air of satisfaction, a handkerchief that was given her, but was so terrified at the sight of a hanger, which they presented to her, that she leaped down a precipice more than forty feet in height, and ran away among the rocks, where they soon lost sight of her. I do not know whether those who related this adventure in a

different manner wished to make themselves merry at the expense of the rest, when they asserted that the age of this woman was no security for her against the attempts of some of the sailors; however, she was still young enough to make her escape."

It was upon other occasions that the intercourse became more intimate. M. Peron was daubed with charcoal by some of the sable fair, to add to his enchantment. Some of the young damsels, though unwilling to wear the garments of civilization, were induced by the gay Frenchmen to run races for them. A child, crying at the sight of a white ogre, was quieted by its smiling mother placing her hands over his eyes. The barbarous people exhibited great politeness, even carefully removing obstructive branches in the way of the foreign Bush explorers. Of course a French sailor tried to initiate a Native into the first principles of civilization by presenting some grog. The Tasmanian spat out the nauseous stuff with unmistakeable signs of disgust. Some of the stories told by M. Labillardière do credit to the kind nature of that man of science, especially in relation to his gallantry for the softer sex, whose cause he so nobly espouses:—

"At noon we saw them prepare their repast. Hitherto we had but a faint idea of the pains the women take to procure the food requisite for the subsistence of their families. They each took a basket, and were followed by their daughters, who did the same. Getting on the rocks that projected into the sea, they plunged from them to the bottom in search of shell-fish. When they had been down some time, we became very uneasy on their account; for where they had dived were sea-weeds of great length, among which we observed the *Fucus pyriferus*, and we feared they might have been entangled in these, so as to be unable to regain the surface. At length, however, they appeared, and convinced us that they were capable of remaining under water twice as long as our ablest divers. An instant was sufficient for them to take breath, and then they dived again. This they did repeatedly, till their baskets were nearly full. Most of them were provided with a little bit of wood, cut in the shape of a spatula, of which I spake before; and with these they separated from beneath the rocks, at great depths, very large *sea-ears*. Perhaps they chose the biggest, for all they

brought were of great size. On seeing the large lobsters, we were afraid that they must have wounded these poor women terribly with their large claws; but we soon found that they had taken the precaution to kill them as soon as they caught them. They quitted the water only to bring their husbands the fruits of their labour, and frequently returned almost immediately to their diving, till they had procured a sufficient meal for their families. At other times they stayed a little time to warm themselves, with their faces towards the fire on which their fish were roasting, and other little fires burning behind them that they might be warmed on all sides at once (!) It seemed as if they were unwilling to lose a moment's time; for while they were warming themselves they were employed in roasting fish, some of which they laid on the coals with the utmost caution, though they took little care of the lobsters, which they threw anywhere into the fire, and when they were ready they divided the claws among the men and children, reserving the body for themselves, which they sometimes ate before they returned into the water."

He gives us a little insight into their domestic arrangements, in the following sketch:—"Two of the stoutest of the party were sitting in the midst of their children, and each had two women by his side. They informed us by signs that these were their wives, and gave us a fresh proof that polygamy is established among them. The other women who had only one husband were equally careful to let us know it. It would be difficult to say which are the happiest, as the most laborious of their domestic occupations devolve upon them, which perhaps might sufficiently compensate their having only a share in their husband's affections."

The last extracts from M. Labillardière's journal relate to the softer sex, ever a favourite subject with our polished neighbours:—

"Four of the young girls were of the party who received with indifference the garments we gave them; and, that they might not be encumbered with a useless burden, immediately hung them on the bushes near the path, intending, no doubt, to take them with them on their return. As a proof that they set little value on such presents, we did not see on any of them one of the garments that we had given them the day before. Three

of these young women were marriageable, and all of them were of very cheerful dispositions. In one of them it was observed that the right breast had acquired its full size, while the left was still perfectly flat. This temporary defect had no effect on the liveliness of her manner. . . . No doubt we lost much by not understanding the language of these natives, for one of the girls said a good deal to us: she talked a long while with extraordinary volubility, though she must have perceived that we could not comprehend her meaning—no matter, *she must talk.* The others attempted more than once to charm us by songs, with the modulation of which I was singularly struck, from the great analogy of the tunes to those of the Arabs in Asia Minor. Several times two sang the same tune at once, but always a third above the other, forming a concord with the greatest exactness.

"Soon after we arrived at the entrance of Port D'Entrecasteaux. Two of the young girls followed the different windings of the shore, without mistrust, at a distance from the other Natives, with three of our sailors, when these took the opportunity to treat them with a degree of freedom which was received in a very different manner from what they had hoped. The young women immediately fled to the rocks most advanced into the sea, and appeared ready to leap into it, and swim away, if our men had followed them. They presently repaired to the place where we were assembled with the other savages; but it seems they did not disclose this adventure, for the most perfect harmony continued to prevail between us."

It is a singular circumstance, illustrative of the paradoxes of human nature, that at the moment while these Frenchmen were fraternizing so affectionately with barbarians at the Antipodes, their countrymen at home were revelling in the blood of their fellow-citizens—as the Reign of Terror then prevailed.

Mr. FLINDERS, accompanied by his friend Mr. SURGEON BASS, followed the Frenchmen in making Tasmanian acquaintances. These two young men, after the discovery of Western Port in an adventurous voyage in a little open boat, obtained the use of the colonial schooner *Norfolk,* sailed from Sydney in 1798, passed through Bass's Strait, and proved Van Diemen's Land to be an island.

Mr. Flinders' account did not appear for several years, as he

subsequently commanded an expedition which resulted in the discovery of South Australia on his way home, and suffered a lengthened captivity in the Mauritius. From his "Terra Australis" we learn that the *Norfolk* sailed up the *North river* of D'Entrecasteaux, the name of which was changed by Captain Hayes to the *Derwent*, and on the banks of which the young men observed the Natives. Doubtless the stirring events of the next few years so occupied the thoughts of the navigator, and employed his pen, that Captain Flinders could give but a brief account of the Derwenters in his work.

It is quite amusing to observe the blunders into which so shrewd an observer as he could fall. He was quite confounded with evidences of the Aborigines having been upon an island in the Straits, not far from the mainland, when, as he so prematurely conjectured, they had no boats, and were quite ignorant of the art of swimming. Had he read the tale of Labillardière or Peron, before the publication of his own work, he would have been better informed. He even ventures to repeat his conviction of the Blacks' antipathy to cold water. But up to that time he had not seen a single inhabitant. His only intercourse with the race was near the site of the future capital—Hobart Town. It is thus described by Mr. Flinders:—

"Our attention was suddenly called from contemplating the country by the sound of a human voice coming from the hills. There were three people, and as they would not comply with our signs to come down, we landed, and went up to them, taking up with us a swan. Two women ran off, but a man, who had two or three spears in his hand, stayed to receive us, and accepted the swan with rapture. He seemed entirely ignorant of muskets, nor did anything excite his attention or desire except the swan, and the red kerchiefs about our necks. He knew, however, that we came from the sloop, and where it was lying. A little knowledge of the Port Jackson and of the South Sea Island languages was of no use in making ourselves understood by this man; but the quickness with which he comprehended our signs spoke in favour of his intelligence."

The consequences of this interview were most disastrous to the unfortunate Tasmanians: Mr. Flinders' report of the advantages presented by the Derwent induced Captain Collins to found his colony upon the banks of that stream.

As the interview between the dark son of the Derwent and our voyagers, Messrs. Bass and Flinders, was of so pleasing a character, another history of the day from another source may be acceptable to the reader. This is related by Captain Collins, afterwards the first governor of Van Diemen's Land, and founder of Hobart Town. While the account by Flinders was published more than a dozen years after the occurrence, that by the historian of New South Wales was written a year or two after the visit, and the details, collected from the mouth of Mr. Bass, are more circumstantially given.

After speaking of the run of the *Norfolk* up the beautiful river, he proceeds in these words:—"In their way up, a human voice saluted them from the hills; on which they landed, carrying with them one of several swans which they had just shot. Having nearly reached the summit, two females, with a short covering hanging loose from their shoulders, suddenly appeared at some little distance before them; but, snatching up each a small basket, these scampered off. A man then presented himself, and suffered them to approach him without any signs of fear or distrust. He received the swan joyously, appearing to esteem it a treasure.

"His language was unintelligible to them, as was theirs to him, although they addressed him in several of the dialects of New South Wales, and some few of the most common words of the South Sea Islands. With some difficulty they made him comprehend their wish to see his place of residence. He pointed over the hill, and proceeded onwards; but his pace was slow and wandering, and he often stopped under pretence that he had lost the track, which led them to suspect that his only aim was to amuse and tire them out. Judging, then, that in persisting to follow him they must lose the remaining part of the flood-tide, which was much more valuable to them than the sight of his hut could be, they parted from him in great friendship. The most probable reason of his unwillingness to be their guide, seemed to be his fearing that if he took them to his women their charms might induce them to run off with them—a jealousy very common with the natives of the continent.

"He was a short, slight man, of middle age, with a countenance more expressive of benignity and intelligence, than of

the ferocity or stupidity which generally characterised the other Natives; and his features were less flattened, or negro-like, than theirs. His face was blackened, and the top of his head was plastered with red earth. His hair was either naturally short and close, or had been rendered so by burning, and, although short and stiffly curled, they did not think it woolly. He was armed with two spears, very ill-made, of solid wood. No part of their dress attracted his attention, except the red silk handkerchiefs round their necks. Their fire-arms were to them neither objects of curiosity nor fear.

"This was the first man they had spoken with in Van Diemen's Land; and his frank and open deportment led them not only to form a favourable opinion of the dispositions of its inhabitants, but to conjecture that if a country was peopled in the usual numbers, he would not have been the only one they should have met. A circumstance which corroborated this supposition was that in the excursions made by Mr. Bass into the country, having seldom any society but his two dogs, he would have been no great object of dread to a people ignorant of the effects of firearms, and would certainly have been hailed by any one who might have seen him."

Captain Collins, in his general account of Van Diemen's Land, in the appendix to his work on New South Wales, published in London, 1803, adds some observations respecting the people. "This country," he asserts, "is inhabited by men. Their extreme shyness, however, prevented any communication. They (Bass and Flinders) never even got sight of them but once, and then at a great distance. The huts, of which seven or eight were generally found together, were wretchedly contrived; and it appears somewhat strange that in the latitude of 41° want should not have sharpened their ideas to the invention of some more convenient habitation, especially since they have been left by nature without the confined dwelling of a hollow tree, or the more agreeable accommodation of a hole under a rock. A canoe was never met with, and concurring circumstances showed that this convenience was unknown here. Hence, from the little that has been seen of the condition of our own species in this place, it appears to be much inferior in some essential points of convenience to that of the despised inhabitants of the continent."

The most minute and interesting account of the Tasmanians is obtained from the journal of M. PERON, the historian of the French exploring expedition under Commodore Baudin, in the ships, *Géographe* and *Naturaliste*, with the corvette *Casuarina*, in the year 1802.

It was on the 13th of January, 1802, that the voyagers fell in with the Aborigines. The scene is laid at Port Cygnet, near the entrance of D'Entrecasteaux Channel. Two persons were observed running along, expressing astonishment at the strangers; one of these carried a lighted torch in his hand. We turn to the journal :—

"To the signs of friendship which we made, one of them precipitated himself from the top of a rock, rather than descended it, and in the twinkling of an eye was in the midst of us. He was a young man, of from twenty-two to twenty-four years of age, of an apparently strong constitution, having no other defect than a slenderness of legs and arms, which characterises his nation. His physiognomy exhibited neither austerity nor ferocity; his eyes were quick and sparkling, and his looks expressed at once benevolence and surprise. M. Freycinet having embraced him, I did the same. But the air of indifference with which he welcomed this evidence of our interest made it easy to observe that it had no signification for him. (The Frenchmen discovered that kissing was a social mystery to these rude barbarians.) That which appeared to affect him more was the whiteness of our skin. Wishing to assure himself, without doubt, if that colour were the same all over the body, he opened our waistcoats and shirts, and his astonishment was manifested by loud cries of surprise, and above all by extremely quick stamping of the feet.

"Yet our cutter appeared to occupy him more than our persons, and, after having gazed a few moments, he rushed down to the landing-place. There, without disturbing himself about the sailors whom he found there, he seemed quite absorbed in his new observation. The thickness of the ribs and panels, the solidity of its construction, its rudder, its oars, its masts, its sails, he observed with all that silence and that profound attention which are the least equivocal signs of a reflective interest and admiration. In a moment one of the sailors, wishing without doubt to add to his surprise, presented him with a wine

bottle filled with the grog which formed a part of the rations of the ship. The brightness of the glass called forth a cry of astonishment from the savage, who took the bottle and examined it for some moments; but soon his curiosity being led again to the vessel, he threw the bottle into the sea, without appearing to have any other intention than to relieve himself of an indifferent object, and afterwards went to his first research. Neither the cry of the sailor, who was troubled at the loss of his bottle of grog, nor the entreaty of one of his comrades to throw himself into the water to catch it, appeared to move him. He made several attempts to push the cutter free, but the cable which held it attached rendering all his efforts powerless, he was constrained to abandon it and return to join us, after having given us the most striking example that we had had of the attention and reflection in savage people."

We have then a passage worthy of Rousseau himself. A family group present themselves:—

"The old man, after having examined both of us with as much surprise and satisfaction as the first, made signs to two women, who had hitherto been unwilling to approach. They hesitated some moments, after which the elder came to us. The younger followed her, more timid and fearful than the first. The one appeared to be forty years old, and large furrows upon the skin of the abdomen announced, not to be mistaken, that she had been the mother of several children. She was absolutely naked, and appeared, like the old man, kind and benevolent. The young woman, of from twenty-six to twenty-eight years, was of a pretty robust constitution; like the preceding, she was entirely naked, with the exception of a kangaroo skin, in which she carried a little girl, whom she still suckled. Her breasts, a little withered already, appeared otherwise pretty well formed, and sufficiently furnished with milk. This young woman, like the elderly man and woman, whom we presumed to be her father and mother, had an interesting physiognomy. Her eyes had expression, and something of the *spirituel* which surprised us, and which since then we have never found in any other female of that nation. She appeared, also, to cherish her child much; and her care for her had that affectionate and gentle character which is exhibited among all races as the particular attribute of maternal tenderness."

Another family group excited the most romantic ravings of our French explorers. These consisted of a father and mother, a young man, a little boy about five years old, a girl of younger years, and a *belle sauvage* of sixteen or seventeen. Upon making acquaintance with this distinguished party, Peron, like a true man of gallantry, drew off his glove, while bowing to the beauty, preparatory to his offering the salutation of refined society. The fair one of the forest was struck with horror and alarm at the facility with which her admirer apparently peeled off his skin, and was not easily relieved of her fears for his safety. The old man, in primitive simplicity, invited the visitors to his evening meal of cockles and mussels. Peron sang, for his supper, the Marseillaise Hymn. The effect he describes: "The young man tore his hair, scratched his head with both hands, agitated himself in a hundred different ways, and repeatedly iterated his approving clamour." Other and more tender airs followed, which doubtless touched the tender chords of the young lady. Let us hear his tale of this gentle one:—

"The young girl whom I have noticed made herself more and more conspicuous every instant, by the softness of her looks, and their affectionate and sparkling expression. Ourâ Ourâ, like her parents, was perfectly naked, and appeared little to suspect that one should find in that absolute nudity anything immodest or indecent. Of a weaker constitution than her little brother and sister, she was more lively and impassioned than they. M. Freycinet, who seated himself beside her, appeared to be more particularly the object of her agreeable attentions, and the least experienced eye might have been able, in the look of this innocent child of nature, to distinguish that delicate shadow which gives to simple playfulness a more serious and reflective character. Coquetry appeared to be called forth to the support of natural attractions. Ourâ Ourâ made us know for the first time the nature of the rouge of these regions, and the details of its application. After having put some charcoal in my hands, she crushed it, and reduced it to very fine powder; then keeping this dust in the left hand, she took some with the right, and rubbing at first the forehead, then the two cheeks, in an instant was frightfully black: that which above all appeared singular to us was the complacency with which the young girl looked at us after the operation, and the air of confidence which

this new ornament had spread upon her features. Thus, then, the sentiment of coquetry, the taste for ornament, are wants, so to speak, innate in the heart of woman."

Their interest in the children was creditable to the good feelings of the Frenchmen. The little ones pleased them, and led to the philosophical remark, that "uniting our particular observations to those of the most celebrated travellers, we deduced therefrom the important consequence, that the character of the woman and the child is very much independent of that of the man, of the influence of climate, the perfectioning of social order, and the empire of physical wants."

M. Peron then proceeds to describe a little bit of vanity on the other side. "Ourâ Ourâ carried a reed bag, of an elegant and singular construction, which I much desired to obtain. As this young girl evidenced for me some more amicable distinctions, I ventured to ask for her little bag. Immediately, and without hesitation, she put it into my hand, accompanying the present with an obliging smile and some affectionate phrases, which I regretted not being able to understand." The gallant gave her a handkerchief and a tomahawk in return; but, upon M. Breton bestowing a long red feather, "she leaped for joy. She called her father and her brothers. She cried, she laughed; in a word, she seemed intoxicated with pleasure and happiness."

But the dearest friends must part. The gentlemen prepared for the loneliness of shipboard, grieving to resign the delights of Arcadian simplicity, and the pure pleasures of aboriginal innocence. Yet our natives were too polite to permit their guests to depart unattended. The civilities of ordinary civilization were not wanting.

"M. Freycinet gave his arm to Ourâ Ourâ; the old man was my mate. Our way lay amidst briars and underwood, and our poor savages, being wholly naked, suffered greatly. Ourâ Ourâ, in particular, was sadly scratched. But heedless of this, she boldly made her way through the thicket, chattering with Freycinet, and vexed at her inability to make herself understood; at the same time accompanying her discourse with sportive wiles and smiles, so gracious and expressive, that the most finished coquetry could not have rendered them more so."

How affecting must have been the parting! The Frenchmen entered their boats in profound despondency. The feeling was

reciprocated; for "the Natives manifested their sorrow in the most affecting manner." The kind naturalist adds, "Our good Diemenese did not leave us for an instant; and when we pushed off, their grief showed itself in the most touching manner. They made signs to return to see them." They even lighted a large fire upon a neighbouring hill, that, when the winds had driven the vessel miles away, the column of smoke might indicate a spot so sacred to peace and friendship. No wonder that poor Peron, thoroughly smitten, closes that day's journal with these words: "The whole of what I have related is minutely exact; and assuredly it were difficult to resist the soft emotion which similar incidents inspire."

Now, alas! truth demands that we reverse the shield. A boat's crew landed on Bruni Island. On this occasion they encountered no Ourâ Ourâ. A fine athletic fellow had been showing off his powers, when a French midshipman engaged him in a wrestling match, and with superior science threw him. The sulky rascal got up, and threw a spear at the victor. Another time Messrs. Petit, Leschenault, and Hamelin went ashore at Bruni. Petit, an artist, began taking likenesses of the Natives present. This liberty was resented by one man, who rushed forward to seize the portraits, which were saved from the Goth with difficulty. Blows were struck on both sides, and a shower of stones closed the *entente cordiale*. The practical Leschenault has left us this expression of his opinion: "I am surprised to hear persons of sense still affirm that man in a natural state is not of a bad disposition, but worthy of confidence." Had Peron received a stone at his head, instead of a basket from pretty Ourâ, his views might have approximated to those of his brother naturalist.

Let us hear another tale from M. Peron. While wandering among the Bush flowers of Tasmania, and admiring the sylvan charms of that Isle of Beauty, he encountered a company of Diana's forest maidens, to whom, in the distance, the French officers waved their handkerchiefs.

"At these demonstrations of friendship the troop hesitated an instant, then stopped, and resolved to wait for us. It was then that we recognised that we had the company of women; there was not a male individual with them. We were disposed to join them nearer, when one of the oldest among them, disen-

MOTHER AND CHILD.

(*Péron's Voyage.*)

gaging herself from her companions, made signs for us to stop and sit down, crying out loudly to us, *mèdi, mèdi* (sit down, sit down). She seemed also to ask us to lay down our arms, the view of which alarmed her. These preliminary conditions having been complied with, the women squatted upon their heels, and from that moment abandoned themselves without reserve to the vivacity of their character, speaking all together, questioning us all at once, making, in a word, a thousand gestures, a thousand contortions as singular as varied. M. Bellefin (doctor) began to sing, accompanying himself with very lively and animated gestures. The women kept silence, observing with much attention the gestures of M. Bellefin, as if by them to interpret his singing. Hardly had one couplet been completed, when some of them applauded with loud cries, others laughed to the echo, whilst the young girls, more timid without doubt, kept silence, evidencing nevertheless, by their movements and by the expression of their physiognomy, their surprise and their satisfaction.

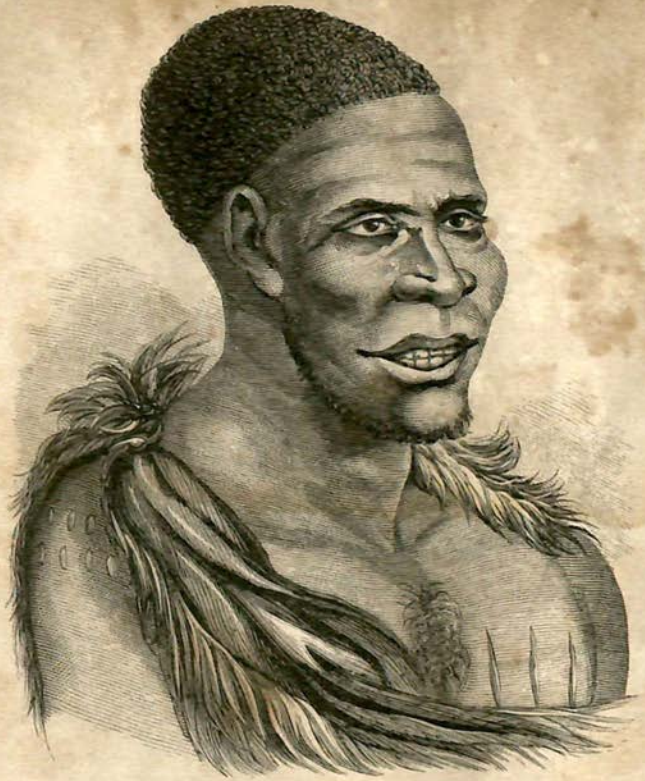
"All the women, with the exception of kangaroo skins which some of them carried upon their shoulders, were perfectly naked; but, without appearing to think anything of their nudity, they so varied their attitudes and their postures, that it would be difficult to describe the *bizarre* and the picturesque effects presented to us by that meeting. Their skin, black and disgusting with the fat of seals; their hair, short, crisp, black and dirty, reddened in some with the dust of ochre; their figures, all bedaubed with charcoal; their forms, generally thin and faded; their breasts, long and pendant—in a word, all the details of their physical constitution were repulsive. We must always exempt from this general tableau two or three young girls of from fifteen to sixteen years, in whom we distinguished forms agreeable enough, contours sufficiently graceful, and in whom the breast was firm and well placed, although the nipple was a little too large and too long. These young girls had also something in the expression of their features the most ingenuous, the most affectionate, and the most gentle, as if the better qualities of the soul could exist even in the midst of the savage hordes of the human species, the more particular gift of youth, of grace, and of beauty.

"Among the more aged females, some had a gross and ignoble

figure; others, much fewer in number, had a fierce and sombre look; but, in general, one remarked in all I know not what of inquietude and depression, which misfortune and slavery imprint on the features of all beings who bear the yoke. Almost all were covered with scars, sad fruits of ill-treatment from their ferocious husbands. One only, in the midst of all her companions, had preserved a dignified aspect, with much enjoyment and joviality; it was she who had imposed the conditions of which I have spoken before. After M. Bellefin had ended his song, she began to mimic with her gestures and her tone of voice in a very original and pleasant manner, which much diverted her companions. Then she began to sing herself in so rapid a way, that it would be difficult to apply such music to the ordinary principles of our own. Their song, nevertheless, is here in accordance with their language, for such is the volubility of speech in these people, that it is impossible, as we shall elsewhere show, to distinguish any precise sound in their pronunciation: it is a sort of trilling sentiment, for which we cannot find any terms of comparison or analogy in our European languages.

"Excited, so to speak, by her own singing, which we had not failed to applaud with warmth, and wishing, without doubt, to deserve our suffrages on other accounts, our jovial Diemenese commenced to execute various dance movements, some of which would have been regarded as excessively indecent, if that state of human society were not foreign to all that delicacy of sentiment and action which is for us but a fortunate product of the perfection of social order.

"Whilst all this passed, I employed myself accurately to collect and note the details that were presented, and which I now describe. It was remarked, doubtless, by the same woman who was dancing; for hardly had she finished her dance, than she approached me with an obliging air, took from a reed bag, similar to that I have described elsewhere, some charcoal which she found there, crushed it in her hand, and began to lay on me a plaster of the rouge of those regions. I willingly lent myself to this obliging caprice. M. Heirisson had the same complacency, and received a similar mask. We appeared to be then a great object of admiration to these women; they seemed to regard us with a sweet satisfaction, and to felicitate us upon the new adornments which we had just acquired."



TASMANIAN.

(Péron's Grou-Agara.)

TASMANIAN WOMAN.

(Péron's Arra Maida.)

This led our traveller to another philosophical remark, founded upon his new experience: "Thus, then, that European whiteness of which our species is so proud is no other than a real defect, a sort of deformity which ought to be resigned in these remote climes to the black colour of charcoal, to the sombre red of ochre, or fuller's earth." It might be reasonably supposed that such polite acquiescence to the wishes of these sable charmers would have moved them to permit of some playful return on the part of the fun-loving Frenchmen, especially when rendered so attractive by the hand of the lovely Arra Maida. But, alas! in their timidity or coldness they were true nymphs of the chaste Diana.

"The deference which we paid to these women, and perhaps also the new charms which we owed to their attentions, seemed to add to their kindness, to their confidence in us, but nothing could induce them, however, to allow themselves to be approached nearer. The least movement which we made, or appeared to make, to pass the prescribed line, caused them to spring up from their heels, and take to flight. Any longer to enjoy their presence, we were constrained to conform ourselves entirely to their wishes. After having lavished upon them presents and caresses, we considered it proper to retake our route toward the anchorage, and our Diemenese appearing to have the intention of walking the same way as ourselves, the two companies left. But we were again obliged to come to terms with these inexorable women, who condemned us to follow the shore, while they walked upon the sand-hills parallel to it."

The gentlemen were doubtless not used to such prudery in the *salons* of Paris. But our next extract exhibits a more prosaic sequel to this romantic adventure:

"As they were returning from fishing when we perceived them, they were laden with large crabs, lobsters, and different shell-fish grilled upon ashes, which they carried in baskets of reed. These baskets were tied round in front by a circle of cord, and hung behind the back; some of these were very heavy, and we very sincerely pitied these poor women, carrying such burdens.

"Our journey all the while was not less gay than our interview, and from the top of the sand-hills they sent us many pleasantries, many playful compliments, to which we endea-

voured to reply as expressively as it was possible. Without doubt we should have continued for a much longer time these innocent amusements, when all at once one of the women uttered a great cry, and all the others repeated it with fright. They had discovered our landing-place and our comrades. We sought to calm their excitement, assuring them that so far from experiencing any injury from our friends, they were going to receive new gifts. All was in vain, and already the troop were burying themselves in the forest, when the same woman who, almost alone, had made our interview so agreeable, seemed to change her mind. At her voice there was a moment of hesitation; but not being able, as it appeared to us, to induce them to follow her, she threw herself alone from the top of the sand-hill, and walking upon the shore some distance before us with much confidence, and even with a sort of pride, she seemed to deride the timidity of her companions. The others, in their turn, appeared ashamed of their weakness; little by little their courage increased, until at length they decided to return to the beach. Accompanied by this numerous and singular escort, we arrived at the place of embarkation, near which, by an accident no one could foresee, all the husbands of these poor women had been gathered together for some time." What followed?

"In spite of the least equivocal evidence of the benevolence and generosity of our countrymen, they exhibited a restless and sombre physiognomy, and their look was ferocious and threatening, and in their attitude we distinguished a constraint, malevolence, and perfidy, which they sought to dissemble in vain. At this inauspicious meeting, all the women who followed us appeared much concerned. Their furious husbands cast upon them glances of anger and rage, which were not likely to comfort them. After having laid the products of their fishing at the feet of these men, who partook of them immediately, without offering them any, they retired behind their husbands, and seated themselves upon the other side of a large sand-hill, and there, during the rest of our interview, these unfortunate creatures dared neither raise their eyes, nor speak, nor smile."

After this unfortunate termination of a happy meeting, our voyagers took their departure. But the effect of the visit upon the susceptible nature of the naturalist is recognised in the closing words of his journal:—

"Thus ended our interview with the inhabitants of Diemen's Land. All the descriptions which I have given are of the most rigorous exactitude, and without doubt it would have been difficult to deny oneself the sweet emotions which similar circumstances ought to inspire. This gentle confidence of the people in us, these affectionate evidences of benevolence which they never ceased to manifest toward us, the sincerity of their demonstrations, the frankness of their manners, the touching ingenuousness of their caresses, all concurred to excite within us sentiments of the tenderest interest. The intimate union of the different individuals of a family, the sort of patriarchal life of which we had been spectators, had strongly moved us. I saw with an inexpressible pleasure the realization of those brilliant descriptions of the happiness and simplicity of the state of nature of which I had so many times in reading felt the seductive charm."

Such were the sentiments entertained of a people almost universally regarded by English colonists, a few years later, as tigers and demons, whose destruction would be a deed of merit, as well as an act of necessity. Smile as we may at the simplicity of Peron, had our faith in the poor creatures been more like that of the kind-hearted Frenchman, the reader might have been spared the story of the crimes and horrors of the "Black War," and the mournful record of "The Last of the Tasmanians."

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CHAPTER II.

THE BLACK WAR.

THE Tasmanians have been presented to the reader. Voyagers have spoken of them in their wild condition, while roaming free over their own undisputed territory. The strangers departed, and left them at liberty. The Natives pursued their old habits, as they had done for thousands of years. The monotony of their lives was only disturbed by the hunt, the laughing corrobory, or the tribal conflict. But a change was at hand. Their peace was but the calm before the storm. Their pleasant days were to be clouded by sorrow and terror. The Whites came again. They came not as curious visitors, but to make a home in the land. They came not to share the soil with the dark men, but to appropriate it.

The wild men had two courses before them. They could prostrate themselves beneath the feet of the usurpers, and quietly submit to slavery; or they could refuse to sell their birthright of freedom, and take the consequences. They preferred to continue as they had been. As this involved collision with a people who assumed possession of their hunting grounds, they had to endure the consequences of their retiring or defiant policy. Thus arose the celebrated "Black War of Van Diemen's Land."

The formalities of a herald, or the very last *ultimatum*, would let slip the dogs of war, according to approved civilized-ways. As no such courtesies were shown, or expected, in the relations between the naked Tasmanians and the British settlers, the precise line of actual hostility cannot be determined. All that can be done is to trace the history of the race, as resulting from contact with the Europeans in their own beautiful isle.

A reference to the preceding chapter will indicate the consequences of this juxtaposition of two opposing natures. Almost

as soon as acquaintance was made conflict commenced. The cause of collision was not equally apparent to the parties in question. Captain Marion evidently regarded himself as an injured party, and his assault on the Natives as a justifiable and gentlemanly act. His countrymen in 1802 acted with more sense, forbearance, and kindness. When the draughtsman was defending his property from the rude clutch of a savage, he narrowly escaped a broken head; and when his comrades rescued him they were roughly stoned, and even Captain Hamelin received a severe contusion. But to the honour of his nation, the historian was able to write at the close of the day, "not a single charge of musketry was drawn against them." But the French writer's words have such sound philosophy and right feeling to commend them, that they bear reciting:—

"Those last hostilities were committed on the part of the Aborigines, without our having given occasion for them in any manner; on the contrary we had laden them with presents and good deeds, and nothing in our conduct could have offended them. I confess I am surprised, after so many examples of treachery and cruelty reported in all voyages of discovery, to hear it repeated by sensible persons that men in a state of nature are not wicked, that one may trust in them, and that they would not be the aggressors, if they were not excited by vengeance, &c. Unfortunately, many travellers have been the victims of these vain sophisms. For myself, after all that we saw, I think that one cannot sufficiently know how to mistrust men whose character has not yet been softened by civilization, and that one ought to land with prudence upon shores inhabited by such persons."

It is not easy for the cultivated man to appreciate the impulses of the boor, nor for the latter to sympathise with the more refined ideas of the educated. How much more difficult for the civilized and barbarian to meet on equal terms, and understand each other's motives and principles! Certain it is that the Blacks resented the occupancy of their country when they found themselves put to some inconvenience from the supposed trespass, and made most unmistakeably to feel their sense of inferiority. But it is probable that their notions of patriotism would not otherwise have developed themselves, nor would they have perceived in the camp of the strangers any necessary

antagonism to their rights and interests. They might have thought the white man's bread worth the trouble of stealing, but we should doubt the chivalrous notion of honour to assert a national independence.

The misfortune of the Natives of both New South Wales and Van Diemen's Land was, that the men who came to settle among them were chiefly of a class expatriated for their non-observance of rules of propriety; and who, having been indifferent about the virtues when with their countrymen at home, were not likely to be more courteous and conscientious in dealing with savages abroad.

But while the history of the two colonies is so far similar, it is right to observe that the first actual conflict between the two races occurred under different circumstances in each. Before narrating that of the island, the continental rupture may be noted.

It was not two months after the fleet of convicts took up quarters on the shore of the delightful Port Jackson, that is, only in March 1788, that some men came into the infant settlement with a tale of aboriginal outrage. The Natives, said they, had set upon them without any cause, and had roughly beaten some, and badly speared others. But these are the remarks of Captain Collins, our first colonial historian:—

"There was, however, too much reason to conclude that the convicts had been the aggressors, as the governor on his return from Broken Bay, on landing at Camp Cove (Sydney), found the Natives there, who had before frequently come up to him with confidence, unusually shy, and seemingly afraid of him and his party; and one who, after much invitation, did venture to approach, pointed to some marks upon his shoulders, making signs that they were caused by blows given with a stick. This with their running away were strong indications that they had been ill-treated by the stragglers."

In all probability the experience of the infant days of New South Wales had prompted the then Secretary for the Colonies, Lord Hobart, to give specific instructions to Captain Collins in 1803, when proceeding to form a new penal settlement in the south. This statesmanlike and humane despatch runs thus:—

"You are to endeavour, by every means in your power, to open an intercourse with the Natives, and to conciliate their

good-will, enjoining all parties under your government to live in amity and kindness with them; and if any person shall exercise any acts of violence against them, or shall wantonly give them any interruption in the exercise of their several occupations, you are to cause such offender to be brought to punishment, according to the degree of the offence."

This despatch, at least, exonerates the home authorities from the charge of indifference to the welfare of the Aborigines, while utterly oblivious of their rights to the land, as the humane nobleman was then instructing Captain Collins to appropriate it without consideration. "The order of Lord Hobart stands alone," observes the Rev. John West; "it was the record of intention, not a development of government." Again he writes: "The success of humane suggestions depended on the doubtful concurrence of ignorant cotters and wandering shepherds."

But before the first Governor of Van Diemen's Land established his quarters, the unhappy collision between the Whites and the Blacks had taken place by the river Derwent.

The *Calcutta* and *Ocean* had been sent to organize a colony on the shores of Port Phillip. Arriving there in October 1803, the commanding officer saw fit in three months, with the approval of the Governor-in-Chief at Sydney, to remove his establishment to the south of Van Diemen's Land. But before such an event was contemplated, the glowing accounts brought by Messrs. Bass and Flinders to Port Jackson, about the fine climate and country near the river Derwent, had induced the Governor of New South Wales to send a small military party, with some prisoner-workmen, to arrange there for the formation of a new penal settlement. These proceeded a little way up this noble stream, then landed on the sterile and ill-watered left bank, and encamped at Restdown, now corrupted to Risdon, some five miles from Hobart Town, and on the opposite side of the river.

Van Diemen's Land had also been taken possession of on the northern side, at Port Dalrymple, before the Derwent post was occupied. I copied the following from the Sydney Muster Roll, dated March 29th, 1803: "It being expedient to establish His Majesty's right to Van Diemen's Land, his Excellency has been pleased to direct Lieutenant John Bowen of H.M. ship *Glatton* to form a settlement on that island," &c.

It was at Risdon, early in 1804, that the unfortunate event took place that ushers in the sad story of the "Black War." A little tide creek flows into the Derwent, not far from the Risdon farm. The sandstone ranges rapidly ascend from the water's edge, while vast masses of palæozoic limestone in the neighbourhood rest as heavy buttresses by the river. This was the site of the massacre.

The composition of history makes us acquainted with the difficulties of learning the truth of a story. It is not merely the confusion of myth and fact. We are gradually arriving at the belief that all, or nearly all, the early history of nations has no reference at all to actual events or persons, but to statements of a foreign nature, mythological or astronomical. A Niebuhr first robs us of our faith in Romulus, a Max Müller strips the Vedas of their romance and theology, and even our own Saxon heroes, Hengist and Horsa, have dissolved into thin air. But when we leave, as we fancy, the region of myth, and come to very modern times—our own living era—other difficulties arise. Such are the conflicting accounts, such the various ways of regarding the same object or circumstance, such the influences of personal character and interests involved in the narrative, that we are often puzzled with what might have been supposed the plainest facts of modern history. Archbishop Whately's myth of Napoleon, Mr. Kinglake's "Crimea," and the floating ideas upon the first settlement of Victoria, will serve to illustrate the remark.

The story of the first conflict of races in Tasmania is similarly involved in misty obscurity. To exhibit this difficulty of writing history, we need only to refer to the diary of the first colonial chaplain, the Rev. Robert Knopwood, who was only a few miles from the scene of war, who inquired into it of the very parties concerned in it, and who was accustomed to enter each day's occurrences in his journal. And yet all he could get to enter was the following: "Had heard different opinions—that they wanted to encamp on the site of Burke's hut, half a mile from the camp, and ill-used his wife—that the hut was not burnt or plundered—that the Natives did not attack the camp—that our people went from the camp to attack the Natives, who remained at Burke's house."

All we positively know is that one day there appeared on the

heights a large body of the Aborigines, and not very far from the spot where Bass and Flinders held friendly parley with one of the tribe; so that there was no reason to suspect hostile intentions. Women and children were there. The officer in command ordered the soldiers with him to fire upon the advancing hunters, and numbers were slain.

One person states that the event took place while the Lieutenant-Governor Bowen was on a tour, and that the Natives came down the hill shouting and singing, in full pursuit of some kangaroos. Another eye-witness mentions the fact of the man Burke, living just outside of the camp, running in great alarm with his wife to the soldiers, at the sight of the five hundred Blacks, whose women and children were with them. It is well known that when a savage people contemplate mischief they invariably send their women to the woods. Thus, then, we have a guarantee of their peaceable intentions. The same evidence records the death of, at least, fifty of various ages and of both sexes. There is, also, the assertion that the people came on in a semicircle down the hill, with loud cries, driving the kangaroos into a bottom, where they could be easier caught and destroyed.

The Aborigines' Committee, a body of gentlemen appointed by the benevolent Governor Arthur to watch over the interests of that unhappy people at the time of the Black War, when engaged in an investigation as to the causes producing the hostility of the dark race, took certain evidence which bore upon this historical question. One Edward White, who had been servant to W. Clark, and who had erected the rude hut or house inhabited by the commanding officer, Lieutenant Bowen, stated before the Committee that, on the 3d of May, 1804, he was engaged hoeing some ground near the creek at Risdon, when looking up at the shouting, he saw about three hundred Natives coming down the Tiers in a circle, men, women, and children, with a flock of kangaroos between them. He then declared:—

"They looked at me with all their eyes. I went down to the creek, and reported them to some soldiers, and then went back to my work. The Natives did not threaten me. I was not afraid of them. Clark's house was near where I was at work, and Burke's house near Clark's house. The Natives did not attack the soldiers. They could not have molested them. The firing commenced about eleven o'clock. There were many of the

Natives slaughtered and wounded. I don't know how many. Some of their bones were sent in two casks to Port Jackson by Dr. Mountgarrett. They went in the *Ocean*. A boy was taken from them. This was three or four months after we landed. They never came so close again afterwards. They had no spears with them—only waddies. They were hunting, and came down into a bottom."

Another witness, Robert Evans, belonging to the Risdon party, was examined by the Committee. He was not present at the time, though on the ground immediately afterwards, and learned the news. He was told then that when they came on in a large body they did not make any attack, but they brought a great number of kangaroos with them for a corrobory. He never heard that they interrupted any one, but that they were fired upon. He did not know who ordered them to be fired upon, or how many were said to have been killed, though he had heard that there were men, women, and children, and that some were killed, and that some children were taken away.

In 1823, the well-known colonial barrister and statesman, W. C. Wentworth, Esq., published some notice of the affair in his work on New South Wales and Van Diemen's Land. In it he writes concerning the Tasmanians:—

"Their deep-rooted animosity, however, did not arise so much from the ferocious nature of these savages, as from the inconsiderate and unpardonable conduct of our countrymen, shortly after the foundation of the settlement on the river Derwent. At first the Natives evinced the most friendly disposition toward the new-comers; and would, probably, have been actuated by the same amicable feeling to this day, had not the military officer entrusted with the command directed a discharge of grape and canister-shot to be made among a large body, who were approaching, as he imagined, with hostile designs; but, as it has since been believed with much greater probability, merely from motives of curiosity and friendship. The havoc occasioned among them by this murderous discharge was dreadful, and since then all communication with them has ceased; and the spirit of animosity and revenge which this unmerited and atrocious act of barbarity engendered, has been fostered and aggravated to the highest pitch by the incessant encounters that have subsequently taken place between them and the whites."

One of my informants, a settler of 1804, said that the officer, Lieutenant Moore, saw double that morning from an over-dose of rations' rum. Several have assured me of the good feeling between the two races before that event. The reputation which the soldiers of the New South Wales corps, afterwards the 102d Regiment, earned for drinking propensities, and their officers for spirit-dealing, in the primitive times, led some to think that the whole was the effect of a half-drunken spree, and that the firing arose from a brutal desire to see the *Niggers* run.

That excellent storyteller, Captain Holman, the Blind Traveller round the world, who made such capital use of the eyes of other people, has left us a statement he learned in 1831, when on a visit to Mr. Gregson, the veteran Tasmanian Reformer. The Blind Traveller heard the story on the identical spot of the massacre (for Mr. Gregson's house was at Risdon), and thus narrates it:—

"It is said to have originated in the following manner. A small stone house had been erected for a gardener, and he was commencing the cultivation of the ground immediately around it. In the midst of his work one day, he was surprised at the appearance of some Natives advancing towards him, and ran off much frightened to the camp to give the alarm. Lieutenant Moore, who commanded a party of the 102d, drew up his men to resist the expected attack; and, on the approach of the Natives, the soldiers were ordered to fire upon them. The execution this volley did among them, and their ignorance of the nature of fire-arms, terrified them to such a degree that they fled, without attempting the slightest defence. From this moment a deep-rooted hatred for the strangers sprang up among them, and all endeavours to subdue it had hitherto proved ineffectual."

When I was in Sydney last year, exploring dusty receptacles of officialdom, and examining the early literature of New South Wales, for facts connected with colonial history, I met with some remarkable paragraphs in the *Sydney Gazette*, the parent of the Australian Press, which commenced its being in 1803. The first, occurring in the paper of March 18, 1804, is particularly interesting, as giving us the first notice of the state and feeling of the Tasmanians at the landing of the Derwent party from Sydney, and before the terrible day of slaughter. The *Lady Nelson* had conveyed Lieutenant Bowen and his company to

Risdon, and brought the earliest intelligence of their progress upon its return to Sydney. The little craft did much colonial service; having been the first to enter the Heads of Port Phillip, the first to colonize Southern Tasmania, and subsequently the convoy of some of Captain Collins' Port Phillip party to the shores of the Derwent. This is the report it brought:—

"The Natives are very numerous, and undaunted even at the explosion of a musket; but were *very friendly* to small parties they meet accidentally, though they cannot be prevailed on to visit the encampment. During the *Lady Nelson's* stay a large kangaroo was taken in the woods by Henry Hacking, attended by a Sydney native; but being interrupted by a tribe of the sooty inhabitants of the neighbourhood, the kangaroo, being fifty or sixty pounds' weight, was, for a moment, considered as lost. The Blacks made use of every policy to wheedle Hacking out of his booty; but, as they did not offer or threaten violence, he, with counteracting policy, preserved it. Although they treated him with much affability and POLITENESS, yet they regarded his companion with jealousy and indignation; and the poor fellow, sensible of his critical and precarious situation, appeared very thankful when safely delivered from their unwelcome presence."

Such a story as this leaves the military without excuse for their barbarous onslaught upon the Natives at Risdon. They must have known by all experience that, though too shy to approach the camp,—or rather too fearful to place themselves and wives within reach of an armed soldiery,—they were gentle in their manners, under circumstances where numbers and forest freedom give confidence, if not audacity. The Sydney printer may well put the word "politeness" in small capitals. No wonder the Tasmanians were jealous of the stranger from New Holland, and indignant that a Black should appear in their presence with two front teeth knocked out, with an improper escutcheon of cicatrices, and with flowing hair, instead of the approved crisp and corkscrew ringlets.

There are two interesting communications from Van Diemen's Land settlers, correspondents of the *Sydney Gazette*, directed from Port Dalrymple, on the northern side of the island, nearly opposite the present site of George Town, the Port of Launceston, which had been colonized from Sydney about the same time as

the Derwent Camp. One records an interview with armed soldiery, the other with civil colonists. The first is associated with haste and blood, the second with discretion and kindness. It must be apparent that the tale of slaughter in May, at Risdon, was, from the want of intercourse between tribes, unknown at Port Dalrymple several months after.

The letter, written in October, was inserted in the *Sydney Gazette* on December 16, 1804. "An interview," says the writer, "took place with the Natives, which began very amicably; but, unfortunately, their natural impetuosity has caused a temporary suspension of civilities,—having attempted to throw a sergeant from a rock into the sea, and attacked his guard of two men, which compelled them to fire in their own defence."

Is it not strange that they should have attacked soldiers with formidable weapons? Is there not something to be told to explain the offence? Have we the whole story? Had the Natives no cause of complaint? May not the liquor-loving soldiers have been rude to the women of the tribe?

The second letter was of a little later date only, but appeared in the *Gazette* on the 23d of December:—

"On the 14th (November), one of our small parties in the brush was surprised at the appearance of the first body of Natives seen; and they, with a hideous shout, expressed an astonishment scarcely to be conceived at the sight of visitants so opposite to themselves in habit and complexion. About two hundred approaching our small party with impetuous fury, they prudently retired, and were pursued into camp, near which the Natives were prevailed upon to enter into a parley. Signs were made of a friendly disposition toward them, and, appearing to gather confidence, they accepted trifling presents, expressing extreme surprise at every object that occasionally attracted their attention: but their apparent reciprocal inclination to a friendly understanding was now and then interrupted by an indignant clamour, which, beginning with a single individual, ran rapidly through the *lines*, accompanied with gesticulations menacing and ferocious, at the same time biting their arms as a token either of vengeance or defiance. They afterwards peaceably withdrew, having from us experienced no other than a courteous and conciliatory treatment; but were positive in forbidding us to follow them."

All honour to the settlers of Port Dalrymple! Unlike the soldiers of Risdon, they, a small party in the *brush*, were not alarmed at the presence of two hundred real "wild men of the woods," but, while retiring, enticed the savages to a conference, and trembled not to hear their war-shout, or see their spear rasping. They gave presents and kind words, instead of oaths and musketry. This was a real victory, and gave the little northern settlement repose, when other places witnessed fire and blood. Twenty years after this, the women walked to the Basin, above the Falls of Launceston, and carried on in peace their laundry operations, while the naked spearmen of the forest looked down curiously upon them from the basaltic wood-crowned heights.

There is another quotation from the *Sydney Press* of August 26th, 1804, giving news from the *Derwent;* for at that time there was no name for the colony, although, as perceived from the *Sydney Gazette* of October 13th and 21st of 1803, the first settlement had been named after Lord Hobart, then Secretary for the Colonies. Even after the name of Hobart Town had been transferred by Colonel Collins from Risdon to Sullivan's Cove, the people most commonly spoke of it as the *Derwent,* and a *Derwenter* to this day is the appellation for a Hobart Towner specifically, and Tasmanian generically. This letter from the South gives a slight sketch of our Natives, after a glowing eulogy of the superior climate and soil in the new colony to that of the old Botany Bay region:—

"To its human inhabitants, however, does Nature appear to have vouchsafed her powers with a sparing hand; in point of ingenuity they excel not those of our own acquaintance (at Sydney), with whom in savage ferocity they nearly or exactly correspond. The only discernible disagreement in their barbarous customs is that *these* go naked, and that *those* throw the skin of an animal over their shoulders during the winter season."

A venerable lady, who came to Hobart Town in 1804, with her parents, the first free settlers of the first fleet, gave me much interesting information of her early days. Some of her stories may appear in another work. She had heard people express their fears of the wild Blacks, and her mother gave her a caution about venturing far into the Bush, because she might be killed and eaten by the cannibals. At that time the family lived on

their farm about three miles from town. A bold and enterprising child, she had long wished to have a nearer gaze at the magnificent Mount Wellington, whose snowy cap had often won her admiration. Prevailing on her little brother to accompany her, she set off one day while her parents were absent, and trudged through the Bush till she was lost amidst the dense foliage of the mountain gullies. There she fell in with some Aborigines. The spirited lassie exhibited no alarm, and found herself kindly treated by the sable throng. She furthermore told me that when a girl she had often met them in the Camp, as Hobart Town was then called, and that they were always quiet and well conducted.

I regret to say that, though I have been much favoured in my researches among the old records of Tasmania, especially by the late Mr. Bicheno, Colonial Secretary under Governor Franklin, and by the present Premier there, Sir Richard Dry, I was so unfortunate as to discover no papers relative to the first six years of the settlement. The story goes, that upon the sudden decease of the first governor, Captain Collins, found dead in his chair, two of the leading officers of the Government placed a marine outside the door, so that they might be undisturbed, and then proceeded to burn every document in the office!!! Although I subsequently knew one of these gentlemen, it was not likely I should learn from himself the correctness of the report, any more than the motive for such vandalism. A similar mysterious disappearance of papers I observed at Sydney; the lapse taking place about the time of the celebrated rebellion against Governor Bligh.

But I take this opportunity of acknowledging my gratitude to Mr. Hull, Clerk of the Tasmanian Council, and son of my old and esteemed neighbour, Mr. Commissary Hull, through whose kindness I got access to the only remaining early document, and for the disentombment of which record he is to be credited. This was the *Muster Book* of 1810, &c., kept at the barracks, in which the commanding officer entered the countersign of the day, and in which, also, occasional notices of the day's proceedings were written. The previous Muster Books, doubtless conveyed for safety to the Governor's office, have all disappeared; they probably added to the conflagration on that one dark night of destruction.

In this interesting memorandum-book is an entry, on January 29th, 1810, of a Government Order bearing upon our subject.

It exhibits the commencement of the "Black War," and marks the sentiments of the authorities as to its origin, and their resolution to protect the poor creatures who were the objects of civilized cruelty. The *Order* is the following:—

"There being great reason to fear that William Russell and George Gelley will be added to the number of unfortunate men who have been put to death by the Natives, in revenge for the murders and abominable cruelties which have been practised upon them by the white people, the Lieutenant-Governor, aware of the evil consequences that must result to the settlement, if such cruelties are continued, and abhorring the conduct of those miscreants who perpetrate them, hereby declares that any person whomsoever who shall offer violence to a native, or who shall in cool blood murder, or cause any of them to be murdered, shall, on proof being made of the same, be dealt with and proceeded against as if such violence had been offered, or murder committed on, a civilized person."

This was worthily carrying out the instructions of his chief, Lord Hobart, so far as declarations went; but history gives us no instance of the execution of the decree. The man who penned the Order shortly after departed this life, a disorderly interregnum followed, and, when a new Lieutenant-Governor from England appeared, we find the island in so chaotic a state, that there was some excuse for the neglect. When we see the Governor of a British Colony so reduced in resources, or so bereft of energy, as to hold correspondence with an outlaw, a ferocious man of blood, and afterwards consent to the terms of a Bushranger longing for a visit to the capital, when tired of his chase for victims, we cannot expect the enforcement of the command of January 29th, 1810. But we can fully appreciate the truthfulness of the *Sydney Gazette* of April 10th, 1813, when describing the society of Van Diemen's Land, at that period, and the real progress of the "Black War."

"The Natives of Van Diemen's Land," quoth the *Gazette*, "continue to be very inimical, which is mostly attributed to their frequent ill-treatment from the Bushrangers, who, to avoid punishment for their offences, have betaken themselves to the woods, there miserably to exist on the adventitious succours which those wilds afford. Acts of cruelty are reported of these desperadoes against the Natives; and the latter seldom suffer an

opportunity to escape of wreaking their vengeance upon all persons of the same colour with the lawless wanderers, without discrimination."

Here we are introduced to a new chapter of colonial history, into which the author proposes to go more fully in a subsequent work, treating especially upon the early times and social aspects of the two older colonies of New South Wales and Van Diemen's Land. Under the heading of "Cruelties to the Blacks," there will, however, be found some reference to the acts of these Dick Turpin heroes. It was on the 26th of June, 1813, that the Government issued a Proclamation against those disturbers of the peace of both Whites and Blacks. It came upon the occasion of an attack upon a herd of cattle at the Coal River. The Governor proceeded to point out the cause: "The resentment of these poor uncultivated beings has been justly provoked by a most barbarous and inhuman mode of proceeding acted toward them, viz. the robbing of their children." The Governor then expresses his horror at such shameful behaviour, and exclaims in quite unofficial language, "Let any man put his hand to his heart and ask which is the savage—the white man who robs the parent of his children, or the black man who boldly steps forward to resent the injury, and recover his stolen offspring; the conclusion, alas! is too obvious." The end of the proclamation pledges the Government to punish all so offending to the utmost rigour of the law.

To pass on in the order of time, quotations can now be given from the newly-born *Hobart Town Gazette*, which—though established by a private individual, the son of the founder of the Australian Press, at once the editor, printer, pressman, and proprietor of the *Sydney Gazette*—was an official organ of Government.

An interesting account is given in the paper of August 20, 1814, of a visit of some Natives to Hobart Town, and the valuable service of a courageous and benevolent convict, the forerunner of George Augustus Robinson, the Conciliator. The circumstance exemplifies the fact that our Natives were different from the continental ones, in their indisposition to approach the Whites. Here we have a record of an important tribe living on the North Arm—a peninsula at the junction of the Derwent and the Storm Bay, and only a few miles from

the capital—having had no acquaintance with our civilization after our ten years' occupancy of the island. As these people were either the same as, or the neighbours to, the kangaroo hunters so wantonly fired at in 1804, there was some reason for their retirement, as well as some apology for an intended outrage. The newspaper paragraph is given with its literal peculiarities :—

"We mentioned some time ago of several Natives being brought to town from the woods at South Arm, after receiving certain articles of clothing from His Honor the Lieut.-Governor and other humane gentlemen of this Settlement, they were conducted through the streets by A. Campbell (a prisoner.) Their curiosity, which had never been gratified before with such a sight, prompted them to examine everything with wonder and amazement, without bestowing their attention longer than a moment on any single object.

"The Lieut.-Governor having expressed a desire to see the remainder of the Natives left at the South Arm, Campbell accompanied with 2 other persons again returned to that place, the party spent 3 days in fruitless search after them, when they discovered two Natives who informed them that the rest were on Betsy's Island.

"Next morning Campbell and party went in a boat to that island, accompanied by a native woman of one of the neighbouring islands, and who has lived with Campbell for some years; this woman has been of considerable service to the party, by representing the humane treatment she received from the White People. On landing they saw a number of Natives sitting round the fire, and on their perceiving the children cloathed they were greatly astonished, and felt their dresses; when the Natives informed them of their reception in town, they all expressed a wish by Campbell's woman to see Hobart, and it was with difficulty the party prevented the Boat from sinking, so eager were they to get in. Campbell brought 13 to town, who received every kindness and humanity from the Lieut.-Governor, who likewise cloathed them. They were afterwards landed on the Island of Le Bruni (Bruni) at their own request.

"We trust that the exertions of Campbell and his party will be a prelude to more intercourse with the native tribes, and by

the means of such humane treatment endeavour to reclaim them from a savage life."

The kindness of the Hobart Town people to a few visitors from the Wilds told favourably afterwards; for, from another extract, we learn that Campbell was indirectly the means of saving the life of one of his countrymen.

"A few days ago," says the *Hobart Town Gazette*, "upwards of 100 Natives surrounded a house at South Arm, and knocked at the door; on the person within opening it, and perceiving the Natives, he was in great terror, and after shutting the door endeavoured to escape by a back window, but seeing it in vain, he again opened the door, when several Natives came in, to whom he offered victuals, but they refused to eat. After they had surveyed the premises, an elderly man led the person by the arm, who lived in the house, nearly half a mile into the woods, and placed him in the middle of them, and at the moment the Natives were about to throw their spears at the unfortunate victim, a native man, whom A. Campbell had brought to Hobart Town some time ago, addressed them, when they all walked away, leaving the person to return to his own residence. Thus by the humanity already shown to these Natives the life of a fellow-creature has been preserved."

A gentleman whose station was in the centre of the island, spoke of the Natives occasionally coming down to his hut, as early as 1814, and bartering a kangaroo's tail for a bit of English mutton. Others have told me that they were able to travel about the Bush in perfect security between that period and 1822. Mr. John Gardiner, after whom the Gardiner's Creek, near Melbourne, is named, when detailing to me some singular stories of the Australian Blacks, remarked, among other peculiarities, their friendly disposition toward the Europeans, and the contrast he noticed in their habits to those of the Tasmanians, who would hardly ever venture near his station in the island. Several elderly ladies have narrated circumstances showing more geniality and friendly intercourse; as, the playing of their children with the Aborigines, and their boys going to hunt with the dark skins. These ladies had the conviction that such a happy state of things would have continued but for the conduct of the Bush prisoner servants toward the native females. An old man, who had been assigned servant to Mr. Wedge, gave me the story of

falling in with a company of two hundred, in 1819, quietly camping on Mr. Archer's run, and of seeing that same year a score of Blacks assisting at Mr. Bonner's farm in harvest time, receiving potatoes and damper for payment. Even the *Hobart Town Gazette*, so late as 1824, contemplating the quiet times, writes: "Perhaps, taken collectively, the sable Natives of this colony are the most peaceful creatures in the world."

But from even early days occasional outbreaks took place. The difference, however, between these and the outrages of later times, lay in the fact that, while most of the former were confined to petty thieving, the latter were more frequently from motives of hatred and revenge, and parts of a combined movement of aggression.

The arrest of amicable relations was owing, as has been stated, to interference with the gins, and the stealing of children. We have been so accustomed to associate kidnapping with roving gipsies, wild Indians, and savage Tartars, as to doubt the charge when attached to our own countrymen. Yet the very proclamations of Government attest to the veracity of the indictment. The first chaplain took some interest in the people; he often had a festive gathering at his house, and described them as being always well behaved. He has had visits of twenty at a time at his cottage. But, after 1814, the numbers dropped off, until his visitors deserted him and his larder altogether. Investigating the cause of the change, he was told by the Natives that they would not go to town again because bad men stole their picaninnies.

When Governor Macquarie returned to Sydney after his memorable tour through the island of his dependency, he issued a Public Notice, June 18th, 1814, thanking the settlers of Van Diemen's Land for their loyal attention, and praising them for their enterprise and progress; but the condition of the Aborigines of the little colony touched his humane heart, and stirred his generous impulses to action. Nobly did he, as Governor-General of the various settlements in those southern parts, labour for the good of the dark race. It was the constant exhibition of brutality toward them that aroused his anger, and called forth the following strong language in this Proclamation, when alluding to some case:—

"Although it was not sufficiently clear and satisfactory to

warrant the institution of criminal prosecution, it was enough so to convince any unprejudiced man that the *first personal attacks* were made on the part of settlers and their servants. Several years having elapsed since anything like a principle of hostility has been acted upon, or even in the slightest degree exhibited in the conduct of the Natives, it must be evident that no deep-rooted prejudice exists in their minds against British subjects or white men."

An amusing story is told of an affront given the tribes one time when Governor Sorell had invited a number to Hobart Town. They were gathered in the Government Paddock, a large reserve outside of the town, and were exercising themselves before the Whites. One young girl, however, in the very mischief of a spoiled beauty, took up one of the men's spears, and threw it at the reigning beau of the day—one Captain Hamilton. Although the weapon never struck, nor had it been intended to strike, the son of Mars, being indignant at the liberty taken with his loftiness, complained to the Governor, and insisted upon the rout of the Natives. Colonel Sorell, to appease the excited soldier, requested his visitors to withdraw from the camp. These were so indignant at the treatment they received for so trifling an accident, that they would never accept of another gubernatorial invitation.

In 1816 the interior was unwontedly disturbed. The first notice of the fact is indicated in the peculiar style of the *Gazette* of the period :—

"The Black Natives of this Colony have for the last few weeks manifested a strange Hostility towards the Up-country Settlers, and in killing and driving away their Cattle than has been witnessed since the Settling of the Colony; And since their visit at New Norfolk, they have been at the herd of Mr. Thomas M'Neelance near Jerico and killed two beautiful Cows." The New Norfolk affair arose from a quarrel between three stock-keepers and a score of Natives, when weapons were freely employed. Forty spears were thrown; but evidently at a discreet distance, for no Bushman was hurt. The shot told better, as three Blacks were killed, and one poor fellow was wounded and taken.

On July 27th, 1816, we have the following notice:—"A party of Natives has lately driven 17 head of horned cattle from

the herd of Mr. J. Beaumont, at the Tea Tree Brush, and have not been since heard of." On the dreary Salt Pan Plains—so called from salt being found at the bottom of dried-up lagoons there—a bullock-dray party were that year stopped by fifty dark marauders. A shot from a pistol frightened off the wild men to their scrub. This led the editor sagely to observe: "This makes good an old adage, 'That no man ought to go in the woods without his gun.'" A little later, October 19th, that gentleman volunteers his counsel: "We would caution persons travelling between the Settlement (Hobart Town) and Port Dalrymple (Launceston) not to proceed without fire-arms, as from the late hostile manner evinced by the Natives much danger may be apprehended."

The next year is no great improvement upon the last, for the paper has two misdemeanours to record. That in March was an attack upon a cart by three *civilized* Blacks. These tutored individuals profited by their residence among convicts, in going upon their expedition with suitable arms, like white Bush-rangers. They *stuck up* the travellers, and robbed them, at the Green Water Holes, afterwards known as the pretty township of Greenponds, about thirty miles north of the capital. The other attack is characteristically narrated by the Press of May 25th, 1817:—

"On Saturday last, whilst Robert Rosne, overseer to Captain Jeffreys, was searching for sheep strayed from his flock, he promiscuously came upon fifteen native women and children assembled around a fire on the Sweet-water Hills. Considering them to be an inoffensive tribe, and his mind dwelling on his pursuit, he carelessly approached them to light his pipe, pleased with his reception. But upon leaving this peaceable group he met with a number of savage men, whose ferocity had been nearly his death. One of these untutored beings hove a stone at him, which struck him violently on the mouth, and staggered him. But little time was given him to recover from this blow, when an ill-fated volley of stones dislocated his shoulder, and by repeated hostility severely bruised him. Fortunately, however, he was suffered to leave them alive." I found this paragraph copied into the *Sydney Gazette* of June 7th.

The year 1817 was signalized by the romance of Michael Howe and the native girl Mary Cockerell. The desperate

Bushranger, the terror of the colony for years, the partner of a treaty with the Governor, had formed a connexion with this young creature, and dwelt with her for some months in a retreat not far from Oatlands, though afterwards removing for safety to a charming woodland home among the mountains of the Shannon country. There, chased closely by some who sought the great reward for his capture, and annoyed by the inability of his black companion to keep pace with him through the scrub, he drew a pistol and fired at her, severely wounding her. The ruffian escaped, but the girl was caught. Indignant at his cruelty, she promised to take the constables to his hut. This led eventually to his discovery and death. Poor Mary died in the Hobart Town Hospital. The paper mentions Michael Howe's increased cruelties to the poor Natives who fell in his way, on his retreat westward to the far interior.

In New South Wales I found a copy of a letter sent by Governor Macquarie to his Lieutenant-Governor at Hobart Town, in which there is this interesting reference to Mary:

"In co-operation with your humane feelings in regard to Mary, the native girl whom you sent hither some time since as a witness respecting the Bushrangers, I had a private decent lodging provided for her here, where she has ever since remained out of the way of bad connexions or improper intercourse, and she is now about to get some decent apparel. His Excellency the Governor has deemed it expedient to detain her here for some little time further, lest she should renew her intercourse with Howe, and be the means of protracting the term of his submission, or more desirable apprehension."

Governor Sorell issued a proclamation on May 19th, 1817, against the perpetrators of base outrages upon the persons of some inoffensive Aborigines. After mentioning the sportive firing upon the poor creatures, the official paper proceeds: "The Lieutenant-Governor thus publicly declares his determination that if, after the promulgation of this publication, any person or persons shall be charged with killing, firing at, or committing any act of outrage or aggression on the native people, the offender or offenders shall be sent to Port Jackson to take their trial before the Criminal Court."

At this time it was still the rule for the Lieutenant-governors, whether in Hobart Town or elsewhere in the south, to have no

jurisdiction over the lives of their subjects. Consequently, when any case of plunder or felony occurred, the prisoner was forwarded to Port Jackson or Sydney, where the judge held his criminal court. No jury of citizens then existed. There was no trial of a man by his peers. Four military officers of the regiment formed the council to try the prisoners. The announcement, therefore, of being sent to Port Jackson, was to give force to the proclamation, as notifying the Governor's estimate of the crime. But the *Gazette* is quite reticent about the passage of any one, although it was notorious that similar offences continued.

A brighter page meets our eye in 1818. The Temple of Janus might have had its gates closed. A serene air is breathed by the colony. A burst of philanthropic feeling prevailed. The moral sentiments of the editor of the solitary newspaper were strangely brought into action. A real sermon is delivered on April 25th, 1818, and an affecting appeal is made on behalf of the oppressed and gentle ones of the forest. Let us read it:

"Notwithstanding the hostility which has so long prevailed in the breast of the Natives of this island toward Europeans, we now perceive with heartfelt satisfaction that hatred in some measure gradually subsiding. Several of them are to be seen about this town and its environs, who obtain subsistence from the charitable and well-disposed. The more we contemplate the peculiar situation of this people, the more are we impressed with the great arrearage of justice which is due to them. Are not the Aborigines of this colony the children of our Government? Are we not all happy but they? And are they not miserable? Can they raise themselves from this sad condition? Or do they not claim our assistance? And shall that assistance be denied? Those who fancy that "God did not make of one blood all the nations upon the earth," must be convinced that the Natives of whatever matter formed *can* be civilized, nay, can be christianised. The moral Governor of the world will hold us accountable. The Aborigines demand our protection. They are the most helpless members, and being such have a peculiar claim upon us all, to extend every aid in our power, as well in relation to their necessities as to those enlightening means which shall at last introduce them from the chilling rigours of the forest into the same delightful temperature which we enjoy."

Captain Philip King, R.N., to whom Australia owes so much

for the discovery or survey of the northern coast, has left us a short record of his experience of our islanders in 1819. Although after the settlement of Hobart Town, the visit was to a people who were strangers to men of our colour, and who lived on the stormy west coast.

"Our party," said he, "were amicably received by a tribe of Natives, consisting of six men and four old women; they came forward unarmed, but, as we afterwards found, their spears were concealed close at hand. Some presents were distributed amongst them, of which the most valuable, in their estimation, were empty wine bottles, which they called *moke*. This word was, however, used by them for water only, so that it was doubtful whether the word meant the article itself, or the vessel that contained it. Our familiarity increased so rapidly, that by the time we had dug two wells to receive the water which was flowing over the beach they had become very inquisitive, and made no hesitation in searching our pockets and asking for everything they saw. One of the men, upon being detected in the act of pilfering a piece of white paper from Mr. Cunningham's specimen box, immediately dropped it and drew back, much alarmed for fear of punishment, and also ashamed of having been discovered; but after a few angry looks from us the paper was given to him, and peace was soon restored. Our dog, being an object of much alarm, was fastened to the stern of our boat; a circumstance which prevented their curiosity from extending itself in that direction, and thus our arms were kept in convenient readiness without their knowledge. As soon as our boats were loaded and we had embarked, the Natives retired to the Bush, behind which we observed the heads of several children and young women. As many as sixteen were counted; so that this tribe, or family, might be composed of from twenty-five to thirty persons, of which we only saw six who were grown men. They were stouter and better proportioned than the Natives of New South Wales, and unlike them the hair was woolly; the only covering in use among them was a kangaroo skin, which they wore as a cloak over their shoulders."

The calmness and serenity of that year were changed into storm and disquietude in 1819.

It is the ever told tale of provocation and revenge. Early in the month of March the Oyster Bay tribe speared John Kemp

and another man. But the journal of the day gives the provoking cause in these words: "It is well known that some time before Kemp was killed a native man was shot in the woods by some of the stockmen to the eastward, and that the women have been also deprived of their children in that quarter."

Where the Whites had no settlement the Blacks were found without the hostility of other places. Mr. Kelly, the pilot, on discovering the spacious Macquarie Harbour, on the west coast, was pleased with the frank and manly attitude of the Natives. A letter addressed by a Hobart Town gentleman, in 1819, was published in the *Asiatic Journal* of Calcutta the following year, and expresses the same opinion. "Several interviews," says the writer, "have lately taken place between the people of the settlement and the Natives of the west coast; who, as appears very probable, are debarred from all intercourse and interchange of sentiment with their countrymen on the eastern side, by that lofty range of mountains which intersects the island from the northern to the southern extremity. From the fearless and unsuspicious deportment of the former in these interviews, it would seem that the hostile disposition of the latter towards the people of the settlement was rather provoked by bad treatment than the spontaneous effect of their native ferocity."

There is a detailed account of a skirmish in March 1819, given soon after the event by Robert Jones. Upon the occasion of an inquest, held seven years after, Mr. Jones (then residing at a romantic spot, known as the "Four Square Gallows") repeats the story of 1819 in some evidence he was called upon to declare. From the two versions a narrative can be prepared.

The man Jones occupied the position of stock-keeper on the station of Messrs. Morris and Stocker, near Relief River, subsequently known as the Macquarie. His fellow-servant, M'Candless, had gone to look after the sheep on the plains, and a neighbour's man, James Forrest, had called in at the hut. On a sudden, M'Candless burst in, nearly out of breath, declaring that he had run for his life from the Blacks, who were spearing the sheep. A chase was resolved upon, and two infirm muskets were taken for the battle. The light of day was departing when the men came in sight of about two hundred Aborigines. They sought to frighten them from the hill, and presented their pieces at them. The men of the forest, with a wholesome dread of

ATTACK ON A SETTLER'S HUT.

fire-arms, did not come down from their citadel to attack the Europeans, but were content with making a hideous noise, while some bolder spirits came forward, quivering their spears, and threatening destruction. But the stock-keepers suddenly ascertained, to their horror, that but one charge was in their possession, because the powder-flask had been dropped in the hurry of pursuit. They had but one way open—a retreat; and this they accomplished in the deepening gloom of evening, with the best show of courage they could maintain.

At daybreak, Jones set off for the sheepfold, leaving his mates in bed. He had gone but a few hundred yards, when, hearing some talk, he looked backward, and saw a crowd of Blacks descending the hill towards the hut, with the evident intention of firing the bark roof, and murdering the men. Jones ran hastily back, aroused the men, and prepared for defence. Standing outside the door, and facing their dark foes, the Europeans again presented their guns, and ordered the party off. But some endeavoured to get round another way with their lighted torches, while others stood on the hill-side and answered the challenge with shouts of derisive laughter. Spears, waddies, and stones were thrown at the trio, but with harmless effect, from the distance of the combatants. One, evidently the leader, was of gigantic size, and was armed with a huge spear unlike the rest. He stood erect, with his weapon in repose, calmly giving orders to the tribe.

Again and again did the Englishmen pull the trigger without procuring fire. The Natives perceived their helpless condition, and motioned them to leave the hut, evidently seeking the good rations of the Bushmen. Hours passed in this bloodless warfare. The Whites saw that further stay was hopeless, as the patience of the warriors would soon be tired out, and a rush would destroy them and their hut. So they rapidly fled towards a gully. The others followed, and threw their spears. A wild cow and several kangaroo dogs were pierced, but, for a time, one wound only was received by the pursued. At last the two hundred, red-ochred all over their naked bodies, hemmed in their victims, and brought them to bay. The vexatious guns would not go off at the pull of the trigger, to the boisterous amusement of their opponents.

Jones now received three spears at once. One passed through

his right cheek, another through the muscle of his right arm, and a third fastened in his right side. A mate came to pull out the weapons, and had a spear sent into his back. The third man was yet untouched. For seven hours had the terrible struggle continued. The stockmen were exhausted, and stood like sheep prepared for the slaughter. The Natives saw that their finishing hour had come. The chief gave the word for them to charge in with the waddy, and brain the three. "At this moment," says Jones, "a most fortunate accident occurred, which I have ever considered an act of Providence." This was the sudden discharge of one of the awkward pieces. The shot struck the portly chief, who fell dead on the spot. His countrymen could not understand the operation, and lifted him upon his feet to see if he could stand; while all the others shouted and beat their breasts with extreme emotion. Finding their efforts to recover him vain, they were seized with sudden fright, and fled.

The poor fellows took advantage of the moment of consternation, and dragged their limbs as quickly as they could, so as to get on to the plains, where they might be seen by a countryman. For a time, forty of their enemies made a demonstration of pursuit, but afterwards retired to the forest. Limping along, the stock-keepers met with a man who conducted them to a home, where every attention was paid to them. Their own hut was consumed in the flames from native firebrands, but not before the flour, sugar, and clothes had been taken.

It may be almost excusable for Jones to cherish ever after no good feeling towards the race; but he must have felt conscious of some mental reserve, when he was asked at the inquest of 1826 if he had known of faults on the other side, and said, "I have never known of any wanton act of hostility committed by the Whites against the Blacks."

A very interesting and remarkable Government order appeared from the pen of Colonel Sorell, dated from Hobart Town, March 13th, 1819, which may most appropriately end this first chapter of the "Black War." It is so humane and judicious, and so particularly enters into the whole question relative to the conduct of the two races, as to be considered one of the best State papers ever drawn up in the colony. It is given in full.

"From information received by his Honor the Lieutenant-Governor, there seems reason to apprehend that outrages have been recently perpetrated against some of the Native People in the remote country adjoining the River Plenty, though the result of the enquiries instituted upon these reports has not established the Facts alleged, further than that two Native children have remained in the Hands of a Person resident above the Falls:—Upon this subject, which the Lieutenant-Governor considers of the highest Importance, as well to Humanity as to the Peace and Security of the Settlement, His Honor cannot omit addressing the Settlers.

"The Lieutenant-Governor is aware that many of the Settlers and Stock-keepers consider the Natives as a Hostile People, seeking, without Provocation, Opportunities to destroy them and their Stock: and towards whom any attempts at Forbearance or Conciliation would be useless. It is, however, most certain that if the Natives were intent upon Destruction of this kind, and if they were incessantly to watch for opportunities of effecting it, the Mischief done by them to the Owners of Sheep or Cattle, which are now dispersed for grazing over so great a part of the Interior Country, would be increased one hundredfold. But so far from any systematic Plan for Destroying the Stock or People being pursued by the Native Tribes, their Meetings with the Herdsmen appear generally to be accidental; and it is the Opinion of the best informed Persons who have been longest in the Settlement, that the former are seldom the Assailants, and that when they are they act under the Impression of recent Injuries done to some of them by White People. It is undeniable that in many former Instances, Cruelties have been perpetrated repugnant to Humanity and disgraceful to the British Character, while few attempts can be traced on the Part of the Colonists to Conciliate the Native People, or to make them sensible that Peace and Forbearance are the Objects desired. The Impressions received from earlier Injuries are kept up by the occasional Outrages of Miscreants whose Scene of Crime is so remote as to render detection difficult, and who sometimes wantonly set fire to and kill the Men, and at others pursue the Women for the purpose of compelling them to abandon their children. This last Outrage is perhaps the most certain of all to excite in the Sufferers a strong Thirst for revenge against all White Men, and to incite the Natives to take Vengeance indiscriminately, according to the General Practice of an uncivilized People, wherever in their Migrations they fall in with the Herds and Stockmen.

"It is not only those who perpetrated such Enormities against a People comparatively Defenceless, that suffer; all the Owners of Stock and the Stock-keepers are involved in the Consequences brought on by the wanton and criminal Acts of a few.

"From the conduct of the Native People, when free from any feeling of Injury, toward those who have sought intercourse with them, there is strong reason to hope that they might be conciliated. On the North-east coast, where Boats occasionally touch, and at Macquarie Harbour, where the Natives have been lately seen, they have been found Unsuspicious and Peaceable, manifesting no disposition to Injure; and they are known to be equally Inoffensive in other Places where the Stock-keepers treat them with Mildness and Forbearance.

"A careful Avoidance, on the part of the Settlers and Stockmen, of conduct tending to excite Suspicion of intended Injury, and a strict Forbearance from all Acts or Appearances of Hostility, except when rendered indispensable for positive Self-defence, or the Preservation of the Stock, may yet remove from the Minds of the Native People the Impressions left by past Cruelties: so that the Meetings between them and the Colonists, which the Extension of the Grazing Grounds and Progressive Occupation of the Country must render yearly more frequent, may be injurious to neither; and that these Mischiefs, which a Perseverance in Cruelty and Aggression must lead to, and which must involve the Stock in perpetual Danger, and the Stockmen in Responsibility for the Lives that may be lost, may be prevented.

"To effect this Object, is no less the Interest than the Duty of the Settlers and Stockmen; to bring to condign Punishment any one who shall be open to proof of having destroyed or maltreated any of the Native People (not strictly in Self-defence), will be the Duty and is the Determination of the Lieutenant-Governor, supported by the Magistracy, and by the Assistance of all the just and well-disposed Settlers.

"With a view to prevent the Continuance of the Cruelty beforementioned, of depriving the Natives of their Children; it is hereby Ordered that the Resident Magistrates at the District of Pittwater and Coal River, and the District Constables in all the other Districts, do forthwith take an account of all the Native Youths and Children which are Resident with any of the Settlers or Stock-keepers, stating from whom, and in what manner, they were obtained.

"The same Magistrates and the District Constables are in future to take an Account of any Native Person or Child which shall come or be brought into their District, or Country adjoining, together with the circumstances attending it. These Reports are to be transmitted to the Secretary's Office, Hobart Town.

"No Person whatever will be allowed to retain Possession of a Native Youth or Child, unless it shall be clearly proved that the Consent of the Parents had been given; or that the Child had been found in a state to demand Shelter and Protection, in which Case the

Person into whose Hands it may fall, is immediately to report the circumstance to the nearest Magistrate or Constable.

"All Native Youths and Children who shall be known to be with any of the Settlers or Stock-keepers, unless so accounted for, will be removed to Hobart Town, where they will be supported and instructed at the Charge and under the Direction of Government.

"By command of His Honor

"The Lieutenant-Governor,

"H. E. ROBINSON, *Secretary*.

CHAPTER III.

CRUELTIES TO THE BLACKS.

"WHO could adequately picture the story of the wrongs of the Tasmanians? We are indignant at the destruction of the Guanches of the Canaries by the Spaniards; we are horrified at the exterminating policy of the Napoleon of the Zulus of Africa; we are awe-struck at the total disappearance of whole nations of antiquity; and should we have no feeling of regret at causes which led to the annihilation of the tribes of Tasmania? They melted not away as the snow of the Alps beneath the soft breath of the Fön from the South, but were stricken down in their might, as the dark firs of the forests by the ruthless avalanche. It was not a contest between rival nations of civilization. No senator uttered a "Carthage must be destroyed" to incite the weakened energies of a struggling people. No Thermopylæ, which witnessed the expiring effort of its sons of freedom, remains in Tasmania's mountain fastnesses. No Kenneth of the South turned, as a hunted beast at bay, and crushed a race that nigh had conquered him. No bard has chronicled the deeds of heroism, no Ossian told of chiefs and daughters fair. It is altogether a petty, an unromantic warfare on the part of the stronger English, with no recognition of either chivalry or sentiment in the weaker barbarians. A long series of cruelties and misfortunes gradually wrought the destruction of the primitive inhabitants.

They would not, could not, be reduced to slavery. They would not, could not, assimilate with the habits of the intruders upon their soil. As their own brilliant Waratah, when torn from the rocky crest of its mountain home, refuses to expand its crimson petals in the artificial bed, and pines to death for the loss of its free and bracing native airs, so could they never assume the

rigid robe of civilization, nor forsake their wild, wooded Tiers for the tenements of town.

We came upon them as evil genii, and blasted them with the breath of our presence. We broke up their home circles. We arrested their laughing corrobory. We turned their song into weeping, and their mirth to sadness. Without being disciples of Rousseau, without the simple faith of the French voyager, who discovered a nymph of grace and beauty in the dark Ourâ Ourâ of the woods, and beheld primeval innocence in the gentle, patriarchal government of tribes, it may yet be believed that social virtues were developed beneath the gum-tree shade — that maternal joy sparkled in the eyes of the opossum-skin clad one, as she joined in the gambols of her picaninny boy—that honest friendship united hands and hearts of brother hunters—while soft glances, sweet smiles, and throbbing bosoms, told that love could dwell within clematis bowers, as well as in the woodbine shade.

The white man entered this peaceful scene. The hunter stayed his carolling among the hills, and stole stealthily upon his own green sod. The mother hushed the tongue of the prattling one, and checked within herself the bounding emotions, lest Echo tell the dreaded stranger. And silenced was the talk of love; for deeds of wrong to matron duty and to maiden troth had chilled the heart, and flashed the eye with hate and rage.

The story of their sufferings would be like that written by the benevolent padre, Las Casas, in his "Short Account of the Destruction of the Indies," which is thus described by the learned Prescott: "It is a tale of woe. Every line of the work may be said to be written in blood." And yet it may be truly declared that Government had cherished proper sentiments toward the poor Indians; even the historian observes: "The history of Spanish colonial legislation is the history of the impotent struggles of the Government in behalf of the Natives, against the avarice and cruelty of its subjects." In the case of our islanders, there was not the apology of avarice, as they had nothing to give; it was rather a demoniacal propensity to torture the defenceless, and an insatiable lust, that heeded not the most pitiable appeals, nor halted in the execution of the most diabolical acts of cruelty, to obtain its brutal gratification.

The writer has on several occasions heard men declare that

they thought no more of shooting a Black than bringing down a bird. Indeed, in those distant times, it was common enough to hear men talk of the number of *black crows* they had destroyed. Well may Mr. Melville exclaim in his Van Diemen's Land Almanac: "If it were possible in a work like this to record but a tittle of the murders committed upon these poor harmless creatures, it would make the reader's blood run cold at the bare recital." As an evidence of the wantonness of the attacks, we have the assertion of Jorgenson, the Dane, who, when out in 1830, "saw traces in numerous places," where "many had been wantonly shot by spiteful and vindictive stock-keepers." In another part of his remarkable autobiography this passage occurs: "Ignorant and vindictive stock-keepers often wantonly fired at and killed many of them when there was no danger in the way."

The editor of a Wellington paper writes: "We have ourselves heard 'old hands' declare to the common practice of shooting them to supply food for dogs." He had heard of the employment of poisoned rum. Such conduct was manifested from the very settlement of the colony. One great source of mischief was the liberty given to the prisoners about 1806, &c. to disperse themselves in search of food, during a season of famine. Even the Government received kangaroo meat at the stores, and paid for the same at the rate of eighteen pence per pound. We can readily imagine the effect of letting loose in the Bush a number of reckless bad men, who had been previously subjected to the rigour of prison discipline, and who now with inflamed passions were undeterred in the commission of crime by the presence or knowledge of the authorities.

At first kindly treated by the dark men of the forest, they repaid their hospitality by frightful deeds of violence and wrong. Shrieks of terrified and outraged innocence rose with the groans of slaughtered guardians, in the hitherto peaceful vales of Tasmania. One wonders not at the quotation of the Rev. John West, from the *Derwent Star* newspaper of 1810: "The Natives, who have been rendered desperate by the cruelties they have experienced from our people, have now begun to distress us by attacking our cattle." One extract from the *Star* of the same year, 1810, painfully illustrates the subject: "The unfortunate man, Russell, is a striking instance of Divine agency, which has

overtaken him at last, and punished him by the hands of those very people who have suffered so much from him; he being known to have exercised his barbarous disposition in murdering or torturing any who unfortunately came within his reach." The indignation of honest old Governor Davey was strongly excited, when in 1813 he penned these words: "That he could not have believed that British subjects would have so ignominiously stained the honour of their country and themselves, as to have acted in the manner they did toward the Aborigines."

In the year 1814 a number of them, who had been accustomed to pay visits to the Camp at Hobart Town, were regaled with ration flour. In the merriment and excitement of the feast, some white monsters decoyed away and stole several of the children. At the discovery of their loss, the parents sought by passionate entreaties to procure the restitution of their offspring, but were met with but brutal jests from the kidnappers. Returning in sorrow and rage to their hilly homes, no black was seen in the streets of the Christian savages for several years after.

The public sentiment appears to have been either one of indifference toward the Natives, or that of direct antipathy. Many sympathised too much in the feeling of the man who said, "I'd as leave shoot 'em as so many sparrows." Even Captain Stokes was forced to write: "Such is the perversion of feeling among the colonists, that they cannot conceive that any one can sympathise with the Black race as their fellow-men." In an early proclamation, Governor Sorell thus records his condemnation of such treatment: "Cruelties have been perpetrated upon the Aborigines repugnant to humanity, and disgraceful to the British character; whilst few attempts can be traced on the part of the colonist, to conciliate the Natives, or to make them sensible that peace and forbearance were the objects desired."

Governor Arthur was equally shocked at the barbarity of his people, and unable to prevent the evil. Immediately after his arrival in the colony, a tribe applied to him for protection, and it was readily granted. All that personal attention and kindness could do was done to retain them near Hobart Town, and to secure them from insult and injury. They settled at Kangaroo Point, a tongue of land separated from the town by the broad estuary of the Derwent. There they stayed quietly and happily for a couple of years, when a savage murder was committed by

some of their white neighbours, and the camp broke up immediately for the haunts of wildness.

The infamous treatment of the poor females was the exciting cause of the bitter and revengeful spirit manifested by the Blacks toward our race. It was not alone that these unfortunates were the victims of their lust, but the objects of their barbarity. If perchance a woman was decoyed to the shepherd's hut, no gentleness of usage was employed to win her regard, and secure her stay; threatening language, the lash, and the chain were the harsher expedients of his savage love. A story is told by Dr. Ross, describing his journey up to the Shannon in 1823. "We met," said he, "one of Mr. Lord's men sitting on the stump of a tree, nearly starved to death. He told us that three days before, a black woman whom he had caught, and had chained to a log with a bullock-chain, and whom he had dressed with a fine linen shirt (the only one he had), in hopes, as he said, to tame her, had contrived somehow to slip the chain from her leg, and ran away, shirt and all." The doctor adds, "I fear his object in chaining the poor creature was not exactly pure and disinterested." The reader will not be surprised to hear that not long after this gentle lover was hanged for exercising his *benevolence* upon some of his own countrymen. We hear of another who, having caught an unhappy girl, sought to relieve her fears, or subdue her sulks, as it was termed, by first giving her a morning's flogging with a bullock-whip, and then fastening her to a tree near his hut until he returned in the evening. The same fellow was afterwards found speared to death at a water hole.

A settler of the Esk informed me that a neighbour of his, wanting a *gin*, asked him to accompany him on his Sabine expedition. He had heard that a woman had been seen with a small party on an island in the river, and was then on his way thither to seize her. He pointed exultingly to a bullock-chain which he carried, as the means of capture. I was struck with the criticism of an "Old Hand," a rough carter, but one who carried a kind heart beneath a bear's skin. We were talking of the former times, and of the cruelty practised upon the Blacks, especially in the stealing of their women. With no particular admiration for the dark people, some of whom had tried their spears upon his body, he had a sense of manliness within him, and thus expressed his opinion; "If a man was to run away

with my wife, don't you think if I could fall in with him that I wouldn't crack his head for him? I would *so*."

Old Tom Ward, who was transported in 1818, and who gave me some striking records of the past, said that when up the country in 1820, the stock-keepers of Mr. Stocker's, of Salt Pan Plains, were guilty of abominable conduct toward two Native women. These afterwards told their *Coolies* or husbands, and the tribe surrounded the hut, and killed two men out of the three. Instances are upon record of murders committed solely with the view of seizing upon the females of a Mob. A lady once told me of a man-servant of hers getting speared after offering some insult to a *gin*. He narrowly escaped with his life, being long confined to the hut. Repeated cases were known of brutal stock-keepers and shepherds emasculating the males. Horror-stricken by tales of men such as these, the benevolent Mr. Backhouse exclaimed, "They were of such a character, as to remove any wonder at the determination of these injured people to try to drive from their land a race of men, among whom were persons guilty of such deeds."

The Bushrangers of Van Diemen's Land were sore foes to the Aborigines, from a natural cruelty of disposition, and from a fancied fear of their divulging the site of their brigand retreat. Lemon and others, when in a merry mood, bound them to trees, and used them as targets for practice. It was an ex-Bushranger who confessed to me that he would "as leave shoot them as so many sparrows." Another worthy, who had left his country for his country's good, above fifty years ago, declared to me that he heard from a friend of Michael Howe, that that celebrated ruffian would lay down his musket to induce the Blacks to come toward him, but that on their approach he would fire at them from his retreat, pulling the trigger with his toes. The Bushranger Dunn carried off Native women to his lair, and cruelly abused them. So exasperated were the men against the Whites, on account of the cruelty of that wretched outlaw, that they murdered several of the neighbouring and inoffensive settlers. Mr. Melville, the present living father of the press of Tasmania, has the following story in his sketch of the country. "The Bushranger Carrots killed a black fellow, and seized his gin; then cutting off the man's head, the brute fastened it round the wife's neck, and drove the weeping victim to his den." The

Bushranger Dunn was very cruel to the Natives. A letter, in 1815, blames the Bushrangers as the great cause of the Aborigines not mixing with the settlers.

A respectable colonist, lately deceased in Melbourne, naming many instances of cruelty to the Natives, assured me that he knew of two men who had boasted of killing thirty at one time. Mr. Backhouse relates that one party, out after the Blacks, killed thirty in capturing eleven. Quamby's Bluff, an eastern spur of the great central highlands of the island, curling up with its crest as if torn by violence from the Tier, was so called from a poor hunted creature there falling upon his knees, and shrieking out, "Quamby, Quamby—mercy, mercy." A gentleman, many years a magistrate in these colonies, mentioned to me the death of a shepherd of his near the Macquarie River. Soon after a company of soldiers went in pursuit of the supposed murderers. Falling in with a tribe around their night fires, in a gully at the back of the river, they shot indiscriminately at the group. Many were slain, but no Government inquiry was made into the well-known circumstance. An eye-witness of a similar night attack has this description: "One man was shot; he sprang up, turned round like a whipping top, and fell dead. The party then went up to the fires, found a great number of waddies and spears, and an infant sprawling on the ground, which one of the party pitched into the fire."

It was from no mere feeling of political partisanship that Mr. Melville penned this remarkable passage: "In this riot of wildness, favourable in its very existence to the display of our worst attributes, or to the concealment of our better ones; how have they been treated? Worse than dogs, or even beasts of prey; hunted from place to place; shot; their families torn from them. The mother snatched from her children, to become the victim of the lust and cruelty of their civilized Christian neighbours!"

No more illustrative proof of the manners of that dark era can be presented, than we find recorded in the history of Jorgenson, when out in 1826: "Two days after I saw Scott," says he, "a large tribe came down to Dr. Thomson's hut, which was occupied by three assigned servants. These men struck a bargain with some of the Blacks for some of their women, and in return to give them some blankets and sugar. However, no

sooner were the females on their way to join their tribe, than the servants sallied out, and deprived them of their ill-gotten store. The Aborigines, nearly one hundred in number, now exceedingly exasperated, surrounded the hut, and had certainly effected their revenge, either by burning down the hut, or otherwise killing the aggressors, had not the Bushranger Dunn came to their timely assistance. Being so disappointed, the Blacks, in the heat of resentment, fell in with poor aged Scott, and murdered him in a most barbarous manner." This Scott had heretofore been on the most friendly terms with the Natives, and his dreadful end will furnish the key to many apparently inexplicable murders of innocent people, even women and children, by the Aborigines, when the two races were afterwards in frequent collision.

Cruelties to Native women, though never defended, have been in some way stripped of their hideousness, through not receiving apology, by a writer in the Hobart Town Press, in April 1831. Mr. Gilbert Robertson has been credited with the article.

"It would be unfair and unjust on our part, were we to withhold our knowledge of the atrocities which have certainly been perpetrated by several Whites toward the Aborigines. However, we know that the pollutions so committed, to the disgrace of the name of Englishmen, have not solely been confined to the black women, but have reached to such unfortunate white females as may have fallen into their hands; and we earnestly hope and trust, that the strong hand of the Government will be exercised, in order to bring speedy and signal vengeance down on those who may in truth be called monsters, and not men. But on due reflection, it will be observed, that the aboriginal men can have far less to complain of than would appear at first sight. Did the black women of this island possess, in the slightest degree, any portion of that delicacy of sentiment which ought to be the distinguishing ornament of the sex—did they know how to set a true value on chastity—and had the aboriginal men not shared in the wages of iniquity earned by their women, then indeed would they be entitled to our highest compassion, and our indignation would be roused at the bare relation of the atrocities which we know to have been committed against them; but the women have yielded willingly to the lawless desires of white men, the males have encouraged the nefarious traffic, and if, in

such a commerce, quarrels have happened, and murders been perpetrated, we may trace these as much to the depraved taste of the aboriginal as to the moral turpitude of the Whites." His harsh estimate of their character is thus summed up: "Such a race merits little compassion, unless it should be said that the greatest degree of sin is entitled to the highest degree of compassion."

In treating of this subject, I feel with Dr. Coke, writer of the work on the West Indies, that "the author who records their miseries will be almost deemed an incredible writer; and while his narrative will be perused with astonishment, it will perhaps be associated with the marvellous, and consigned to the shelves of romance." The catalogue, though one of horrors, is too important to be altogether passed by. A few stories can be strung together without attention to order of time.

In July 1827, a man was killed by the Blacks up in the country, near the Western Tiers. He had been long familiar with the tribe, having lived among the Natives of New Holland for some years, but had incurred their displeasure at last. The neighbouring settlers gathered together for a chase after the criminals, and took revenge indeed for the death of one; for the *Colonial Times* declares: "They report that there must be about sixty of them killed and wounded."

A party of the Richmond police were passing through the Bush in 1827, when a tribe, seeing them, got up on a hill and threw stones upon them. The others fired in return, and then charged them with the bayonet. We have Mr. G. A. Robinson's authority for stating that "a party of military and constables got a number of Natives between two perpendicular rocks, on a sort of shelf, and killed seventy of them, dragging the women and children from the crevices of the rocks, and *dashing out their brains.*"

A wretched man, named Ibbens, was accustomed to go persistently after the Eastern tribe with a double-barrelled gun, creeping among them at dusk, until he had killed the half of them. One man boasted that he had thrown an old woman upon the fire, and burnt her to death. The *Colonial Times* speaks on one occasion of a party of soldiers and others approaching within thirty yards of their night-fires, and killing "an immense quantity of the Blacks." Well might Dr. Marshall tell Lord Glenelg, "The

murders which, at almost every page, have blotted with blood the history of the British Colonies, cry out against us unto the Most High God, with a voice that has not always been unanswered, for national calamity to succeed national wickedness."

Many years ago I fell in with one of the lowest order of convicts, who assured me that he liked to kill a black fellow better than smoke his pipe; adding, "and I am a rare one at that, too." He related the following adventure. Out one evening with some armed stock-keeping mates, he climbed Maloney's Sugar Loaf, and saw a tribe lighting their fires for the night. He returned with the news. Then, abstaining from noise and supper-fire themselves, they waited till just before dawn, advanced toward their unsuspicious victims in a crescent line, so as to cut off retreat, and fired close. He quietly remarked: "There wasn't many of them got off." I dissembled a little, and in an off-hand way inquired how many he had cleared off. He shook the stump of his amputated arm, smiled archly at me, and said, "No—no—that's not a fair question."

Dr. Nixon, Bishop of Tasmania, is forced to say of such scenes: "There are many such on record, which make us blush for humanity when we read them, and forbid us to wonder that the maddened savages' indiscriminate fury should not only have refused to recognise the distinction between friend and foe, but have taught him to regard each white man as an intruding enemy, who must be got rid of at any cost."

My worthy friend Mr. Shoobridge, a much respected Tasmanian colonist, is my authority for the story of a sad tragedy Two men went out shooting birds. Some Natives, seeing them approach, hastily fled. A woman, far advanced in pregnancy, unable to run with the rest, climbed up a tree, and broke down the branches around her for concealment. But she had been observed by the sportsmen. One of these proposed to shoot her, but the other objected. The first, however, dropped behind, and fired at the unfortunate creature. A fearful scream was heard, and then a new-born infant fell out of the tree. That very day the wife and child of this monster were crossing the Derwent, when a sudden squall upset the boat, and both were drowned.

That gentleman also told me that, when young, a fellow gave him an account of some capital fun, as it was called. He and

some others took advantage of a robbery at Hamilton, and charged it upon an inoffensive tribe in the neighbourhood. Without warning, an expedition was fitted out in the night, and a terrible slaughter took place. The miserable remnant were infuriated at the treachery and cruelty, and revenged themselves by years of outrage and murder. Mr. Shoobridge's father was dining with a country settler, when a man came in, and called out, "Well, Master! I've shot three more crows to-day,"—meaning, *Blacks*.

The Rev. Mr. West did not exaggerate when he wrote: "The wounded were brained; the infant cast into the flames; the musket was driven into the quivering flesh; and the social fire, around which the Natives gathered to slumber, became, before morning, their funeral pile." The *Courier* of June 11, 1836, admits that "thousands were hunted down like wild beasts, and actually destroyed." M. Domény de Rienzi, the historian of the *Marion's* visit to Van Diemen's Land, had the same opinion. "One cannot deny," he says, in 1837, "that these unfortunates have been often treated like wild beasts. Is it then astonishing that they should seek the means of avenging themselves on the strangers who have taken from them the island where they were born, the fruits which nourished them, and even the places where the bones of their fathers repose?"

The *Launceston Advertiser*, mourning over the oft-repeated tale of horrors, exclaims, "We have seen the Natives despoiled of their lands by a strange race of men, and we have seen them ill-treated by the invaders, their provisions destroyed, and their lives cruelly and wantonly taken by men whose nation proudly boasts of her inhabitants being the most civilized and most noble-souled creatures on the face of the globe." The learned Dr. Broca asserts that the English "have committed upon the Tasmanian race, and that in the nineteenth century, execrable atrocities a hundred times less excusable than the hitherto unrivalled crimes of which the Spaniards were guilty in the sixteenth century in the Antilles."

The public mind gets callous by the continuance of scenes of blood, as the history of the French Revolution testifies. For the character of our colonies, we could wish that such a paragraph as the following, in the year 1826, had never seen the light: "Let them have enough of Redcoats and bullet fare.

For every man they murder, hunt them down, and drop ten of them. This is our specific—try it." The feeling is truly exhibited in the statement of the paper of Dec. 1, 1826, that "the settlers and stock-keepers are determined to annihilate every Black who may act hostilely." The cruelty took an indirect turn with some of these out-station people. Thus, Captain Holman talks about a fellow taking a pair of pistols, one only of which was loaded, and seeking to amuse a native by firing the harmless one at his own ear. Then, presenting the other weapon to the man, and inviting him to try the same funny performance on himself, he had the grim delight of seeing the black fellow's brains blown out.

Let us turn, for relief, to a pleasing story of 1822. A tribe had lighted their evening fires in the Bush not far from a field of corn ready to cut, and the flames were carried by a high wind toward the farm. The farmer writes: "We were doing our best to extinguish it by beating the flames out with green boughs, but our efforts would have been in vain had not the whole tribe of Blacks all at once come forward to assist me. Even some hours afterwards, when the flames again broke out in two or three places, they were on the alert in a moment to put them out. I mention this incident, as it was an act of friendship on their part, and shows that when they have not been insulted, or had cause of revenge, and are able to discriminate their friends from their foes, they are not wanting to reciprocate offices of friendship and humanity."

The Aborigines' Committee evidently saw another side to the worthy farmer's sketch, when they felt compelled to say, "Few attempts can be traced on the part of the colonists to conciliate the Natives, or to make them sensible that peace and forbearance are the objects desired. The impressions remaining from earlier injuries are kept up by the occasional outrages of miscreants, whose scene of crime is so remote as to render detection difficult, and who sometimes wantonly fire at and kill the men, and at others pursue the women, for the purpose of compelling them to abandon their children."

The Rev. Dr. Lang, in his indignant letter to Earl Durham, narrates a terrible scene. "A spot," said he, "was pointed out to me a few years ago in the interior of the island, where seventeen of these had been shot in cold blood. They had been

bathing, in the heat of a summer's day, in the deep pool of a river, in a sequestered and romantic glen, when they were suddenly surprised by a party of armed colonists who had secured the passes, and I believe not one of them was left to tell the tale. Nay, a convict Bushranger in Van Diemen's Land, who was hanged a few years ago for crimes committed against the European inhabitants of the colony, confessed, when under sentence of death, that he had actually been in the habit of shooting the black Natives to feed his dogs."

Cruelties to the poor females have already been mentioned. Mrs. Guy, of New Norfolk, gave me a proof of attempted ruffianism in her day. Once when standing by her door she saw a native woman, pursued by three Englishmen, run to the high bank, leap into the Derwent, and swim across the broad stream. The benevolent lady hastened down to the poor creature, and found her much agitated with fear, and trembling violently. Taking her home, she gave her some warm tea, and bound a blanket around her. The husband came afterwards to thank the lady, and voluntarily cut up a lot of firewood in her yard as a return of gratitude. Capt. Stokes informs the readers of his valuable work of Australian Discovery, that a convict servant confessed this cruelty to a captured gin: "He kept the poor creature chained up like a wild beast, and, whenever he wanted her to do anything, applied a burning stick, a firebrand snatched from the hearth, to her skin."

It is a small satisfaction to be told that other nations have been as bad as ourselves: that a million of Caribs in Hispaniola were reduced by the Spaniards to sixty thousand in fifteen years; that, according to Las Casas, fifteen millions of Indians perished at their hands; or that, as Cotton Mather reports of the English American Colonies: "Among the early settlers, it was considered a religious act to kill Indians." Some Spaniards made a vow to God to burn or hang every morning, for a certain time, thirteen Indians; one was to be in compliment to the Saviour, and the others to the twelve Apostles. A Spanish priest, as Vega relates, seeing some Peruvians destroy themselves rather than work in the mines, thus addressed the others: "You wish to hang yourselves, my friends, rather than labour; seeing this, I shall hang myself first; but I must warn you of one thing, which is this, that there are mines in the

other world as well as in this; and I give you my word that I will make you work throughout eternity." Upon this the Indians threw themselves at his feet, and begged him not to kill himself.

Colonists have a reputation for cruelty to the miserable aboriginal inhabitants. Raynal gave us a character, in thinking that a man changed his very nature in going to New Holland. There is a degree of simplicity of selfish injustice, in the following quotations from the diary of one of the early Dutch governors of the Cape Colony :—

"December 3, 1652.—To-day, the Hottentots came with thousands of cattle and sheep close to our fort. We feel vexed to see so many fine herd of cattle, and not be able to buy to any considerable extent. With 150 men, 10,000 head of black cattle could be obtained without the danger of losing one man, and many savages might be taken without resistance, in order to be sent as slaves to India, as they still always come to us unarmed."

Commandoes of Dutch Boers against the native races were common enough. Even as recently as 1832, Lord Somerset had great difficulty in arresting the march of a party that had started for the destruction of a settlement of 5,000 Christian Hottentots, on the Kat river. In 1774, a Government order was issued for the extirpation of the whole of the Bosjesmen. In 1795, Earl Macartney's Proclamation ordered the magistrates to take the field against the Bosjesmen, "whenever such an expedition shall appear requisite and proper." Mr. Magnier, the Landdrost of Graff Reynet, says : "I was made acquainted with the most horrible atrocities committed on these occasions, such as ordering the Hottentots to dash out against the rocks the brains of infants (too young to be carried off by the farmers for the purpose of using them as bondmen) in order to spare powder and shot." Colonel Collins, in 1809, knew a gentleman (an estimable character in other respects) who declared that, within six years, parties under his orders had killed or taken 3,200 of these unfortunate creatures.

But while the English Government in Van Diemen's Land issued paternal proclamations, and uttered sentiments of profound compassion for the Aborigines, little effectual energy was exerted to repress and punish crimes against them. The *Hobart Town*

Times of April 1836 is harsh, but not unjust, in judgment in the following sentences:—

"They have been murdered in cold blood. They have been shot in the woods, and hunted down as beasts of prey. Their women have been contaminated, and then had their throats cut, or been shot, by the British residents, who would fain call themselves civilized people. The Government, too, by the common hangman, sacrificed the lives of such of the Aborigines as in retaliation destroyed their wholesale murderers, and the Government, to its shame be it recorded, in no one instance, on no single occasion, ever punished, or threatened to punish, the acknowledged murderers of the aboriginal inhabitants."

CHAPTER IV.

OUTRAGES OF THE BLACKS.

THE cruelties perpetrated by the Whites upon this unhappy race have been described. It is now the duty of the chronicler to reverse the shield, and show the darker features of the Tasmanian character.

The Aborigines' Protection Committee, consisting of the Archdeacon, the Rev. Mr. Bedford, the Rev. Mr. Norman, the Colonial Treasurer, the Colonial Surgeon, and three other gentlemen, in treating of the war, said that "the injuries and insults which the Aborigines had received from dissolute characters had led them to a certain extent, in addition to their savage spirit, to wreak indiscriminate vengeance." Mr. Clark, catechist to the Natives on Flinders' Island, has this remark in a letter to me: "They did commit much mischief prior to their removal from Van Diemen's Land, but it was from a feeling of retaliation, and also their imagining the Whites to be a distinct race of beings, against whom they were bound to make war, after the first outbreak was produced."

Both the "Cruelties of the Whites," and the "Outrages of the Blacks," may be regarded by some as modes of warfare; but, while regretting and condemning the conduct of both nations, one must estimate the criminality by the provocations received, and the degree of intelligence and moral light with which the parties were favoured.

Previous to entering upon the details of this singular warfare, the action of the Government requires our consideration. The course pursued by the colonial authorities may be learnt from their several Orders and Proclamations. Resuming the thread of the narrative from the second chapter, the part played by the successor of Colonel Sorell will be introduced.

It was in June 23, 1824, that Colonel Arthur, the new Governor, felt it necessary to issue the following Proclamation, on behalf of the outraged ones:—

"Whereas it has been represented to His Honor the Lieut.-Governor that several Settlers and others are in the habit of maliciously and wantonly firing at, injuring, and destroying the defenceless Natives and Aborigines of this island; and whereas it has been commanded by His Majesty's Government, and strictly enjoined by His Excellency the Governor-in-Chief, that the Natives of this Colony and its dependencies shall be considered as under British Government and protection:—

"These Instructions render it no less the duty than it is the Disposition of His Honor the Lieut.-Governor to support and encourage all Measures which may tend to conciliate and civilize the Natives of this Island; and to forbid and prevent, and when perpetrated to punish, any Ill-treatment towards them.

"The Natives of this Island being under the protection of the same Laws which protect the Settlers, any Violation of those Laws, on the Persons or Property of Natives, shall be visited with the same Punishment as though committed on the Person and Property of any other.

"His Honor the Lieut.-Governor declares thus Publicly his Determination that if after the Promulgation of this Proclamation any Person or Persons shall be charged with firing at, killing, or committing any Act of Outrage, or Aggression, on the Native People, they shall be prosecuted for the same before the Supreme Court.

"All Magistrates and Peace Officers, and others His Majesty's Subjects in this Colony, are hereby strictly required to observe and enforce the Provisions of this Proclamation, and to make them known more especially to Stock-keepers in their several districts, enjoining them, not only to avoid all Aggression, but to exercise the utmost forbearance towards the Aborigines, treating them on all occasions with the utmost kindness and compassion.

"By Command, &c.,

"J. MONTAGUE, *Secretary.*"

As an historical document this is valuable; as it re-affirms the declaration of previous Governors that the State was interested in the welfare of its dark people, and it reasserts their equality with Whites in the eyes of the law, and the equal penalties to be paid by both races for injuries to either. It reads full of

justice and benevolence, like the proclamations of Governors Collins, Davey, and Sorell, and was just as useless as those for any practical purpose. The Aborigines understood little of these legal rights, and believed nothing. The Europeans denied the assumption, and disregarded the orders. Both knew that native testimony was valueless in court, and were equally convinced that no English testimony would be likely to appear on behalf of the Aborigines.

This is the estimate formed of the character of the forest man by the *Hobart Town Gazette* of April 1825 :—

"He shows that he is a brilliant gem, though casketed in ivory, and, therefore, able to repay the polish which British philanthropy may labour in bestowing, but he will not be wantonly aggrieved without panting for vengeance. He will not tamely bear extirpation by vindictiveness: or suffer his feelings to be first roused by hopes, the produce of reliance on European promises, and then endure without resenting their equally inexpedient and cruel violation. There are in his powers which inimically used may well be shrunk from, and by the aggravated exercise of which he *will scatter blood, conflagration, death, and ruin throughout every district in the colony.*"

When, some years after, blood was freely shed, homesteads were perishing in flames, inquests were almost daily held, and country property had fallen to zero, people remembered the prophecy, and admitted the truth of the seer.

The following formidable Government Notice appeared in the *Gazette* of Nov. 29th, 1826, in consequence of the continuation of the conflict :—

"The series of outrages which have of late been perpetrated by the Aborigines of the Colony, and the wanton barbarity in which they have indulged by the commission of murder, in return for the kindness, in numerous instances, shown to them by the Settlers and their Servants, have occasioned the greatest pain to the Lieut.-Governor, and called for His most anxious Consideration of the Means to be applied for preventing the Repetition of these treacherous and sanguinary Acts.

"His Excellency has uniformly been anxious to inculcate a spirit of Forbearance toward the Aborigines, in the hope that confidence and cordiality might subsist, and be conducive to their Improvement and the security of the Colonists; but it is with extreme regret He perceives a result so contrary to His hope and expectation.

"An impression, however, still remains that these savages are stimulated to acts of Atrocity by one or more Leaders, who from their previous Intercourse with Europeans may have acquired sufficient Intelligence to draw them into Crime and Danger. The capture of these Individuals, therefore, becomes an Object of the first Importance, and to this Point the Lieut.-Governor would particularly direct the Attention of those who may be called to Aid the Civil Power in the Execution of the justifiable measures to which they may have recourse: and His Excellency deems it necessary to promulgate, for general Information, but especially for the guidance of the Magistrates, Constables, and Military:—

"1. If it shall be apparent that there is a Determination on the Part of one or more of the Native Tribes to attack, rob, or murder the white Inhabitants generally, any Persons may arm, and joining themselves to the military, drive them by force to a safe distance, treating them as open enemies.

"2. If they are found actually attempting to commit a felony, they may be resisted by any Persons in like manner.

"3. When they appear assembled in unusual Numbers, or with unusual Arms, or although neither be unusual, if they evidently indicate such Intention of employing Force as is calculated to excite Fear, for the purpose of doing any Harm, short of Felony, to the Persons or Property of any one, they may be treated as Rioters, and resisted, if they persist in their attempt.

"4. If they be found merely assembled for such Purpose, the Neighbours and Soldiers armed, may, with a Peace-Officer or Magistrate, endeavour to apprehend them, and, if resisted, use Force.

"5. If any of the Natives have actually committed Felonies, the Magistrates should make such diligent Enquiries as to lead to certainty of the Persons of the Principals, or any of them (whether this consists in knowledge of their Names or any particular Marks or Characteristics, by which their Persons can be distinguished), and issue Warrants for the Apprehension of such Principals. The Officer executing a Warrant may take to his Assistance such Persons as he may think necessary; and, if the Offenders cannot otherwise be taken, the Officer and his Assistants will be justified in resorting to Force, both against the Principals and any Others who may, by any Acts of Violence, or even of Intimidation, endeavour to prevent the arrest of the Principals.

"6. When a Felony has been committed, any Person who witnesses it may immediately raise his Neighbours and pursue the Felons, and the Pursuers may justify the Use of all such Means as a Constable might use. If they overtake the Parties, they should bid, or otherwise signify to them, to surrender: if they resist, or attempt to resist,

the Persons Pursuing may use such Force as is necessary: and if the Pursued fly, and cannot otherwise be taken, the Pursuers then may use similar means.

"By Command of the Lieut.-Governor,

"W. H. HAMILTON."

Thus was officially inaugurated, what had previously been but petty skirmishes, *The Great Black War.*

"The Lieutenant-Governor," adds the Government Notice of Nov. 29th, 1827, "has with great concern received reports, that the aggressions of the Aborigines against the stock-keepers and other white inhabitants, have been renewed with increased violence, and that several murders have been perpetrated.

"The protection of the settlers, therefore, calls for the prompt exertions of the civil power, to put an end to these acts of barbarity; and His Excellency requests the attention of the magistrates throughout the colony to the Government Notice of the 29th of November, 1826, and enjoins them to act themselves with vigour upon the principle laid down in this Order; and desires them to invite and encourage the hearty co-operation of all persons in their respective districts, who are bound instantly to obey their summonses for the common defence and protection of the community."

The Lieutenant-Governor was now out of leading-strings. From this hour he had become "His Excellency." The overshadowing supremacy of the Sydney Government was withdrawn. Prisoners were no longer sent to Port Jackson to be tried. Colonel Arthur is more free to act, and he promises in this instance what he is anxious to perform, and with a consciousness that he will find no lack of physical as well as moral support.

It was in 1826 that two men, Jack and Dick, were hung for the murder of Mr. Harf's stock-keeper, at Great Swanport, on the east coast. Poor Dick, when asked what he had to say for himself, exclaimed in an excited manner, "I didn't kill him. I didn't want to hurt him. Jack spear him." Jack hung his head, sulkily, and would answer nothing. Mr. Widowson has this notice of one of the men:—"I remember a very old man who was thus affected (bush-scab) being tried and hung for

spearing one of Mr. Hart's men; the culprit was so ill and infirm as to be obliged to be carried to the place of execution." That was an awful Sessions for the colony. At one sitting, no less than thirty-seven persons were sentenced to death. The two Blacks were in no want of company. Seven were hung on September 13th, seven more on the 15th, and nine others on the 18th. Executions were so common in that Bushranging era, that the Lieutenant-Governor, in his Government Notice of September 13, 1826, hardly notices the Europeans, but singles out the case of the Aborigines:—

"In the Number of the unhappy Men upon whom the extreme Sentence of the Law has this morning been carried into Execution, were the two Natives who murdered the Stock-keeper of Mr. Hart, at Great Swanport; and the Lieut.-Governor would hope that this Example may tend, not only to prevent the commission of similar Atrocities by the Aborigines, but to induce toward them the Observance of a conciliatory line of Conduct, rather than harsh or violent Treatment; the latter being but too likely to produce Measures of Retaliation, which have their Issue in Crime and Death.

"His Excellency is particularly desirous that Magistrates, and Settlers generally, shall impress on the minds of their Servants, the necessity for preserving a good Understanding with this ignorant race, which is alike dictated by Humanity and Self-interest; for, although it may at present be found difficult, and perhaps impracticable, to improve their moral Condition, perseverance and kindness may do much toward lessening aggression on their Part, and rendering them comparatively harmless.

"Whilst, therefore, a manifestly wanton and direct Violation of the common Laws of Mankind, such as was perpetrated by the Two Individuals who suffered this Day, will assuredly be visited with the same Punishment, the Lieut.-Governor is Determined to Protect the Aborigines of the Colony from injury or annoyance, and on an Offender in this respect the severest Penalties which the Law may prescribe will be inflicted without the slightest interposition of mercy.

"By Command of His Excellency,

"W. H. HAMILTON."

How an intelligent Aborigine might have smiled at this discriminating policy! Both aggressors are subject to the same penalty; both are threatened, but the punishment falls only on one side. The execution of these two men, so far from terrifying

the tribes, served only to increase their hostility; and some, that before this had had faith in the good feelings of Government, renounced all confidence, and blindly rushed into the war. The Aborigines then well knew the feeling of the Whites towards them; for, said Mr. Knox, in his "Races of Man"—"There is no denying the fact, that the Saxon, call him by what name you will, has a perfect horror for his darker brethren." And this justifies the statesman-like utterance of Lord Stanley, in 1842: "With a view to the protection of the Natives, the most essential step is to correct the temper and tone adopted toward them by the settlers."

This sort of feeling is not confined to Australia and Tasmania, but is now exhibited toward the Maories of New Zealand; who, however, by the repeated checks they have given to British arms, have compelled the observance of respect denied to other races. A quotation from the Wellington *Independent* of September 10th, 1868, will illustrate the remark:—"What are we to do with these bloodthirsty rebels? These men must be shown no mercy. They should be treated as wild beasts, hunted down, and slain. Modern history teaches us that irreclaimable savages, who rendered colonization impossible, and the lives of peaceful settlers insecure, have been, in the interests of society, exterminated. It does not matter what means are employed, so long as the work is done effectually. Head-money, blood-money, killing by contract—any of these means may be adopted." So once felt the Saxons toward the Britons, the English toward the wild Irish, the Lowlanders of Scotland toward the Highlanders, the Russians toward the Circassians.

The war went on more determinedly than ever. What could possibly be done? The Governor was bewildered, the benevolent were in despair. It was suggested that a system of isolation be tried. But here Colonel Arthur himself expresses the difficulty: "My intention was to have given up one district to the Natives, but such a spirit of dissension exists among the tribes themselves, that it cannot possibly be accomplished." And then the humanity of the officer exclaims: "It is painful and distressing to banish the Natives from their private haunts." The late brave but kind-hearted Captain Sturt has well stated the case thus:—

"The cattle tread down the herbs which at one season of the year constituted his food; the gun, with its sharp report, drives

the wild fowl from the creeks, and the unhappy Aborigine is driven to despair. He has no country on which to fall back. The *next tribe will not permit him to occupy their territory.*"

But yet, with a knowledge of its impracticability, the scheme must be attempted by the Governor. The *Demarkation Order* is to be proclaimed. The Natives are to be prevented coming into the settled districts—the central and eastern portions—by keeping them back among the swamps, scrubs, and tiers of the West. In that cheerless clime of everlasting rain or frost; that region of vast mountains, dreary morasses, and almost lifeless solitudes; a locality undesired by the colonists, and nearly deserted by fowl and quadruped;—there were the tribes to dwell, banished from their sunnier homes, their richer hunting lands, their recognised borders, the graves of their fathers.

The Proclamation of Demarkation, dated April 15th, 1828, is too important to be passed over lightly. Men cannot forbear a smile at the Despatches and Government Orders of this period of colonial history, and the care and trouble of officialdom with a very few hundreds of Aborigines, having miserable weapons, while controlling a colony of many thousands of Europeans, and possessed of a large executive power in British soldiers and well-armed constables. But the facts remain, that both the supreme authority and the country settlers were at their wits' end. But, to the Proclamation:—

"Whereas, and since the primary settlement of the colony, various acts of aggression, violence, and cruelty have been, from different causes, committed on the Aboriginal Inhabitants of the Island, by subjects of His Majesty.

[Then follow notices of the Proclamations of Governor Collins in 1810, and of Colonel Arthur in 1824, 1826, and 1827.]

"And whereas, these several measures have proved ineffectual to their objects; and the Persons employed in the Interior of the Island as Shepherds and Stock-keepers, or on the coast as Sailors, do still, as is represented, occasionally attack and injure the Aboriginal Natives without any authority:—and the Aborigines have, during a considerable period of time, evinced, and are daily evincing, a growing spirit of hatred, outrage, and enmity against the subjects of His Majesty resident in this colony, and are putting into practice modes of hostility, indicating gradual though slow advances in art, system, and method, and utterly inconsistent with the peaceable pursuits of Civilized

Society, the most necessary arts of human subsistence, or the secure enjoyments of human life.

"And whereas, on the one hand, the security and safety of all who have entrusted themselves to this Country on the faith of British protection, are imperatively required by the plainest principles of justice; —and, on the other hand, humanity and natural equity equally enforce the duty of protecting and civilizing the Aboriginal Inhabitants.

"And whereas, the Aborigines wander over extensive tracts of this country, without cultivating or permanently occupying any portion of it, making continual predatory incursions on its Settled Districts, a state of living hostile to the safety of the Settlers, or to the amelioration of their own habits, character, and condition.

"And whereas, for the purpose of protecting all classes and orders of Persons in this Island and its Dependencies;—of bringing to an end, and preventing the criminal and iniquitous practices hereinbefore described, by whomsoever committed;—of preserving, instructing, and civilizing the Aborigines; and of leading them to habits of labour, industry, and settled life: it is expedient, by a Legislative enactment of a permanent nature, to regulate and restrict the intercourse between the Whites and the Coloured Inhabitants of this Colony; and to allot and assign certain specified tracts of land, for their exclusive benefit and continual occupation.

"And whereas, with a view to the attainment of these ends, a negotiation with certain chiefs of Aboriginal tribes has been planned; but some prompt and temporary measure is instantly called for, not merely to arrest the march, but entirely to cut off the causes and occasions of plunder and crime, and to save the further waste of property and blood; and it is, therefore, become indispensably necessary to bring about a temporary separation of the Coloured from the British population of this Territory, and that, therefore, the Coloured Inhabitants shall be induced by peaceable means to depart, or should otherwise be expelled by force, from all the therein Districts.

"Now, therefore, I, the Lieut.-Governor aforesaid, in pursuance and in exercise of the powers and authorities in me vested in this behalf, do hereby notify, that for the purpose of effecting the separation required, a line of Military Posts will be forthwith stationed and established along the confines of the Settled Districts, within which the Aborigines shall and may not, until further orders made, penetrate, in any manner or for any purpose, save as hereinafter specially permitted;— and I do hereby strictly command and order all Aborigines immediately to retire and depart from, and for no reason or on no pretence, save as hereinafter provided, to re-enter such Settled Districts, or any portions of land cultivated and occupied by any Person whomsoever, under the authority of His Majesty's Government, on pain of forcible

expulsion therefrom, and such consequences as may be necessarily attendant on it.

"And I do hereby direct and require all Magistrates, and other Persons by them authorized and deputed, to conform themselves to the directions and instructions of this my Proclamation, in effecting the retirement or expulsion of the Aborigines from the Settled Districts of this Territory;—and I do further authorize and command all other Persons whomsoever, His Majesty's Civil Subjects in this Colony, to obey the directions of the Civil, and to aid and assist the Military Power (to whom special orders adapted to situations and circumstances will be given), in furtherance of the provisions hereof, and to resort to whatever means a severe and inevitable necessity may dictate and require for carrying the same into execution; subject, however, to the following rules, instructions, restrictions, and conditions:—

"1. Lands, the property of the Crown, and unlocated, or adjoining remote and scattered Stock Huts, are not to be deemed Settled Districts, or portions of land cultivated or occupied, within the meaning of this Proclamation.

"2. All practicable methods are to be employed for communicating, and making known, the provisions of this Proclamation to the Aborigines, and they are to be *persuaded* to retire beyond the prescribed limits, if that be possible.

"3. A failure of the expedient last mentioned, capture of their persons without force is to be attempted, and, if effected, the prisoners are to be treated with the utmost humanity and compassion.

"4. Whenever force cannot be avoided, it is to be resorted to, and employed, with the greatest caution and forbearance.

"5. Nothing herein contained shall authorize, or be taken to authorize, any Settler or Settlers, Stock-keeper or Stock-keepers, Sealer or Sealers, to make use of force (except for necessary self-defence) against any Aboriginal, without the presence or direction of a Magistrate, Military Officer, or other person of respectability, named and deputed to this service by a Magistrate, of which Class a numerous body will be appointed in each District; and any unauthorized act of aggression or violence committed on the Person or property of an Aboriginal shall be punished as hereinbefore declared; and all Aborigines are hereby invited and exhorted to inform and complain to some constituted authority of any such misconduct or ill-treatment, in order to its coercion and punishment.

"6. Nothing herein contained shall prevent the Aborigines from travelling annually (according to their custom) until their habits shall have been more regular and settled, through the cultivated or occupied parts of the Island to the Sea-coast, in quest of shell-fish for sustenance, on condition of their respective Leaders being provided with

a General Passport under my Hand and Seal,—arrangements for which form a part of the intended negotiation.

"Given under my Hand and Seal, at Government House, Hobart Town, this fifteenth day of April, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and twenty-eight.

"GEORGE ARTHUR.

"By His Excellency's command,

"J. BURNETT.

"GOD SAVE THE KING."

One cannot forbear smiling at this very intelligible address to the hunted savages. The composition is strictly legal, for its author is the Attorney-General. As British subjects they are presumed to be well acquainted with the forms of British law. It is true that the Proclamation is written for those who never read, and is indited in a language with which they are not acquainted. It may remind one of an English country notice on a board, at the end of which the wayfarer was admonished that, if unable to read, he was to inquire of the blacksmith over the way. The pain of forcible expulsion will be endured without the consciousness of the offence of trespass, and the "consequences necessarily attendant" will be fatally experienced, although innocent of the official poster on the gum-tree. It was not very probable that they would become acquainted with the occasion for a passport to go to the coast,—that they would venture among their enemies to apply for this permit, and that the gentle shepherds of the interior would respect the parchment and seal.

Sir George Murray, in acknowledging the despatch containing his proclamation, tells Colonel Arthur, "I cannot omit to impress upon you my most earnest desire that no unnecessary harshness may be exercised in order to confine the coloured inhabitants within the boundaries which you have fixed."

As the first proclamation was attended with no beneficial result, as the Whites still persisted in murder, and as the Blacks still wandered over their own soil at large, another proclamation was issued on November 1, 1828. It was prefaced with the false announcement that "every practicable measure has been resorted to for the purpose of removing the Aborigines from the settled districts of the colony; and for the putting a

stop to the repetition of such atrocities." It then adds: "It seems at present impossible to conciliate the several tribes of that people." Then come the awful words:—

"I, the said Lieutenant-Governor, do by these presents declare and proclaim, that from and after the date of this my proclamation, and until the cessation of hostilities shall be by me hereafter proclaimed and directed, Martial Law is and shall continue to be in force against the several black or aboriginal Natives, within the several districts of this island; excepting always the places and portions of this Island next mentioned (that is to say)—

"1st. All the country extending southward of Mount Wellington to the ocean, including Bruni Island.

"2d. Tasman's Peninsula.

"3d. The whole of the north-eastern part of this Island which is bounded on the north and east by the ocean, and on the south-west by a line drawn from Piper's River to Saint Patrick's Head.

"4th. And the whole of the western and south-western part of this island, which is bounded on the east by the river Huon, and by a line drawn from that river over Teneriffe Peak to the extreme Western Bluff; on the north by an east and west line from the said extreme Western Bluff to the ocean, and on the west and south by the ocean."

A people so well acquainted with our language and our geographical nomenclature, would surely have no difficulty in recognising their duty and ability to abide within these accurately described limits. Though, with all their compass aid and trigonometrical learning, the English colonists would have been puzzled to have drawn these said lines, and still more puzzled to have hunted after kangaroos for twelve months without passing the boundaries,—yet it was sagely conjectured that such difficulties would not exist in the minds of savages who were such admirable Bushmen. A reference to the map will show the reader the desirable nature of the country thus allotted to the Natives. It will be seen that sixty years' occupation of Tasmania has never induced the adventurous stockholder to advance into those sterile realms. The editor of the *Colonial Times* of that period has thus well hit off the absurdity. "An Aborigine named Black Tom, who was brought up by Mr. E.

Hodgson, went out with the first party who were sent in pursuit of his countrymen, after the proclamation of Martial Law. The Lieutenant-Governor being desirous to make use of Tom as a negotiator with the savages, questioned him very particularly on the cause of the hostility of the Aborigines against the Whites. The following dialogue took place, as reported by a bystander:—

Tom.—"A'nt your stock-keeper bein' a kill plenty black fellow?

Governor.—"But your countrymen kill people that never did them any harm—they even kill women and children.

Tom.—"Well, a'nt that all same's white un? A'nt he kill plenty black un, a woman, and little picaninny too?

Governor.—"But you know, Tom, I want to be friendly and kind to them, yet they would spear me if they met me.

Tom (laughing).—"How he tell you make a friend along him? A'nt he all same a white un? 'Pose black un kill white fellow, a'nt you send all your soddier, all your constable after him? You say, that black a devil kill a nurra white man; go—catch it—kill it—a'nt he then kill all black fellow he see, all picaninny too? A'nt dat all same black fellow—a'nt you been a take him own kangaroo ground? How den he like?"

Tom laughed most immoderately on hearing the proclamation read, particularly at the idea of the tribes applying for passports to travel through the settled districts.

Tom says—"You been a make a proflamation—ha! ha! ha! I never see dat foolish (meaning, I never saw anything so foolish). When he see dat? He can't read; who tell him?

Governor.—"Can't you tell him, Tom?

Tom.—"No! me like see you tell him yourself; he very soon spear me?"

It was about this time that the Government undertook the expedition against the Aborigines on the principles of the Fine Arts. As the Blacks could not read the Demarkation Order, or any other of the important official documents of the day, and as no one liked to be Envoy Extraordinary with unwelcome despatches, and even Tom had feared a spearing, it was thought good policy to hang up in the Bush divers illustrations of retributive justice for the edification of parrots, 'possums, and Black fellows. Boards were adorned with lively representations of

Blacks hanging for the murder of Whites, and of Whites suspending for the slaughter of Blacks. There were the soldiers with their red coats, stiff necks, and naked bayonets. There were the slain victims, with striking streaks of vermilion to delineate currents of blood. There was the great chief, the Governor, with a feather in his hat. There was a white woman nursing a black child, and a black woman a white child, to exhibit the blessings of peace. But the accompanying plate will tell its tale sufficiently for the reader's comprehension. It is photographed from an illustrated pine board found under the floor of Government House a few years ago.

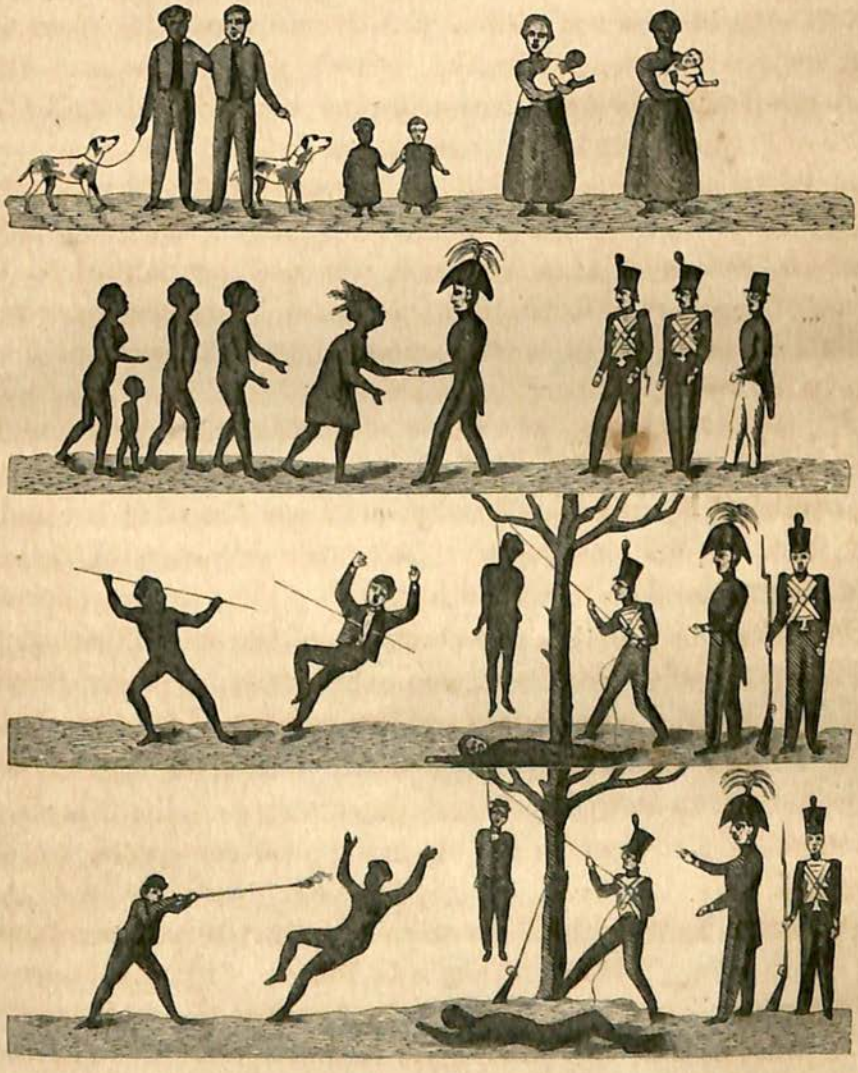
A friend informed me that he saw one of the boards, about 1828, in Hobart Town, all in its fresh and glowing condition ready to be nailed to a gum-tree. It will be painful to the lover of true art to learn, that the island Aborigines were such utter barbarians as to be insensible to these appeals of fancy grouping and gay colouring.

On another occasion an artistic effort was made to communicate with the Natives; and this was through the Surveyor-General, Mr. Frankland. The *Hobart Town Review* of November 26, 1830, has this paragraph: "Before the departure of Numarrow, Mr. Frankland presented him with a little sketch, executed with much spirit, of the consequences of the Aborigines adopting a peaceable demeanour, and of continuing their present murderous and predatory habits. In one part of the sketch, the soldiers are represented firing upon a tribe of Blacks, who were falling from the effects of the attack; on the other side, another tribe, decently clad, receiving food for themselves and families."

MARTIAL LAW, with all its stern enactments, was proclaimed on November 1, 1828. This was followed by the Order, in which a reward of five pounds was offered for the capture of an adult native, and two pounds for a child. "Capture Parties" were organized, and the war went on with undiminished energy.

The year 1830 was particularly distinguished as the period of the parties after the Blacks, and of the great event, known as *the Line*, when the colonists attempted to thrust the whole of the Natives, by a sweeping process, into a neck of land on the east coast, and so by one effort capture the turbulent tribes. For the

PICTORIAL PROCLAMATION FOR THE BLACKS.



THE BLESSINGS OF CIVILIZATION AND PEACE ARE ILLUSTRATED IN ONE PART, AND THE RIGHTEOUS ADMINISTRATION OF JUSTICE IS EXHIBITED IN THE OTHER.

account of this wonderful movement, the reader is referred to a subsequent chapter.

Whether from the early activity of so many separate parties being engaged in native hunting, for five pounds a head, or from several causes co-operating, a part of this year was comparatively free from outrages. In fact, notwithstanding the Demarkation Order, and the Martial Law itself, so jubilant did the Governor appear to be at one time, as almost to hope that better times had fairly commenced. Under the influence of this comforting assurance, his ready pen set to work and produced the following Government Notice, 160, on August 19th, 1830:—

"It is with much satisfaction that the Lieut.-Governor is at length enabled to announce that a less hostile disposition towards the European inhabitants has been manifested by some of the Aboriginal Natives of this island, with whom Capt. Welsh and Mr. G. A. Robinson have succeeded in opening a friendly intercourse.

"As it is the most anxious desire of the Government that the good understanding which has thus happily commenced, should be fostered and encouraged by every possible means, His Excellency earnestly requests, that all settlers and others will strictly enjoin their servants cautiously to abstain from acts of aggression against these benighted beings, and that they will themselves personally endeavour to conciliate them, wherever it may be practicable; and whenever the Aborigines appear without evincing a hostile feeling, that no attempt should be made either to capture or to restrain them; but, on the contrary, after being fed and kindly treated, that they should be suffered to depart whenever they may desire it."

Such a document might well excite the astonishment of the colony. After the most formidable arrangements for the capture of the Blacks, the leaders, whose hopes of five-pound notes and grants of land lay in prospect of successfully carrying out their mission, were in the simplest manner appealed to, and requested to feed the fellows, and then let them go. Some thought the Governor very weak of purpose; others, excessively benevolent; while a few doubted not that it was a stroke of policy to throw the injured tribes off their guard, for the purpose of beguiling them into the great net he was then preparing.

Perhaps many people were not surprised that, within five weeks of the pacific and agreeable notice, one so opposite in principle and feeling should be issued, giving the first announcement of the intention of Government to raise the whole of the white inhabitants against the sanguinary tribes!

It was as a sort of counter-proclamation, that an address from the Clyde District was, in March 1830, presented to the Lieut.-Governor, acknowledging the recent Order, and its reference to humane feelings. The colonists therein announce it as their opinion that "any attempt to seek the friendship of the Blacks, in their present too evidently hostile bearing, will be construed by them, in their ignorance, to the want of power on the part of the Whites to compel submission, and consequently will encourage them to become every day more audacious, and embolden them not to attack the solitary and helpless individual only, but, in formidable bodies, to march into the populous settlements with their firebrands in one hand and their unerring and deadly weapons of warfare in the other.

"We do not yield to any set of men our innate feelings of humanity, and to none would it impart more heartfelt joy to see the Aborigines brought into terms of friendly intercourse than to us. But, situated as we are in the interior, and having had the opportunity, either personally or through the medium of others, of knowing the treacherous disposition of these Natives, and of experiencing by their daily atrocities their deep-rooted enmity towards us colonists, viewing us as intruders, we altogether despair of their being induced to receive our offers of friendship."

The address concludes with a request for more Government assistance, and an appeal for the removal of the tax on dogs, because of their utility at the present crisis.

In this document we have a just view of the sentiments of the colonial settlers. They felt the burden, and cried out. Whatever the cause of the war, they were the immediate sufferers. While plans were suggested, and Government Orders issued, their homesteads were in hourly danger, and their very lives in jeopardy. It was natural for them to deride a little bitterly the philosophical calmness of the dweller in town, and sneer at the philanthropic gazette of authority. Whatever hope of conciliation might be cherished by Government, they

"altogether despaired" of future friendly relations with the wild men who viewed them as *intruders.*

The Proclamation of October 1, 1830, advances us another stage in the Black War. Driven from the Settled Districts by the provisions of the Martial Law, the Aborigines were now to be allowed no place of retreat, no city of refuge. There is no peace to be made with them, as they are supposed relentless as wolves, and they must, like those blood-mouthed marauders of the woods, be driven from their dens. A new and more stringent Martial Law is to be proclaimed.

"Whereas, by my Proclamation, bearing date the first day of November, 1828, reciting, among other things, that the Black or Aboriginal Natives of this island had for a considerable time carried on a series of indiscriminate attacks upon the persons and property of His Majesty's subjects, and that repeated inroads were daily made by such Natives into the Settled Districts, and that acts of hostility or barbarity were thus committed by them, as well as at the more distant stock runs, and in some instances upon unoffending and defenceless women and children, and that it had become unavoidably necessary, for the suppression of similar enormities, to proclaim Martial Law, in the manner hereinafter directed, I, the said Lieut.-Governor, did declare and proclaim that from the date of that my Proclamation, and until the cessation of hostilities, Martial Law was, and should continue to be, in force against the said Black or Aboriginal Natives within the several districts of this island, excepting always the places and portions of this island in the said Proclamation after mentioned; and whereas, the said Black or Aboriginal Natives, or certain of their tribes, have of late manifested, by continued repetitions of the most wanton and sanguinary acts of violence and outrage, an unequivocal determination indiscriminately to destroy the white inhabitants, whenever opportunities are presented to them for doing so; and whereas, by reason of the aforesaid exceptions so entertained in the said Proclamation, no Natives have been hitherto pursued or molested in any of the places or portions of the island so excepted, from whence they have accordingly of late been accustomed to make repeated incursions upon the Settled Districts with impunity, or, having committed outrages in the Settled Districts, have escaped to those excepted places, where they remain in security; and whereas, therefore, it hath now become necessary, and because it is scarcely possible to distinguish the particular tribe or tribes by whom such outrages have been in any particular instance committed, to adopt immediately, for the purpose of effecting their capture, if possible, an active and extended

system of military operations against all the Natives generally throughout the island, and every portion thereof, whether actually settled or not. Now, therefore, by virtue of the powers and authorities in me in this behalf vested, I, the said Lieut.-Governor, do, by these presents, declare and proclaim, that from and after the date of this my Proclamation, and until the cessation of hostilities in this behalf shall be by me hereafter proclaimed and directed, Martial Law is and shall continue to be in force against all the Black or Aboriginal Natives, within every part of this island (whether exempted from the operations of the said Proclamation or not), excepting always such tribe, or individuals of tribes, as there may be reason to suppose are pacifically inclined, and have not been implicated in any such outrages; and for the purposes aforesaid, all soldiers and others, His Majesty's subjects, civil and military, are hereby required and commanded to obey and assist their lawful superiors in the execution of such measures as shall from time to time be in this behalf directed to be taken. But I do, nevertheless, hereby strictly order, enjoin, and command, that the actual use of arms be in no case resorted to, by firing against any of the Natives, or otherwise, if they can by other means be captured, that bloodshed be invariably checked as much as possible, and that any tribes or individuals captured, or voluntarily surrendering themselves up, be treated with the utmost care and humanity. And all officers, civil and military, and other persons whatsoever, are hereby required to take notice of this my Proclamation, and to render obedience and assistance therein accordingly.

"Given under my hand and seal at arms, at the Government House, Hobart Town, this first day of October, in the year of the Lord One Thousand Eight Hundred and Thirty.

"GEORGE ARTHUR."

About this time the following Government Notice appeared in the *Gazette*:—

"It has become necessary, in consequence of the repeated incursions of the Aborigines, to extend the military Outposts to remote Stations, where no Quarters have been erected for the accommodation of the troops: the Lieut.-Governor, therefore, requests the Settlers, residing in the vicinity of those Stations, will supply the military parties with the authorized Rations, for which they will be paid by the Commissariat; but His Excellency feels satisfied that, on reflection, the Settlers will be sensible, as the Parties are sent solely for their protection against Runaway Convicts and the Aborigines, that they should gratuitously afford such accommodation as is within their power; consequently no

charge for the temporary occupation of their huts by the military will henceforth be sanctioned, or admitted into the public accounts.

"The circumstance of some few individuals having charged the Government for such temporary accommodation, whilst it has generally been gratuitously afforded, renders it necessary for the Lieutenant-Governor to make known the course which will be pursued."

Although it would seem very churlish to deny shelter to the military so engaged, and very avaricious to seek payment for such rude accommodation, yet the company of soldiers was not always thought pleasant by the head of a family isolated in the Bush.

It remains here simply to mark the official termination of the war, the removal of Martial Law. This, happily, the last document proceeding from the Government, relative to the Aborigines, is dated October 24th, 1833.

"Whereas, by my Proclamation, made and bearing date the first day of November, in the year of our Lord One Thousand Eight Hundred and Twenty-eight, I did declare and proclaim, that from and after the date of that Proclamation, and until the cessation of hostilities shall be by me thereafter proclaimed and directed, Martial Law was and should continue to be in force against the several Black or Aboriginal Natives within the several Districts of this colony, excepting always the places and portions of this Island next in the same Proclamation after mentioned:

"And whereas, by a certain other Proclamation by me made, and bearing date the first of October, in the year of our Lord One Thousand Eight Hundred and Thirty, I did declare and proclaim, that from and after the date thereof, and until the cessation of hostilities should be by me thereafter proclaimed and directed, Martial Law was and should continue to be in force against all the Black or Aboriginal Natives within every part of this Island (whether excepted from the operation of any said former proclamation or not), excepting always such tribes or individuals of tribes as are therein mentioned or described. Now, I do hereby proclaim and direct, from and after the date of this my Proclamation, all hostilities against the Black or Aboriginal Natives of this Island shall cease in every part thereof, and, further, that from and after the same date Martial Law so proclaimed by me, as aforesaid, shall not be in force against the said Blacks or Aboriginal Natives, within this Island or any part thereof.

"And all officers, civil and military, and other persons whatsoever, are hereby required to take notice of this my Proclamation, and to govern themselves accordingly.

"Given, &c.,

"By command, &c.,

"J. BURNETT."

Having disposed of the official history of one part of the Black War, let us turn to the general facts of this melancholy period, and particularize some incidents of the "Outrages of the Blacks."

MOSQUITO.

This desperate leader in many an outrage by the Aborigines appears so prominently in the Black War, as to demand a separate and particular notice. He was not a Tasmanian, but a New Holland, or Australian native. Although endowed with superior physical powers, as well as a vigorous intellect and indomitable will, he was indebted to his acquirements in civilization for his extra ability in working mischief. Belonging to the Broken Bay tribe, located to the north of Sydney, he soon associated with a low class of convict population in his neighbourhood, and became an English scholar in our national vices of drinking and swearing, as well as in the employment of our tongue.

The crime that brought him under the penal care of Government, was one with which he was associated with another wretched man, known by the settlers as *Bulldog*. These two Blacks waylaid a woman, ill-used, and then murdered her. To gratify their horrible propensities, they ripped open the body of the poor creature, and destroyed the infant she carried. Strange to say, for want of some European evidence, the authorities simply sent them to the penal settlement of Norfolk Island. After the death of his *bulldog* accomplice, Mosquito was forwarded to the convict island of Van Diemen's Land in 1813.

There he was, according to the mode of the day, assigned as servant to Mr. Kimberley of Antill Ponds. It was not far from that place that I heard some account of the man. For some years he conducted himself tolerably well, or so carefully guarded his acts as to keep out of the hands of the constable. An old man, named Elliot, who came to the colony in 1815, told me that

he knew Mosquito when at service with a Mr. Lord, and that he there contracted an improper connexion with Black Hannah, whom he subsequently murdered in a fit of passion.

Mr. Melville mentions that he was employed to track Bushrangers. For such a task he was peculiarly suited. Of a very tall, slim figure, of a wiry, active frame, with remarkable acuteness of sense, even for a native, and animated by a profound love of excitement and mischief, he made an admirable bloodhound. Distinguished success attended his tracking. But, as the constables with whom he was associated were men of the prisoner class, some of them ex-Bushrangers, and all with a powerful sympathy for the unfortunate robber, excepting in cases where his capture would bring dollars to their pockets, the zeal of Mosquito soon excited their ill-will, and plots were laid to get him into *trouble.*

Being sent down to Hobart Town in 1818, he formally connected himself with some half-civilized, *alias* drunken, Aborigines, who hung about the town, over whom, by his superior intellectual energy, he established his authority. The Rev. Mr. Horton, on his visit to the colony, fell in with this so-called *Tame Mob,* and wrote the following account for a London magazine of 1822:—

"It consisted of persons (twenty or thirty of both sexes) who had absconded from their proper tribes in the interior, and is governed by a native of Port Jackson, named Muskitoo. This man was transported from Sydney to Van Diemen's Land, some years ago, for the murder of a woman, and was for some time after his arrival employed as a stock-keeper. How he was raised to this present station, as a leader of this tribe, I know not, unless it was in consideration of his superior skill and muscular strength. This party, like the rest of their race, never work, nor have any settled place of abode, but wander about from one part to another, subsisting on what is given them by the benevolent, and on kangaroos, opossums, oysters, &c. which they procure for themselves."

This man had drawn them around him as their acknowledged chief, in a sense superior to any known among the equality-loving Tasmanians, and governed them after the approved European model. Many of them had transgressed tribal laws in their own districts, and were obliged to live abroad for a

season. The superior attractions of town life may have seduced some from the forests. Others came from a distance to place themselves under the command of the wily New Hollander. It was easy for him to play the part of a ruler, in gathering the choicest of women for his wives. It was his conduct to these that illustrated the cruelty of his natural disposition. He had several whom he used for private purposes of aggrandizement with the tribe, or for the procuring of extra luxuries from the Europeans. But one wife, the really fine-looking "Gooseberry," from the Oyster Bay tribe, was reserved for his exclusive service. This woman eventually excited the jealous anger of her savage lord, who murdered her in the Government Domain, outside of Hobart Town.

An ex-Bushranger is my authority for some stories about the man. He was well known, as a fellow forester, to this dreaded chief at the period when they in common, though on separate commissions, preyed upon the country settlers. Coming once upon his track at an inconvenient time, when he was *wanted* by the Governor, the familiar Bushranger was ordered off, as Mosquito was impressed with the notion that he might seek his own pardon by the betrayal of his black acquaintance. He cried out to him, "What do you do here? Go away." The hint was sufficient, and he hastened off. But he said that he knew for a fact that once the terrible monster cut off the breast of one of his gins, because she would persist, against his orders, in suckling her child.

He hung about the neighbourhood of Hobart Town for some time, soliciting bread for his people. That food he would exchange for tobacco and rum, to gratify his own civilized tastes. Receivers and exchangers were readily found at the huts of the convict servants. His manner of life is spoken of by a witness, one Thomas M'Minn, in some evidence on a murder case, given before Mr. Anstey, Police Magistrate at Oatlands.

"I arrived in the colony," said he, "in 1820, and was placed in the service of Captain Blythe, near Oatlands, with whom I remained until his death in 1823. The Blacks were very quiet when I arrived here. Mosquito and his Mob came to Mr. Blythe's hut very often. Mosquito had three wives or gins. He would not allow any man to have intercourse with them. The other gins were allowed to prostitute themselves to white men for

bread and other things. Mosquito ordered a gin to retire with a White man, and she obeyed his orders. This happened, as I am told, very often."

According to old Ward, of the first fleet, Mosquito "kept the tethers," and sent the Blacks to rob and slaughter. He would lurk about, gain information, lay his plans in a skilful manner, and then, from his retreat, despatch his band to carry on the warfare. It was among the Oyster Bay Mob, of the east coast, that this worthy practised his demoniacal arts, and that for a long period, with singular address and success. His people kept the land in a state of terror. Old Talbot gave me particulars of the horrible death of a woman and her daughter, at the Ouse River, and declared that the "Darkies were as quiet as dogs before Mosquito came." In the language of Mr. Meredith, a settler of that district: "They spared neither age nor sex; the aged woman and the helpless child alike fell victims to their ferocity." He adds, also: "Owing to their extreme cunning, activity, and cat-like nature, retaliation was all but impossible." It does not appear, however, that Mosquito was a favourite with all the tribe; for we read of a number of them setting on him one day, and beating him nearly to death with their waddies. Doubtless, this arose from a little political feeling, some of the old chiefs not approving of the assumption of the premiership by a stranger, though a good White-hater. It may have been some Brutus and Cassius conspirators, loving their Cæsar much, but their freedom more, who sought to get rid of their self-constituted Dictator.

His outrages became conspicuous in 1819, when his first murder of a white man took place. The same Mob had gone down to the east coast for swans' eggs. There Mosquito, wanting some ship's stores, placed in charge of John Kemp, a whaler, killed the custodian of the articles. From one course of crime he proceeded to another, always endeavouring by subtlety to throw the blame on others, should discovery of an offence be made.

Tom Birch joined Mosquito in 1822. This young Native had been brought up by Mr. Birch of Hobart Town from boyhood. From his aged and very estimable mistress, I gathered information about him. She repeatedly spoke of "Poor Tom," expressing a deep interest in him. He was so good and useful a lad,

so obliging and gentle, so honest and careful, and so thoroughly devoted to his master. He spoke English perfectly, and could read and write. In his attendance at church, and general deportment, he gave promise of true civilization. But in an evil hour Mosquito made his acquaintance. He poisoned his mind against Europeans, representing them as the enemies of his race. He pictured the hopelessness and aimlessness of his future. What could he ever be but the slave of the Whites? Could he get a wife among them? Would they admit him on an equality with themselves? Did they not look upon him as a black dog? and would they not treat him very soon accordingly? Then temptations were placed before him. He was incited to drink. He was admitted into the licentious orgies of the roaming tribe. The master and mistress saw the change coming over him, and strove to counteract the evil, but in vain. His regard for them was too strong and real to permit him to wrong them, or suffer their property to be injured by his vicious friends. But he could not stay. He bolted to the Bush, and was then recognised as a bold robber of the forest, and an active accomplice of Mosquito's.

Although the rascally chief long kept his own neck out of the halter by his duplicity and unscrupulous sacrifice of his confederates, poor Tom Birch was soon captured. His old employer was able to preserve his life from the law's demands, but he was sentenced to the dreaded convict settlement at Macquarie Harbour. He escaped thence through his fertility of expedients, and associated himself with the Abyssinian Mob, then engaged in the Black War. It was while Tom was out the second time, that he was connected with several robberies and murders near the Shannon. Mr. G. Taylor, writing to the Hobart Town paper of November 11th, 1826, refers to the hut of Mrs. Simpson being robbed of supplies, and to Tom having speared a man-servant in the hand. In his indignation he says, "They are a lawless, brutal mob, under the guidance of this Black Tom, who had at a former period voluntarily become a member of this community, who lived many years as a free servant to one of our settlers, and who now, with the basest treachery, turns the very weapons which he then acquired, to the destruction of that society which he had deceived into confidence. He is, therefore, not a deserter, but a rebel, a civil and

internal enemy, and those who have joined him are alike guilty with himself."

His Hobart Town friends heard of his whereabouts, and determined, if possible, to save him. They represented to the Governor the desirability of obtaining the help of so intelligent a native in his plan of Conciliation, and overtures were made to the outlaw. He accepted the proposed terms, and was attached to one or other of the roving parties, proving himself a valuable friend to both contending races. A life of Bush exposure proved fatal to him at last, and he died at Emu Bay, in 1832, from dysentery.

Black Jack, Mosquito's other prominent mate, and who subsequently came to trial with him, was very different to Tom. Able to read and write, this civilized Aborigine was a fit companion for Mosquito. When taking to the Bush, he exclaimed, "I'll kill all the white ——." He has been heard to say, when torturing some unhappy creature, "Jack will touch him there again, he don't like it." Old Talbot gave him a very bad character, pronouncing him as cruel as the leader of the Mob. The *Hobart Town Gazette* of April 2d, 1824, has a paragraph about him, when speaking of the man being speared on the Old Beach, near the Derwent: "It does not appear that Mosquito or Black Jack were seen with this party; although there is reason to believe they must have been near the spot, from the circumstance of the Natives having been, with one or two exceptions only excepted, entirely harmless, until these two Blacks have lately appeared among them." About that time, however, Mosquito enticed a man out of his hut at Pittwater, and speared him through the back, in order to steal his rations.

The reader is referred to the chapter on "Outrages" for further particulars of the crimes of this bad man. The copy of the *Gazette* notice of his trial will furnish information concerning the charge which secured his presence at court. His later exploits were confined to the south-eastern and eastern districts. On one occasion the whole gang might have been captured, but from the impulsive conduct of the constables, who had primed themselves too much with grog, and, in their Dutch courage, made so much noise in their charge, as to give their dark foes sufficient warning to escape to the scrub.

The course of this hero of blood was stayed in consequence

of a murder committed near the east coast. Mr. Meredith, who was living near the scene of the conflict at the time, is our historian of the event. It appears that Mosquito came with some of the Oyster Bay tribe to Grindstone Bay, upon a run belonging to Mr. Silas Gatehouse, on pretence of hunting. Radford, a stock-keeper, held a sort of parley with the ruffian, and, as he saw him seizing some fine kangaroo dogs, called out, "Don't take our dogs away." The reply to this was a spear wound in his side from Black Jack. A rush to the hut took place. Radford ran wounded, with naked feet, for three miles, chased by the Blacks; but he escaped. Two men in the hut were speared to death, Mormer or Mammoa, a Tahitian native, and one William Holyoake. This took place on November 15th, 1823.

Falling in with an "Old Hand" at Warrnambool, toward the end of 1858, I got another version of the story from one who claims to have been with Radford on that eventful occasion. The old man was one of the notables of Port Phillip history, being one of Mr. John Batman's men on his visit to that colony in 1835. For several years before, he had lived with the Batman family in Tasmania, at their Ben Lomond Home, and had accompanied John Batman in his chase of Bushrangers and Black fellows. As he stood before me, then seventy years old, I was much struck with his appearance. Of middle height, but of massive proportions, he would be more than a match for many a younger man in a close conflict. His chest was of the Attila mould, and his neck betokened great physical strength. His white locks curled briskly from under his broad-brimmed hat, and his hair hung down in a handsome and magnificent beard, the envy of a Pasha. His mien was bold and cheerful. His eye was quick and ingenuous. His ruddy cheeks stood out with good humour and the most robust health. Old Daddy, as he was called, bore a good name; and, making every allowance for improvements upon a tale so often told, and referring to a date now six-and-forty years ago, I have reason to believe that his yarn contained more than the elements of truth, and that it was not a mere story founded upon facts. There may have been reasons why some things he spoke about were not told before.

Substantially his story is the same as others about Radford, Holyoake, &c. Radford and he happened to leave the hut one morning without their guns, contrary to their custom, as the

weather was wet. When fleeing from the Blacks, he received two spear wounds, one in his thigh. Informing his master of the outrage, that gentleman is said to have sworn not to rest two nights in his bed until he had taken a bloody revenge. Collecting a party of thirty—constables, soldiers, and neighbours—he set off to execute his threat. One Douglas Evans, a Sydney native, was met upon the road, and from him information was received that a large body of the Aborigines had camped for the night in a gully by Sally Peak, six miles from Bushy Plains, on the border of Prosser's Plains.

They proceeded stealthily as they neared the spot; and, agreeing upon a signal, moved quietly in couples, until they had surrounded the sleepers. The whistle of the leader was sounded, and volley after volley of ball cartridge was poured in upon the dark groups around the little camp-fires. The number slain was considerable. Few passed the fatal line. Many children were among the wounded ones. A sergeant seized hold of a little boy, who attempted to rush by him in the darkness; and, exclaiming, "You ——, if you ain't mischievous now, you will be," swung him round by his feet against a tree, and dashed his brains out. Women were lying about still grasping their children amidst their dying torments.

The extraordinary sagacity of Mosquito enabled him to elude several snares for his capture; but he was at length secured through the courage of a half-civilized native, named Tegg.

This young lad, though brought up with Europeans, was known to have communications with the murderer. Applications were made to enlist his help in securing the arch chieftain. He agreed to attempt the capture if provided with the company of constables at hand, and was promised a boat should he succeed. His ambition had been to possess a boat of his own, and trade between Bruni and Hobart Town. Day by day he sought the retreat of Mosquito, who had now separated from his gang, because of the hot pursuit, and was concealed with two of his gins near Oyster Bay. Godfrey and Marshall, two constables, were with Tegg when the human tiger's lair was discovered. Sending the Europeans to secure the women, this lad of seventeen ran toward Mosquito, and shot him in the thigh. Singularly enough, the wretched man had no spears near him at the time, and had to run for his life, pursued by the Black, who fired

another barrel at him. Brought to bay by loss of blood, he leaned against a tree, and in impotent rage threw sticks at the advancing youth.

He was brought down to Hobart Town, and for a while his life was in jeopardy from his wounds. The ex-whaler Goodridge, who wrote an amusing book of his adventures, says of Mosquito: "This Negro was in gaol at Hobart Town at the period I was confined on the charge of being a runaway sailor from the *King George*."

The following particulars of the trial of Mosquito and Black Jack are related in the *Hobart Town Gazette* for December 1824:—

"Mosquito and Black Jack (the first a native of New South Wales, the latter born on the island) were placed at the bar, arraigned as principals in the second degree, for aiding and abetting in the wilful murder of William Holyoake, at Grindstone Bay, on the 15th of November, 1823.

"Plea—Not Guilty.

"The Attorney-General described the facts, and called John Radford, who deposed as follows:—

"'I am, and for six years have been, a stock-keeper on the run of Mr. Silas Gatehouse, at Grindstone Bay. I had a fellow-servant, named Mammoa, who was a native of Otaheite. I knew the deceased. He was servant to Mr. George Meredith, at Swan Port, and came to our hut in November twelve months. He said he was returning home from the Colonial Hospital, where he had been an invalid, and begged permission to remain a day or two, as he was not very able to go further. He came on a Wednesday, between the 10th and 15th, and remained until the following Saturday. The morning after he came a party of the Natives arrived, with the prisoners at the bar. Their number was about 65. Some of them had spears, and sticks about two feet long; but some of the spears, which were wooden ones, might be six, and others twelve feet long. I asked whither he was going, and he said, "To Oyster Bay." He then begged for some provisions, and I told him to follow me into the hut, where he should have some bread and meat. After he had eaten some, I inquired how many Natives were with him. He answered he could not tell. I then asked if they would kill any of the sheep; he said, "No." Soon afterwards he retired for that night.

On the following morning he again came to the hut, and brought two or three women. Some of the Blacks were on the opposite side of the creek. He asked for, and had, some breakfast with me. He lingered with the party about the Plains until two or three o'clock, and then went away to hunt. In the evening he returned, and I gave him some supper. In the hut there hung a small fowling-piece, and a musket, the one by the bed, and the other over it. Mosquito handled the musket. On Saturday early the Blacks were in the sheep-yard, sitting round a fire at their camp; this was about half-past five o'clock. At six they came to the hut, with the prisoners at the bar, over the creek, on the other side of which they had been at their diversions, some of them still remaining there near the stockyard, which approaches to within ten yards of the hut. The Natives who were playing might be one hundred and fifty yards from the hut. I walked out to look at them, after Mammoa, and left the deceased in the hut, but he came out after me. At this time, Mosquito was on the other side of the creek with a number of Blacks, who were armed, but he had no spear. The weapons he had were a waddy and a stick shaped like the axe of a tomahawk. I then desired the deceased to bring the guns, should he leave the hut before my return; but he did not. Mosquito then called Mammoa to the other side of the creek, and he went over. He first, however, asked if the Blacks would spear him, and Mosquito said "No." They talked to Mammoa for a few minutes, then took up their spears, and walked towards the hut. I got to it first; the guns had been taken. When I returned, Holyoake was walking behind me, and I asked him if he had put away the guns. He said "No." I made the same inquiry of Mammoa, and received the same reply. At this moment he and Mosquito were at the other side of the creek coming towards the hut. When they came opposite they got over. The other Natives were by the hut door, so that now the whole body of the Natives were assembled. I stood with the deceased two or three yards off. I had three kangaroo dogs, and a sheep dog. The deceased had one dog. They were tied to a stump. I saw Mosquito untie them, and take them into the sheep-yard. I heard Mammoa beg of him not to take them; but he made no answer. The Natives stood with their spears raised, and their points directed to deceased and me. I told him the best thing

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we could do was to run away, and that otherwise we should be killed. We accordingly did run, when one of the Blacks threw a spear, which pierced my side. I at first ran two hundred or three hundred yards, but the deceased could not keep up with me. He called out for me to return, and pull a spear out of his back. I did so. The wound was three or four inches deep. Some of the Natives armed with spears were pursuing us; there might be from thirty to forty. I again ran away, and the deceased after me. I received another spear in the back of my thigh. At this moment the Blacks were within thirty yards of me. The deceased exclaimed, "Jack! don't leave." I made no answer, but continued running till I heard him cry, "O my God! the Blacks have got me." He was then about two hundred yards behind me. I looked back. The Natives were close to him. I saw five or six spears sticking in him (some in his side, and others in different parts of his body). He was throwing some rotten sticks at the Blacks, who appeared to be standing quiet. After looking at them for a few minutes, I recommenced my flight, and some of them still pursued me; eventually, however, I was lucky enough to escape. When ten days from the time had elapsed, I ventured back to the hut; and four days after my return I found the body of the deceased, quite dead, covered with sticks, and more than half consumed with vermin. There were some spears broken in it. I am quite positive as to the persons of Mosquito and Black Jack. I can swear that no provocation was given to the Natives, or any violence shown by me, or to my knowledge by the deceased.'

"Cross-examined by the Court.—'When the dogs were untied by Mosquito, I was deterred from interfering by the whole body, who raised their spears, with their points directed to me. I knew Black Jack very well by his figure, and because his lips were much thinner than those of the Natives in general. He had gone into the hut several times, and I saw him in it on the Saturday morning, three-quarters of an hour before the body of the Blacks came to it. On being spoken to, he answered me in English perfectly well. I never heard the prisoner called "Black Jack;" I called him Black Jack from his colour.'

"Cross-examined by Dr. Hood (one of the Jury).—'There were some women with the Natives, but neither the deceased nor myself had offered any offence, or ventured to take any liberties.'

"Verdict:—'Mosquito, guilty; Black Jack, not guilty.' The same principals were then arraigned as principals in the second degree, for aiding and abetting in the wilful murder of Mammoa, the before-named Otaheitean. His Honour the Chief Justice summed up, and the jury, after retiring a few minutes, pronounced an acquittal."

Although Black Jack escaped from the first charge, he was subsequently convicted of the murder of Patrick Macarthy, hut-keeper, Sorell Plains. He and his chief, Mosquito, were to die together. He implored the judge to send him to the penal hell of Macquarie Harbour, instead of hanging him; discreetly saying to a friend, "Then I'll soon run away." His Honour seemed to take that view of the question, and declined to grant the favour. One of my tell-tale acquaintances remarked, "I had the pleasure of seeing them both tucked up comfortably." They were in other company, for five Bushrangers were to be suspended with them. The scene of their execution was at what was called Mr. Muster Master Mason's place. This was at the "Cascades," the site of the present Female Factory at the upper end of Macquarie Street, Hobart Town, where the basaltic columns of Mount Wellington appear to overhang the spectator. It was on the 25th of February, 1825. The Chaplain, the Rev. W. Bedford, made a forcible address to the multitude of curious ones there. He thus appealed to them:—"These poor unhappy fellow-worms, whose lives have become forfeited to the laws of violated justice and humanity, implore you to shun the path that leads to death." All the officers in attendance upon the solemn occasion were attired in deep mourning. Several of the condemned men joined in singing a funeral hymn. To all the clergyman's exhortations, Mosquito preserved a sullen silence, but Black Jack was much alarmed. The Old Hands are fond of telling the story that, upon the clergyman exhorting Jack to pray, he exclaimed, "You pray yourself; I too b———y frightened to pray." Upon this, to use the language of the newspaper of the day, "the hapless offenders, after a short interval, were launched into eternity."

But, without doubt, the execution of Mosquito, who exerted so fascinating an influence upon the simple tribes, was attended with important results. Many Natives came into town to implore the pardon of the man; and, upon the failure of their efforts,

returned to the Bush with bitterer feelings against the dominant race. As Mr. Gilbert Robertson wrote in 1831:—"Although Mosquito has been removed, yet the lessons he afforded the Aborigines of this island have not been forgotten; experience has taught them craft, cunning, activity, and watchfulness, and at this moment they have found means to spread terror amongst the Colonists residing in the interior." The "Black War" is, indeed, dated by some persons from the death of Mosquito.

The captor, Tegg, or Teague, as it has been written, did not get the price of blood; and he, therefore, in sullen anger, betook himself to the Bush, saying, "They promised me a boat, but they no give it; me go with Wild Mob, and kill all white men come near me." Many murders were attributed to him. He was concerned in the murder of two stockmen belonging to Messrs. Cox and Barclay. It is also recorded of him, that a native woman, brought up from infancy by Whites, was, when far advanced in pregnancy, speared to death by the revengeful fellow. Strange to say, he subsequently returned to Hobart Town, and received his boat, which was, said the newspaper, "to conciliate the youth's unfortunately aggravated feelings" (!)

The "Black War" may be said to have drifted onward, like a neglected wound, which often terminates in an incurable and painful disorder. Not expected to be so serious, many were as surprised as they were shocked at its formidable and rapid growth. The English traveller, in 1823, could write of the native inhabitants:—"They are so very few in number, and so timorous, that they need hardly be mentioned. Two Englishmen with muskets might traverse the whole country in perfect safety, as they are unacquainted with fire-arms." And yet many residents at that very time trembled with apprehension, and the numbers were not so few, by several hundreds at least, as they were when putting the whole island in terror, and calling forth the colonists *en masse* into the field against them. Another writer, Mr. Wentworth, of Sydney, gives quite a different picture of the same year, in 1823, and refers to the "*rencontres* that have subsequently taken place between them and the settlers. These, whenever occasion offers, destroy as many of the Natives as possible, and they, in their turn, never let slip an opportunity of retaliating on their bloodthirsty neighbours." But he sees little

cause of alarm, as the wild tribes seldom or never are known "to act on the offensive, except when they have met some of their persecutors singly." For this reason only could two persons armed with muskets traverse the land in safety.

The impression of their being disagreeable neighbours, and yet so powerless or cowardly as to be easily confronted, was pretty general from the earliest days. Old Kemp told me, that in 1821 he saw about three hundred of them "poking" after bandicoots. He immediately guessed that his hour was come, and thinking, he said, that he might as well die with a good heart as a bad one, he started his dogs into the mob, and, on their flight, took himself hastily off. A similar glorious feat is recorded by Mr. D. A. C. G. Lemprière, who was stationed at the first settlement of Macquarie Harbour, the entrance to which, the opening to the prisoners' place of torment, went by the name of *Hell's Gates*. A number of Natives visited the rude hut of a convict stationed there to burn shells for lime, but they were, as the prisoner informed the authorities, repulsed at the very sight of him; which must have been formidable, as Mr. Lemprière states that he was "a man four feet eleven inches in his shoes, armed with a rake."

At no time was there much correspondence between the two races; and this was apparent in the narrative of the honest castaway sailor Goodridge. "During the time," said he, "I was at Compton Ferry (near Hobart Town), in 1824, fifteen or twenty of the Natives made their way into Mr. Earle's large room, and were much delighted at seeing themselves in the looking-glass, and commenced dancing and making all kinds of mimicry. They then essayed to get behind the glass, and appeared greatly confused at finding nothing but the wall. They were all quite naked; and, indeed, if clothes were given them when they appeared at Hobart Town, they seldom wore them after they left, throwing them off as a great encumbrance."

It was about that time that Mr. Roberts, of Bruni, went down the coast of the channel in search of coal; and, as he has since told me, the Natives were quite friendly, helping even to carry his swag, and procuring him some food. It was not long, however, before the violence and repetition of attacks alarmed the whole colony.

In one of my Victorian journeys I fell in with an "Old Hand,"

who had thoroughly redeemed his character, having been then for above twenty years a consistent member of the Wesleyan Church. The experience of this man was similar to others—that the Natives were not the aggressors. He had lived under the Western Tier for three or four years without molestation, though constantly moving about the Bush after stock. Frequently has he come upon their recent tracks, and must have been the object of their observation, without catching sight of any. When aroused to fury at last, the tribe acted as others had done previously, committing atrocious and indiscriminate slaughter. Missing his shepherd-mate one day, he entered upon a search, and came upon his body pierced with several spears. His fears were excited on behalf of a poor sick shepherd, who lay in a hut belonging to a Mr. Bryant. Collecting a party of neighbours, he made a hasty run to the spot. When about 300 yards from the hut, they met Mr. Bryant running rapidly with torn dress. From him they learned that the Blacks arrived there soon after he came to visit his sick servant; that, after forcibly breaking off the ends of spears, thrust at him through the window, he had made a desperate rush through the mob, and had thus escaped. The rescuers went on to the hut. Not a Black was to be seen. They entered, and found their friend in his last agonies, with a quantity of wood burning under his bed, the men having fired that as well as the bark of the roof.

The rapid movements of the Blacks were extraordinary. Fifty miles a day must have been often traversed by them in the height of the war. It was during that war that settlers noticed a marked decrease of children. This arose from the policy of the tribes, who, finding themselves hard-pressed by the company of the young in their marches, and who feared the betrayal of their haunts by the cry of a little one, had most unrelentlessly resolved upon the destruction of their families. Mothers even were known to murder their own babes, rather than have them fall into the hands of their implacable enemies.

Mrs. Meredith records two or three sad Tasmanian tales. In the year 1826, some parties in the Bush noticed a man staggering along with groping arms. As they neared the object, they were shocked to perceive the poor creature with battered head and speared body, and the sores swarming with maggots. One of his eyes was knocked out, and the other was totally blind from

a blow. In a few words the unhappy man moaned forth his story. He had received a spear in his breast, while endeavouring to get away from a mob. This after some difficulty he extracted, and ran on again. Another pierced his back, and broke short off in the wound. Sickening with pain, his step faltered, and the savages reached him. Several spears were thrust into him, and waddies played heavily about his head. He was left for dead. Reviving, he made an effort to reach some settlement, and so fell in with the party. Upon further conversation, the rescuers were horrified at discovering that the attack had taken place three days before; the time accounted for the dreadful condition of his wounds. He was conveyed to the hospital, but death soon released him from suffering.

One Josiah Gough lived with his wife and two girls in a remote part of the interior. Becoming alarmed for the safety of his family, he went off to the town to procure assistance to remove them to a place of safety. While away, the Natives stole down the chimney into the hut, speared, and then brained, the poor woman, and cruelly waddied the children. Taking what they desired, the murderers withdrew. The father soon after arrived, and heard the sad tale from the dying lips of his surviving girl. We cannot be surprised at some fearful retaliation by the neighbours. In 1827, a farmhouse was attacked, under similar circumstances, when the master had gone for a military party. The wife, daughter, two sons, a servant, and a traveller, were in the hut when the barbarians surrounded it with their mad cries for blood. The armed inmates defended themselves with much courage and coolness; the conduct of one of the boys was quite heroic. The contest continued for some time, when the enraged Blacks set fire to the thatch of the roof, to drive out the family, that they might be more readily and certainly destroyed. At this critical period, a dozen soldiers appeared through the forest, and soon put the tribe to flight.

So rancorous was the hatred of the Natives against the Whites, that every expedient was adopted to carry out their malevolent purpose, and torments were used with almost an Indian refinement of cruelty. In the early days, as the men, the servants especially, only wore a sort of moccasin of kangaroo skin, sharp stones and pointed burnt sticks were set up into paths known to be passed, so as to pierce the feet. The most

abominable atrocities were perpetrated upon some victims' bodies. But this was adopted for the purpose of exhibiting their deadly animosity against the Europeans for their treatment of the native women, and was a terrible retaliation for similar cruelties practised upon the male Blacks. Some of our countrymen were emasculated, and the dying were often given up to the torturing hand of the gins, who, with sharp stones upon secret parts, added poignancy to the last agony. Several Bush hands have told me such stories, unfit for publication, but all evidencing the Blacks' deep-rooted spirit of revenge.

A leading settler of Swanport had his house beset by the wild East Mob. The party within were well armed, and maintained the siege with great spirit. One man managed to evade the observation of the leaguers, and set off at full speed to give the alarm at the nearest military post, Pittwater, fifty-four miles off. He was in such a fright, that by the time he reached the town of Sorell his hair had turned completely grey. Assistance was rapidly forwarded, and the siege was raised, though murders in the neighbourhood continued for a long time after. Much discussion ensued as to the reason of this attack by Natives with whom the settler had always been on the most friendly terms, and for whom a number of them had often been employed. As usual, it was set down to the natural *devilment* of the Blacks, and no means were spared to extirpate them in that part. Some twenty years after this, my informant, who had been previously acquainted with the facts, stopped for the night at a roadside inn. Among the callers was one who, under the excitement of liquor, was detailing some portions of his early history, and especially his exploits with the *Black Crows*, as he called them. The gentleman took no particular interest in the narrative until he heard particulars of the outrage to which we have just alluded, and the explanation of what had at the time appeared to be so enigmatical as to the attack. According to the testimony of this story-teller, he had been out shooting with his father. Spying a black fellow behind a tree, the young fellow cried out to his father that he had got a capital mark for a shot. The settler reproved the wanton cruelty of his son, and told him to go home. The other resolved, however, not to be cheated out of his sport; so, watching until his parent had retired, he took aim at the inoffensive

native and dropped him dead at once. Of course, he never told at the house what he had done. It was only two or three days after that that the attack upon the premises took place, and thus the wicked conduct of the lad had nearly caused the destruction of all his family.

Many narrow escapes are recorded. A stock-rider found himself suddenly beset by a mob in the Abyssinian Marshes. Rising in his stirrups, and setting spurs to his horse, he charged in upon the masses with his formidable weapon, the stock-whip. Loud cries followed his rapidly administered strokes, and the field became his own.

Nothing can be more sickening than the many tales of cruelty to women and children. Thus we read in the *Gazette:* "The Aborigines plundered the hut on the Lake river of everything in it, and murdered Mary Daniels and her two infants in cold blood." The Rev. J. West tells us of a Mrs. M'Alister, who received a spear wound from the Natives, and hid herself in a corn-field. But, missing her children, she came out crying after them. The savages saw her, came down, and murdered her. Ferguson narrates the story of some constables having protected a farm, and left from a conviction that no Natives were abroad in that locality. No sooner had they gone, than the house was invested and the mistress and her children killed. A similar circumstance occurred in another place, also deserted by some constables who had been keeping guard there. The farmer and his servants were engaged in a field not fifty yards from home when loud cries called them, but too late, to the house of death; for upon their entrance they saw the corpses of the mother and all her children. A friend gave me the following sad story of a settler near Jericho. A number of Natives had for three days been watching for an opportunity of exercising their bloody propensities. At length, the man, unguardedly, left his house without his musket. He was immediately surrounded and murdered. The people then went up to the homestead, and dashed out the brains of the wife and her seven children.

Occasionally they found even females too much for them. Between Lovely Banks and Spring Hill, some forty miles north of Hobart Town, a beautifully wooded region, there dwelt in the olden times a worthy settler upon a moderate-sized farm. Taking advantage of his temporary absence from home with his

two men, the ever-watchful Natives descended from the Tiers. The mother was alone with her two children, a boy and a girl. Being washing-day, a large pot or billy of water was suspended from the chimney-hook over the fire. Immediately upon the cry of "the Blacks," they all rushed into the house, but not before the little boy received a severe wound in his leg. Nothing daunted, the family prepared for resistance, knowing if they could hold out for an hour or two the father would return. The poor mother, then within three weeks of her confinement, seized a gun from over the mantelpiece, and fired at the assailants. Then, keeping watch at an opening in the wall, she waited until her suffering boy had charged the weapon, when she again sent its contents among the cowardly band. This was repeated time after time, the brave boy assiduously helping his noble mother, regardless of his own wound.

Thus unexpectedly repulsed, the enemy prepared another and more dreaded mode of attack. Fiery *Wing-wangs*, of lighted bark, were hurled against the bark roof of the hut, while, taking advantage of the withdrawal of attention of the inmates, they made a new rush to the door. But here commenced the heroism of the little girl, who, bidding her mother keep to her post, calmly and resolutely took her station by the fireplace, and with her pannikin at the billy steadily threw water upward upon the ignited bark. The mother, in the meanwhile, dealt another and another blow upon the savages. The contest had thus continued for hours, when, to the great joy of the wearied and suffering besieged, the report of guns outside reached their ears. The enemy disappeared, and the fainting wife was soon in the arms of her delivering partner. Governor Arthur was so pleased with the heroism of the woman, that he presented her with a grant of three hundred acres of land, and undertook to provide for the future of the brave boy and girl.

A man who had some forty-five years ago been brick-making for Mr. Robinson, the apostle of the Blacks, and whom I found a dozen years ago still making bricks, though now by the Yarra-Yarra, gave me some incidents of his career in the island *over the way*. He spoke of a party out kangarooing who came upon a mob rather suddenly. A fine, tall, naked chieftain was shot, and the others fled shrieking over the Fourteen-Tree Plains. A boy and girl, dropped in the flight, were picked up by the

pursuers, and afterwards found themselves at the Orphan School, New Town.

An old carter once told me that he was assigned to a person at Flat-top Tier, some twenty miles from Hobart Town. One morning the cook of the hut had gone down to the creek for water, to prepare the supper of the expected shepherds, when the Natives came down from the Tier and speared him. The men returning homeward found their meal unprepared, and the hut vacant. When the body of the murdered man was discovered, they seized their guns and set off in pursuit of the tribe. After a long and vain chase they returned to their quarters, and, to their consternation, found the hut burnt to the ground.

An ex-Bushranger gave me the intelligence that he had been once followed by the Blacks for two or three miles. When out of breath, he halted behind a tree, and presented his gun to keep the others in check. A party of the Ouse Mob burnt down the hut of a shepherd and murdered the owner. They were about to destroy his daughter, when the girl fell upon her knees, and in piteous accents sought their mercy. Their savage hearts were softened, and the orphan was suffered to escape. Captain Gray, of Avoca, as well as many other masters, was often seen standing over his threshing with a loaded musket. Men regularly took out their guns with them when they went to plough, sticking the weapon against some stump in the field.

In the primitive days it was the custom for the rations of flour to be kept in an uncovered cask in the hut. Robberies would thus be effected. A shirted black fellow would approach, and smilingly enter upon a jabber with the inmate; all the while seemingly just fingering the flour, while in reality he was quietly conveying it by a rapid and clever movement up his sleeve. The story is told of a certain chief who was rather remorselessly making free with the contents of a barrel, when he suddenly gave a yell, and withdrew his arm minus his hand. The shrewd farmer had planted a strong steel trap in the flour, which had thus seized upon the thief. Years after this man was one of those conveyed to Flinders Island. He never liked an allusion to the playful accident of former years. He was described to me by a Government officer as always keeping the injured arm secreted under his blanket or rug, and as looking uncommonly sulky when asked why he did not eat with that other hand.

Two sawyers were at work in the Bush, having taken their arms with them. The musket of one was beside him; the other had carelessly left it upon a neighbouring log. The watchful Natives observed this carelessness, and managed, under cover of the scrub, to reach the place, and draw away the weapon. Its removal was noticed, and the two men immediately fled. Fortunately, they were able to retreat in safety under the protection of the remaining piece. In the height of the terror no single shepherd, though armed, was allowed to proceed to work. Two flocks were run together under the two shepherds; or, as it was often necessary in disturbed places, two shepherds were in charge of one flock; thus adding to the expense as well as anxiety of the unhappy sheep-master. Repeatedly has the owner gone forth to discover his servant murdered, and his sheep not only scattered but maimed or stolen. Those were not the royal days of squatterdom.

Such incidents remind one strongly of the struggles of the American colonists when they encountered the enmity of the Red Indian. Then the pine forest was cleared by the axe, with the gun slung over the shoulder. The Blockhouse was the village fort, to which in times of pressing emergency the inhabitants retreated from their malignant foe. Every river, hill, and township has its traditionary tale of horrors. For awhile, so imminent was the danger, that hope of permanent settlement of the country was well-nigh abandoned. There too, as in Tasmania, the outrages of the Aborigines could be traced in most cases to the frauds and cruelties practised upon the tribes by unprincipled Whites. There, too, as in the southern isle, indiscriminate attack and slaughter followed the perpetration of crime by the individual. The civilized colonists acted upon the same principle, and dealt wide blows as a return for the faults of the few. The Rev. Samuel Waterhouse found the same practice among the rude and cannibal Fiji islanders. The secret crime of one man is revenged upon the whole tribe. It was so among the New Zealanders. The same law existed among the ancient Israelites, and the English, Scottish, and Irish people. Even now, in too many instances, is society called upon to suffer for the misdemeanour of the individual.

The Martial Law produced no result, except that of satisfying the scruples of some who needed the authority of legality to

urge them to action. The "Black War" was then pursued with increased energy.

But while the woods echoed with discharges of musketry against the Natives, many a cry arose from terror-stricken hut-keepers. On the 13th of March, 1829, a Mr. Miller was returning to his homestead on the east bank of the North Esk, when he saw Natives on the farm. He ran to his neighbours for help, and then beheld a scene of horror. One man lay dead twenty yards from the house, while another was found with dislocated neck and with eleven spears in his body. Entering, with unspeakable anxiety, the farmer saw his wife a dreadful object upon the bed, her brains having been dashed out by a waddy blow. Sugar, flour, powder, and clothes had been taken away.

Mr. Lloyd has an anecdote of his uncle, one of the settlers, who had missed a quantity of potatoes from a field. A pursuit was ordered. They took cudgels, whips, or swords, recovered one bag of the roots, and captured a black thief. Putting a rope around his neck, and tugging him well under a tree, as though intending to hang, the gentleman let him go in considerable fright, with a wholesome caution.

The Dog Act, requiring a licence for animals, as they had often proved mischievous to flocks, was at the same time held to be a sore hardship with men in the Bush. One writing to the paper, under the signature of "Hedgestake," asks the editor for counsel under his troubles. To protect his home he got two dogs, for one of which he had paid one pound, and which had twice saved his place from attack and flames. But two constables call, and demand his licence for the faithful brutes. In his isolated position, and very fear of leaving home in such times of danger, he had neglected to procure the desired document. At once, the men of the law shot the dogs, and threatened him with a fine. Then said the poor fellow, "I am a simple man, Mr. Editor, but when I am working five or six hundred yards from my cottage (I dare not be more remote), with my musket beside me, listening with intense anxiety and dread to every sound, no longer relying on the baying of my faithful Barkwell, should the Blacks in consequence succeed in secretly entering my cottage, and murder my wife and children, will these constables be in any measure accessory?" Such a catastrophe did occur in one place. A man, without a dog, had been working on his ground

within sight of his hut, when some Blacks came down the hill behind, got in at a window, and murdered the wife and child before the settler knew they were there.

A treacherous act is recorded. An armed man travelling with his wife was met by some Natives. One of the latter sang out, "White man lay down gun, Black man lay down spear." The simple fellow agreed. But while one came up smiling to shake hands, another got behind and felled the Englishman with his waddy. Spears finished him, and the wife was left for dead. Mr. Hobbs' two stockmen were attacked by a large mob on York Plains, on the northern side of the island. For five hours, by shots and a bold front, they kept the foes at bay. But when the long grass was fired by the miscreants, and the wind drove smoke and flame over them, the Bushmen ran for their lives, and did not obtain assistance till half an hour had passed. These, and other convict servants, felt it to be a hard case that they should be thus exposed to continual terror, while protecting the property of the masters to whom they were assigned as little better than slaves, and subject to be severely flogged for any supposed neglect of duty. As one very properly observed, that on being sentenced to transportation, it was not a part of the punishment that they were to be exposed to the chance of being speared by savages.

Within six years, 121 outrages by the Blacks were recorded in Oatlands (central) district alone. Mr. Anstey, P.M. of Oatlands, held twenty-one inquests upon murdered persons between 1827 and 1830. I was informed that there were in the Public Office one thousand pages of MSS. upon these inquests and outrages.

In the meantime parties were nominated for the capture of the Blacks; for the account of which the reader is referred to the next chapter, a continuance of the Black War. Then we read in the annals of 1829 such stories as these: "Nine men taken and three killed, near St. Paul's River;" "Ten men shot and two taken near the Eastern Marshes." A letter from Swanport, in September 1829, says: "Boomer, the black native, having struck the sergeant of the detachment to which he was acting as guide in pursuit of the Aborigines, endeavoured to escape, and received the reward of his treachery and presumption by being shot dead." But from another letter some explanation is given. The man Boomer, or Bruni Island Jack,

complained of the treatment his wife received from the soldiers of the party; that is, "was actuated by a strong feeling of jealousy." It is then said that Jack started off from the party, accompanied by his wife. She was retaken. He scorned their invitation, and leaped into the Clyde. Corporal Hares fired, and missed; for the man dived below. But each time the head reappeared on the surface, a shot was ready. The aim was at last fatally successful.

It is very grievous to hear of children suffering. In a valley among the tiers of the central interior, and not far from Jericho, lived a farmer named Hooper, with his wife and seven children. The Blacks, for reasons not explained, waited three days to catch the man away from his house without his gun. When helpless, he was surrounded, and killed. The others then proceeded to the log-hut, and destroyed all its inmates. Another farmer, residing in one of the most secluded parts of the island, called "The Den," had gone into his fields to labour, leaving behind his wife who had recently been delivered of twins. Looking back, he fancied he saw the door of his place opened and shut too quickly. He feared the worst, and ran home. He arrived to find his beloved ones bathed in their blood, by the spear and waddy wounds they had received.

A woman named Walloa, gin to a chief in the north-west, became a terrible foe to the Whites. She had been stolen by a sealer, and learned in the island to use fire-arms. Ultimately she escaped, and returned to her tribe. Her nature was changed by her cruel bondage, and her spirit of contradiction and vehemence made such quarrels among her people, that they permitted another sealer to have her. Again escaping, she raised a band of discontented, or heroic spirits, and led them to every species of outrageous cruelty against the solitary dwellers of huts. She boasted of her bloody work among the "Black Snakes," as she termed her European foes.

As some relief to the darker shades of history, let the following incident be told. A number of Blacks came to a lonely hut, and found no one there but a woman. When they were about to spear her, they were arrested by an aged chief, who noticed the appearance of approaching maternity, and forbade the slaughter of the woman for the sake of her unborn child.

There is a narrative given by Mr. M'Minn at an inquest in

1830, relative to an earlier period, which reveals some colonial practices, and shows the grave obstacles presented in the way of the civilization of the Natives, and the preservation of peace. He deposes: "About forty years ago, a mob of twenty men, women, and children, remained a month, or nearly so, in the Marsh, about a quarter of a mile from Mr. Anstey's house. They had bread given them frequently. M'Gregor, a sawyer, had frequent intercourse with the gins. He was accused by my fellow-servant of stealing their sugar to bribe the black men to allow their gins to return with him. Frank Allen, one of Mr. Anstey's convict servants, was also suspected, and accused of doing the same. I believe no complaints were ever made to Mr. Anstey of their doings. This was the dirtiest, and most diseased body of Natives I ever saw. They followed a party of Mr. Anstey's men, and two or three of the Road-men, to the Bush about five miles off, and robbed the huts of all the blankets and the things therein belonging to Government and to Mr. Anstey. There had been no quarrel between these Blacks and the white men."

A characteristic tale of the times has recently been sent to me by Dr. G. F. Story, of Swanport, an excellent member of the Society of Friends in Tasmania, whose friendship I formed twenty-eight years ago in Hobart Town. He had been giving me an account of some ancient wrongs of the settlers, and appended this narrative to his letter, obtaining his information from the daughter of the gentleman who suffered from the marauding violence of Mosquito's gang, just fifty years ago.

"Having seen to-day," he proceeds, "one of Thomas Buxton's daughters, she has given me a rather different account of the attack by the Natives at Mayfield. The Natives encamped in the morning on the other side of the river, and opposite to Thomas Buxton's hut, built of sods. Some of them came across to the hut and said that all the party were tame Blacks, not wild ones, meaning they were all peaceable. At this time the Natives had learnt to speak English. They asked the Buxtons to come over to their camp, and have 'a yarn.' After dinner two of the daughters took the cows to a marsh a quarter of a mile distant, and from thence saw the Natives showing signs of warfare. Balawinna, the head of the tribe, a tall, strong man, nearly six feet high, was marked with the red ochre. They ran to tell their mother, who immediately called her husband and

three other men, who had gone to cut some thatch for a stack of wheat they had just got together (a small, and their only stack, for they had been but a short time there). In the meantime the Natives had crawled up to the hut, and almost stripped it, taking also two guns, the only ones they possessed. The last Native was leaving the hut with a loaf of bread when Thomas Buxton entered, and caught him round the neck, and made him drop the loaf. The other men were speared before they could get to the hut. The Natives having taken the plunder to their camp, and knowing there were no more guns, came up boldly again, and one of them was about lighting a stick at a fire that was outside the hut for cooking. But it happened that a pistol was put away by one of the daughters, and this having been loaded T. B. fired at the Black who was going to the fire. Then the Natives took their wounded man away, and tried to throw firesticks at the thatch. But T. B., having cut port-holes in the hut, stationed the children and men at the holes to watch: and when any approached, the pistol was poked out at the hole. When night came the Blacks retired up the creek, and made a fire for the night. T. B. despatched a man to Waterloo Point for help, and George Meredith, jun. and some men came before morning. In the morning the Natives came again; and one with a firestick fixed to his spear came to the hut, and threw it on the stack of wheat. When those in the hut saw what the Blacks had done, they rushed out with their guns. The Natives, seeing the men with guns, immediately made off. The wheat was saved. At night the fire of the Natives was seen up the creek, and the party going to it, killed several of the Blacks, and recovered some of the plunder."

Dr. Story's own exprience is related thus: "We commenced settling at Kelvedon in 1829; Francis Cotton, his family, and myself living at Waterloo Point, the military station, until a hut should be built and some land cleared. Three men were employed in clearing a piece of land for the garden and homestead, living in a hut on the creek side. Whilst at breakfast one morning they observed the bullocks come running to the hut, as if something had frightened them; but, not thinking of the Natives, took no further notice of it. [Domestic animals were terrified at the Blacks.] The men went as usual to their work, taking with them their guns, and placing them at the butt

of a tree that had fallen, and commenced lopping off the branches to burn up the trunk. Whilst thus engaged, one of them [Jones] looked up, and to his dismay saw the Blacks approaching, and one even handling the guns. He called out to his companions, threw his axe at a Black that was approaching him, and fled. Now the piece of land they were working on was thick with trees. There was a lagoon betwixt it and the sea-beach, and a creek on either side. On the north side the men's hut stood. Jones, in running away, received some spears into his body, which he managed to extract, and crossed the lagoon; as did also Rogers, who was also speared. The other man, Flack, jumped over the north creek, and escaped unhurt, though very much frightened. The Blacks, not liking to cross the lagoon, had to go round it. Jones got away from them by this means, but Rogers was followed by one more persevering than the rest on to the sea-beach, Rogers keeping close to the surf, while the Black ran alongside, every now and then throwing his waddy at him. But Rogers, being a London lad, dexterously dodged his head, and the waddy went into the water. Thus they went on until, at the end of the beach, the Black became exhausted and gave up the pursuit. Jones by this time had got some distance on his road to Waterloo Point, when he met his master coming as usual to see after the workmen; and addressed him with, 'Oh, Master! make haste and get back! The Blacks are after us. They have killed Rogers.' Francis Cotton immediately turned, and reported it to the Commandant, and the military and constables were sent to the spot. But although I was with the sergeant, the first to arrive, there was not a trace of them could be seen. They had stripped the hut of everything, and taken away two kangaroo dogs. One of these dogs returned after two or three days, badly wounded with spears. The other we supposed they had kept, as he was of a milder disposition. However it may have been, we never saw him again. The two men were ill some time with their wounds.

"The inhabitants were kept in constant alarm by the repeated attacks of the Blacks, which called forth the sympathies of the Lieutenant-Governor, Colonel Arthur, yet no means could be devised to rid the country of such a fearful scourge. They had a great antipathy to the *Redcoats;* and no soldier, when sent on escort, or other duty, was allowed to go alone, never less than

two were sent together. For the protection of the inhabitants several stations were formed, where two or more soldiers were placed. A soldier at one of these stations, called Boomer Creek, was sitting amongst some young wattles, peeling the twigs for a bird cage, when the Natives stole upon and beat him to death with their waddies. Two sawyers were at work on their pit near Mayfield House, when the Blacks came upon them. They, however, escaped to the house; but one was so terrified that he fell into a fever, and died. So great a terror did they strike into the Europeans, that, notwithstanding their physical superiority, they were unable, through fear, to defend themselves."

One of the most charming retreats known to me in Tasmania is on the banks of the Clyde. Mr. Glover, the distinguished artist, has left us some sketches of this romantic part of the interior. Twelve years before my visit to the beautiful home of Mr. Sherwin, the Natives had attacked the homestead of that gentleman. The outbuildings, and even the house itself, were fired by the tribe. While the farm-servants were busy in moving the flour from the burning store, the shrewd Blacks set fire to a neighbouring fence, by way of distracting the attention of the servants, and giving themselves easier access to the great object of attack,—the flour-bag. As usual, they did not remain to fight. They fired the premises, less as a measure of offence, than as a means of securing plunder. This partially secured, the band hastily retreated to the forest, and the unhappy settler mourned the loss of his property.

So bold an outrage excited the fears of the colonists, and increased that sense of insecurity which troubled every Bush household. The pen of the ready writer, the Governor, was instantly put in motion, and the following Order appeared in the *Gazette*, February 25th, 1830. After a detail of the circumstances on the Clyde, His Excellency assured his people that such outrages

"Demand simultaneous and energetic proceeding on the part of the settlers, who, it is to be regretted, have hitherto been too indifferent to the adoption of those obvious measures of protection, which are more or less within the means of almost every individual.

"The parties employed in aid of the police will be augmented, and in order to stimulate them to increased activity the Lieutenant-Governor has directed that a reward of five pounds shall be given for every

adult aboriginal native, and two pounds for every child, who shall be captured and delivered at any of the Police Stations.

"It surely is not too much to expect, that in every district the most respectable inhabitants will forthwith confer together upon the measures most desirable for their common security; and that they will act up to them with vigour and perseverance.

"His Excellency will, within a limited period, make a tour through the districts, to ascertain personally the individual effort which is made to give full effect to the measures which he now expects to be universally adopted.

"The repeated orders which have been put forth by this Government must convey the idea out of the colony that there exists a horde of savages in Van Diemen's Land, whose prowess is equal to their revengeful feelings, whereas every settler must be conscious that his foe consists of an inconsiderable number of a very feeble race, not possessing physical strength, and quite undistinguishable by personal courage, but who are undoubtedly more and more formidable from the success which has hitherto attended their unexpected and sudden attacks upon unarmed persons, almost defenceless.

"The Lieutenant-Governor feels assured that it is not necessary to repeat the strong injunction which the Government has invariably pressed upon the community generally, as well as upon the parties employed, more particularly, that every degree of humanity should be exercised toward the aboriginal natives, which is consistent with the overruling necessity of expelling them from the settled districts.

"By His Excellency's command,

"J. BURNETT."

The murder of Captain Thomas and his overseer, Mr. Parker, excited much interest in 1831. Captain Thomas was agent for the Van Diemen's Land Company's Establishment, and was well known to the Port Sorell tribe of his neighbourhood. The bodies of both gentlemen were found about a fortnight after they had been speared to death. The jury, at the inquest, returned this verdict: "We find that Bartholomew Boyle, Thomas and James Parker have been treacherously murdered by the three black Natives now in custody, aided and assisted by the residue of the tribe to which they belonged, known by the name of the Big River tribe, during the most friendly intercourse, whilst endeavouring to carry into effect the conciliatory measures recommended by the Government." The only evidence procured was that of a native woman, who professed to have been present at the murder.

There was much mystery in the case. Mr. McGeary, the best linguist among the roving parties after the Aborigines, protested that the crime was never committed by the three men, but by some of the supposed friendly Sorell tribe on the occasion of a quarrel. A letter from Launceston appeared in the paper of September 14th, giving the story of a native woman. She stated that both were armed, and were accompanied by some decoy females, for the capture of some Blacks. The rest is told in her own words: "White man and black man fight—white man kill black man—black man kill white man." Strange to say, the three supposed murderers were merely sent to Flinders Island, where they roamed freely with the other Aborigines.

One of the most stirring incidents in the history of the war is given in an official communication to the Colonial Secretary, dated August 25th, 1831, by Captain Moriarty, so well known and respected afterwards in the port of Hobart Town. It narrates the circumstances attending an attack upon an isolated homestead, and exhibits the heroism of a half-caste, Dalrymple Briggs. She was so named from being born at Port Dalrymple, and was the first of her race on the northern side. She had married a settler in the interior, and, in her contention with the Natives, forgot the blood of her own race, in her feelings as a wife and a mother. For six long hours did she sustain a siege, and nobly did she defend her position. It is customary for the historian to describe the strength of the beleaguered place, when detailing a succession of assaults. Our heroine fought behind no granite wall, nor was she shielded by a bomb-proof roof. Her castle was a simple slab hut; though the bark roof, fortunately for her, had been covered with a thick coating of mud and lime to keep out the weather. The story will be better told in the Captain's words:—

"There was no person in the hut, when the Natives first appeared, but a woman named Dalrymple Briggs, with her two female children, who, hearing some little noise outside, sent the elder child to see what was the matter, and hearing her shriek went out with a musket. On reaching the door, she found the poor child had been speared. The spear entered close up in the inner part of the thigh, and had been driven so far through as to create a momentary difficulty in securing the child from its catching against either door-post. Having effected this object,

she barricaded the door and windows, and availed herself of every opportunity to fire at the assailants, but—as they kept very close either to the chimney, or the stumps around the hut, and she had nothing but duck shot—with little effect, though she imagines she hit one of them. Their plan was evidently to pull down the chimney, and thus effect an entrance; but they were intimidated by her resolution. Finding this fail, they went off, and returned in about an hour. This interval had been employed by them in procuring materials and forming faggots, which, on their return, they kept lighting and throwing on the roof (to windward), with a view to burn her out. She, however, shook them off as fast as they threw them on, and maintained her position with admirable composure, till the return of Thomas Johnson, the stock-keeper, pointed out to them the necessity of a retreat."

So noble a defence called forth the warmest expressions of applause. The Governor was not the last to acknowledge her heroic conduct.

There is a story told, in connexion with the early American settlements, of a man whose house had been attacked by Indians during his absence, and who returned to find the ghastly remains of his wife and children amidst the smouldering embers of his hut. It was said that the man there and then solemnly devoted the rest of his life to revenge. Alone, he followed the trail of the savages. In silence he pursued the murderers of his family. Feverish with excitement, worn by fatigue, ill through exposure, he still went on, year after year, dealing a sure but stealthy blow upon any of the copper-coloured tribes. All attempts to divert his purpose were unavailing. He visited the settlements but to gain a fresh supply of ammunition. He said nothing of his exploits, though the Border rang with his deeds; and the Indians whispered low, as they spoke of the White-hairs sheltered by the Manitou from their scalping-knives. Something similar might be told of some in Van Diemen's Land, who had lost kindred by attack, and who, vowing vengeance against the whole race of Natives, were unsatiated by slaughter, and unrelenting in revenge.

One of the fortunate few who escaped from Macquarie Harbour, and eventually reached an asylum in the Backwoods of America, tells us in his autobiography of a desperate struggle with the

Natives in 1826. He was engaged as one of the convict crew of a small coaster, carrying round a party of ladies and gentlemen to the east coast. Landing for the night on East Bay Neck, a notable place for depredations at that period, he heard the stealthy approach of the bloodthirsty tribe, when his companions were asleep. Arousing the crew, and putting them upon their guard, he permitted the band of some forty marauders to near the fire, when, at a signal from him, a general discharge of muskets took place, which strewed the ground with dead and dying. Dreading a renewal of the attack, the gentlemen proceeded to spread themselves among the trees of the forest, and kept up an irregular fire to distract the attention of their enemies. Despatched upon a mission to the tent, wherein the ladies were staying for the night, the narrator of the story narrowly escaped a spear thrown at his crouching form. Fearful of exciting unnecessary alarm by firing at his adversary, he secreted himself till he came nearer. The attack is thus described: "I waited till he was within arm's length of me. In an instant our eyes met—his spear was uplifted. Another moment brought me to my feet, the tomahawk grasped firmly in my right hand. His look, as far as I could ascertain, was wild and ferocious, but I stood calm and collected. His eyes gave no evidence of fear, for they appeared like balls of fire. His raised spear descended first, but, happily for me, its point struck the steel buckle of my belt, opposite my breast. In the next instant, the tomahawk whirled round his head, and fell with a force which a head thicker than that of a savage could not resist, and, without a sigh, he fell dead to the ground."

It was lucky for one poor fellow that the Natives enjoy a sense of the ridiculous. A shepherd of Jerusalem—which lies in a carboniferous region, with the greenstone covering the coal, and not far from Jericho and the River Jordan—being oppressed with the indolence of his occupation, and the heat of the day, placed his gun against a tree and fell asleep. Some Blacks came softly round, took away the weapon, and, with a loud simultaneous shout, startled the Bushman from his dreams. He jumped up in a great fright, saw the Natives around, missed his gun, and stared in such indescribable confusion, that the risible faculties of the robbers were much excited; and so, after a hearty laugh at their intended victim, they permitted him to leave in safety.

In one of the most charming spots of Bagdad—the seat of an ancient overflow of basalt on the palæozoic floor, and, therefore, a fertile district now—was a farm belonging to Mr. Espie. One day the tribe attacked the overseer, a man of energy and tact. Quickly closing the door, and shouting loudly, he brought down one marauder with a shot. Then through holes in the slab sides of the hut he continued to fire, calling out in simulated voices, as if several were with him, and more than once letting part of his body be seen with a changed coat or cap, to impress the enemy with a sense of his strength of support. The *ruse* succeeded, and the discomfited warriors departed. Waiting a while, he opened his door, and saw the coast clear. He picked up the dead body which was left, and stuck it up in the hollow of a tree, with a spear in the chin to keep it upright. Years after, when Mr. Robinson was bringing some of his voluntary captives to the town, the skeleton in its hideous position was observed, and the leader, to the great satisfaction of his wild followers, took it down, and decently buried it. The disappointed foes, on leaving the overseer, had set fire to a store-hut on the farm, and destroyed a ton of flour, a thousand skins, and a quantity of butter.

Old George, whom I saw at Casterton, on the beautiful banks of the Glenelg of Victoria, is my informant for a story. In 1821 the Blacks in his neighbourhood, beyond the Norfolk Plains of the expatriated Norfolk Islanders, were very quiet and harmless. But a new overseer arriving at the station, a pretty gin was demanded. The chief, her husband, expostulated with the Englishman, but was brutally knocked down with the butt-end of a musket, and the tribe were forcibly driven off. "From that time," said George, "they became regular tigers, and speared right and left."

Three soldiers went out from their station at Fingal to spend the day kangarooing. They had only their dogs with them. Engaged in their sport, they all at once beheld an armed tribe stealthily surrounding them. Off they started, terror lending wings to flight, hotly pursued by the yelling spearsmen, who gave them a twelve miles' chase to their barracks.

Plunder was the primary object of attack. But many a hut was stripped by convict servants and others, and the offence charged upon the Aborigines. Mr. John Batman relates several instances of unfounded accusations. A letter from Ben Lomond,

also, says: "The report in the *Colonial Times* respecting the Natives plundering Mr. Bostock's shepherd is entirely false; and I am sorry to say similar falsehoods are daily spread, which oftentimes leads the parties astray who are in pursuit of the Blacks. Not a Black has been seen in these parts for two months past."

An old settler of the interior once told me that he had been confined to his bed with a splinter in his foot. Hearing Natives *coo-ey*, he sent a lad to reconnoitre, with injunctions to return, and not to call out. The lad was terrified, and hid himself. Johnstone got up, and looked out upon the advancing party. Forgetting his lameness, he rushed out and ran four miles off to Salt Pan Plains to where a shepherd kept a flock. The splinter came up through his foot with the violence of his running, but without his consciousness. Another informed me that he escaped through wearing an old shirt. His hut had been fired, and, as he tried to escape, he was seized by his shirt sleeve. The piece gave away, and he managed to get clear off.

A fine hill rises suddenly from the plain at the junction of the Blackman and Macquarie rivers, and goes by the name of Don's Battery. A man, called Don, being chased by some Natives, reached this rampart, and from its top defended himself for hours with such courage and success, that the wearied attacking mob left him the victor.

The most remarkable circumstance connected with the Black War is this, that, though the native women had been so cruelly treated by the Whites, the male Aborigines, though ready to inflict death by the spear, singularly enough abstained from outrages upon the persons of our females. A good authority has distinctly stated, "In all the incursions made by the Blacks into the settlements, *it has never been known that a single white woman has been violated by any of them.*" The only approach to this crime has been made by the half-civilized Natives, who invariably became the greatest ruffians in the war. It would seem that not until they became acquainted with the usages of *Christians* in warfare, could they be guilty of the atrocities that have stained the arms of Europe even in Christian lands themselves. The horrors of the Peninsular and Thirty Years' wars were heightened by this dreadful addition to the sufferings of women.

Spear-wounds, inflicted by a sharpened point of wood, were

far from being so severe as others, and in most cases, when not mortal, rapidly healed. The stick could be often withdrawn without the fatal consequences of the removal of the javelin from the breast of Epaminondas. Marvellous stories are given of the recovery of men left for dead, when transfixed by several spears. A Mrs. Cunningham was in her garden when a spear was thrown at her, which pierced her back. Catching up her child, she fled towards the house, but received another spear. A native came up and struck her down with a blow of his waddy, just as another spear was thrust into her body. She drew herself over her child, and in her senseless state had other spears thrust into her before the people left her for dead. Recovering consciousness, she was able to drag herself and her child to the house of a neighbour, and lived till the next morning.

Near the banks of the classic Isis, and within view of the snow-clad Ben Lomond, stood Elenthorpe Hall, the Ladies' Boarding School of the period, and conducted by Mr. and Mrs. G. C. Clark. Being situated in a lonely place, about half-way from Hobart Town to Launceston, some alarm was experienced by parents at a distance, lest their daughters should be forcibly carried off by the Bush warriors. As a means of protection, a military station was formed in its neighbourhood, so that Venus could be shielded by Mars.

When I stood at the head of the Jordan, near Jericho, which was then particularly infested with thieves,—for a probation party of several hundreds then occupied a position in that bleak retreat,—I heard a series of bloody tales from Mr. Salmon of that district. It was there, near Lemon's Lagoon, so called from a celebrated Bushranger, that Mrs. Gough, her child, and Ann Geary were killed. The Quoin and the lofty Table Mountain there were favourite haunts of the Natives, from which they made their descents upon stray colonists. A poor Jew lad had been betrayed into some *liaison* with a gin there, and was subsequently killed by the men. When his corpse was recovered, it was found horribly mutilated by the jealous people of the tribe; a portion of the body being found thrust into the mouth of the corpse. It was at no great distance that Mr. Jones, concerning whom a previous narrative has been given, became the subject of another attack, which is thus

described by himself at the inquest before Mr. Anstey, P.M. of Oatlands:—

"In November, 1826, I was attacked by a numerous tribe of Aborigines at my residence at Pleasant Place, in the parish of Rutland, in the county of Monmouth. On Thursday evening I left my wife and family at home, proceeding myself in search of some sheep, and returned about ten o'clock of the forenoon. I had scarcely entered my dwelling when my little boy came in crying that the Blacks were about; I seized my musket and went out, and saw two. I pursued them; when I got half-way to the tier, I saw about twenty Natives in ambush amongst some wattle trees. My wife was at the time standing at my door, with a loaded pistol in her hand, and called to me to come down, which I did. The Natives followed, swearing at me in good English. They now extended themselves, and as the trees were at that time standing close to the house, they singly skulked behind them. I was on the alert, for I observed one man on one side, and another one on the other side, with lighted bark in their hands; the women and children were up in the tier. I was much perplexed, for I was obliged constantly to run forwards and backwards. The centre of them worked down when they saw an opportunity.

"It had been a high flood the day before, and the water had scarcely left the marshes, so we were hemmed in on all sides, the river behind and the Blacks before us. Mrs. Jones had several times prevented the men from coming to the house by presenting her pistol at them, which so exasperated them that he who was taller than the rest, and seemed to be their chief, exclaimed in a great passion, in English, 'As for you, ma-am—as for you, ma-am, I will put you in the b——y river, ma-am;' and then he cut a number of capers. We had then with us a courageous and faithful little girl, who proposed to go upon a scrubby hill, about a mile distant, to tell the sawyers who were at work there, the dangers to which we were exposed; but we could not allow it, fearing she would be speared; it appeared afterwards that she had crawled along the fences, and succeeded in getting up to the sawyers. Guessing that she had proceeded thither, in about half an hour after we coo-eed, and were speedily answered by the men. The native women on the tier gave out signal, and the Blacks all fled. We pursued them, and I got

very close to one, when he stooped under the boughs of a fallen tree, and I could see no more of him. We came up to a spot where we found a fire, with some kangaroo half roasted. We then observed the Blacks ascending the second tier, and we quitted further pursuit, as it would not have been safe to leave the house and family unprotected. This engagement with the Natives lasted about four hours."

It must, however, be borne in mind, that a Guerilla warfare, which was dignified in Spain against the French, heroic against the Persians in Greece, and patriotic in the Tyrolese against Napoleon, was regarded in Van Diemen's Land as the blind fury of a nest of savages. Not so thought an old convict servant-man of mine, who, speaking of the bold deeds of the Ouse tribe, said, "They fought well. I admire their pluck. They knew they were the weaker, but they felt they were the injured, and they sought revenge against many odds. They were brave fellows. I'd have done the same." One tribe, that was once known to possess three hundred fighting men, was reduced in ten years to twenty-two.

There was little quarter on either side. The old writer Underhill, meeting the objections of timid or gentle persons against the Indian warfare, answers thus: "It may be demanded, Why should you be so furious? Should not Christians have more mercy and compassion? But I would refer you to David's war. When a people is grown to such a height of blood, and sins against God and man, and all confederates in the action, then he hath no respect to persons, but harrows them and saws them, and puts them to the sword, and the most terrible death that may be."

But we must really acquit the rough, convict Bushmen of Van Diemen's Land of being influenced by any of the pious sentiments governing the opinions, and hardening the hearts, of these citers of Old Testament history.

A Dutch historian of New Amsterdam, afterwards the New York of the United States, explains a colonial native difficulty: "In 1642, some Dutch traders, having sagaciously contrived to get an Indian drunk, robbed him of his valuable dress of beaver skins. In vengeance for this injury, the warriors killed two white men." A barbarous war was the result. But some hundreds fled to a tribe near the settlement of New Amsterdam. The

governor, Kieft, would not rest. "A band of soldiers and colonists was despatched on the horrid errand: the unsuspecting savages were surprised in their sleep, and more than one hundred of them were massacred in cold blood. The Indians living on the Hudson rose to revenge this cruel treachery, and were joined by the tribes of Long Island. A confederacy of eleven clans, numbering more than fifteen hundred warriors, was formed, and a furious war blazed wherever a Dutch settlement was to be found."

A little substitution of names would make this the record of the "Black War" of Van Diemen's Land.

The year 1831 presented appalling scenes before the colonists. Outrages were still in the ascendant. The exasperated Aborigines saw no hope before them, and seemed resolved to die as warriors that, in defending their land, were resolved to do the enemy as much mischief as possible. They seemed ubiquitous, from the rapidity of their march. The sky was illuminated by fires in various quarters. Spears were thrown here and there with such terrible energy, as apparently to multiply the forces of the Natives, and keep the country settlers in constant and harassing watchfulness. About one hundred and fifty men alone were sufficient to excite such alarm in the breasts of the members of a flourishing British colony.

The time of terror was well described to me by a colonist, who bore a trying part in the events of that period: "Thus they continued menacing the settlers," wrote he, "and murdering those that were found alone and unprotected; so that it was unsafe for a person to travel alone and without a gun, and the mind had to be made up beforehand as to which was the nearest house to run to, in case he was beset by the Blacks. He must not fire his gun, but keep them at bay by pointing it at them, for they had learnt that what they thought would go 'Pop, pop, pop,' would only pop once; and this being over, they would rush upon the unfortunate, and soon despatch him with their spears and waddies."

A similar state of fear among the North American settlers is related by Washington Irving, in these words: "It was a sleepless night in Winchester. Horror increased with the dawn: before the men could be paraded, a second messenger arrived, ten times more terrified than the former. The Indians were

within four miles of the town, killing and destroying all before them. He had heard the constant firing of the savages, and the shrieks of their victims. The terror of Winchester now passed all bounds. Washington put himself at the head of about forty men, militia and recruits, and pushed for the scene of carnage. The result is almost too ludicrous for record. The whole cause of the alarm proved to be three drunken troopers, carousing, hallooing, uttering the most unheard-of imprecations, and ever and anon firing off their pistols. The reported attack on the house of Isaac Julian proved equally an absurd exaggeration. The ferocious party of Indians turned out to be a Mulatto and a Negro in quest of cattle. They had been seen by a child of Julian, who alarmed his father, who alarmed the neighbourhood."

But while several of the alarms of the settlers of Van Diemen's Land were quite as senseless and ridiculous, there were real occasions for anxiety. The travelling postman in the month of November was met by five Natives, who sent a spear through his jacket. Bother Tom's hut was attacked in Bother Tom's Marsh, and a man speared while feeding pigs. On the 8th of June, a number robbed a hut on the Macquarie, wounded a woman, and beat to death a young woman of sixteen years, who was carrying a child at her breast. Fifty confronted four stout stock-keepers near Lake Echo, but had to fly off with decreased force. A shepherd, when milking a cow, had his head broken by waddies. One person recommended settlers to raise a parapet on their walls, behind which they could fire. Another suggested an improvement on this scheme,—that each house should have a trap-door in the roof, so that the females might thence escape to the top.

There was reasonable cause for uneasiness in the minds of out-station settlers. One, writing from the *Shannon*, March 8, 1831, says: "The whole of the inhabitants of this district have been thrown into the greatest alarm, in consequence of the repeated incursions of the aboriginal tribes. Neither barn nor dwelling-house is safe from their attacks. No person dare go any distance from his home without arms and his faithful companion the dog, the latter to give notice of the approach of the savages."

CHAPTER V.

THE LINE.

THE *Line*, the most formidable part of the Black War, was formed towards the close of 1830. It was not like the celebrated *Thin Red Line* of the Crimea, seen and seeing all the way, but a *cordon* of more unequal character, to drive the Aborigines into a corner of Tasmania.

History is not without parallels of a *Line* operation. A *levy en masse* for a similar purpose took place in Governor Macquarie's time. The Natives of New South Wales had been very troublesome; and, in 1816, General Macquarie summoned the colonists, with all available military and constabulary, and drove the Blacks before him beyond the Blue Mountains, with great slaughter. This may have suggested to the authorities of Van Diemen's Land the scheme eventually adopted there.

As has been stated, a remarkably hopeful Government paper appeared in August 1830, which urged the colonists not to hurt the well-disposed Natives, but rather give them a dinner, with smiles, and let them depart with a blessing. A reconsideration of the subject, after loud complaints of his people, induced Colonel Arthur to qualify his statement, and quiet the surges of public opinion. This produced Government Order 166, Aug. 27th, 1830:—

"The Lieut.-Governor has learned that the intention of the Government in issuing the notices Nos. 160 and 161, which appeared in the *Gazette* of last week, has been misinterpreted by some of the inhabitants of the districts in which the Natives have shown the most decided hostility.

"A friendly disposition having been slightly manifested by a tribe which had been hostile, His Excellency anxiously availed himself of the occasion to repeat the injunctions which have been uniformly expressed in the Orders and Instructions of the

Government, that the measures which are indispensable for the defence and protection of the settlers should be tempered with humanity, and that no measure of conciliation should be spared; but it was not intended to relax the most strenuous exertions to repel and to drive from the settled country those Natives who seize every occasion to perpetrate murders, and to plunder and destroy the property of the inhabitants."

The closing paragraph runs thus:—

"Any wanton attack against the *inoffensive* tribes in the west and south-west districts of the colony, or against the tribe inhabiting the adjacent islands, or against any Aborigines who manifest a disposition to conciliate and to surrender themselves, will undoubtedly be rigorously prosecuted; but it is not expected, much less required, that the settlers are calmly to wait in their dwellings to sustain the repeated and continued attacks of the tribes who are manifesting such a rancorous and barbarous disposition as has characterised their late proceedings;—they are by every possible means to be captured or driven beyond the settled district."

No one can fail to be convinced of the genuine benevolence of the Governor's character. With all his strength of will, or the assumed despotism of disposition, there was the power of kindness. Toward the feeble and distressed he ever exhibited gentleness, and even affection. Sensible of the hostility of the Natives, he sought sincerely and persistently to avert their destruction. He could not have been indifferent to that "resistless fate" which seemed overhanging the future of the tribes, nor regardless of European opinion and the judgment of posterity upon his own part in the final catastrophe. When, however, the trumpet-tongued appeals of the colony called for more decided action, he came forth to do all that a Governor could do for the relief of his subjects.

After much discussion, it was determined to depend no longer upon the feeble operations of the Roving Parties,—the *Five Pounds' Catchers*, as they were called,—but to make a more decided impression upon the enemy in extensive and simultaneous action, by which they might achieve wholesale captures; for, of course, no allusion could be made to the possible destruction of many. The plan proposed was, to station the military in certain centres of the settled districts, and to call upon the people to

volunteer their help in connecting themselves with any commander of these military parties they preferred. A charge was to be simultaneously made from these various foci of strength on the 7th of October, "one great and engrossing pursuit." No special rewards were offered, but sufficient inducements were hinted at by a Government known to possess the means to bestow prizes. This was not intended as a *Line* proceeding, though the forerunner of that military movement.

The Government Order calling for volunteers was issued from the Colonial Secretary's Office, September 9th, 1830.

GOVERNMENT ORDER.

"COLONIAL SECRETARY'S OFFICE,
Sept. 9th, 1830.

"The Lieutenant-Governor has considered with anxious interest the numerous representations of the settlers, expressive of their alarm, at the increasing boldness of the Natives, and of the danger in which their lives and property will be placed, unless additional protection be speedily afforded by the Government.

"2. But it is in vain to expect that the country can be freed from the incursions of the savage tribes which now infest it, unless the settlers themselves come forward, and zealously unite their best energies with those of the Government in making such a general and simultaneous effort as the occasion demands. The Lieutenant-Governor, therefore, calls upon every settler, whether residing on his farm or in a town, who is not prevented by some over-ruling necessity, cheerfully to render his assistance, and to place himself under the direction of the police magistrate of the district in which his farm is situated, or any other magistrate whom he may prefer; and His Excellency is convinced, that on an occasion so important, a sufficiently numerous volunteer force will thus be raised, that, in combination with the whole disposable strength of the military and police, and by one cordial and determined effort, will afford a good prospect of either capturing the whole of the hostile tribes, or of permanently expelling them from the settled districts.

"3. In making this call upon the inhabitants of the colony at large, the Lieutenant-Governor trusts, that whosoever embarks in the service will do so zealously and firmly, and that he will devote his whole mind and energies exclusively to insure its success. For as services of this kind have on some former occasions been greatly perverted, His Excellency is desirous of cautioning all those who feel the necessity of coming forward on the present occasion, that it is not a matter

of amusement or recreation, but a cause of the most important and serious kind, in which the lives and property of the whole community are more or less at stake.

"4. The utmost disposable military force will be stationed in a few days at those points in the interior which are most exposed to attack, or in which the Natives are most likely to be encountered. The whole force on the north side of the island is confided to the immediate charge of Captain Donaldson, who has already given the inhabitants of that part of the colony good reason to trust in the zeal and activity of the 57th Regiment. The force in the centre of the island, extending from Ross, north-east of St. Patrick's Head, and north-west to Auburn and the Lake River, is under the immediate direction of Captain Wellman, 57th Regiment. The force in the Bothwell district, extending north-west to the Lakes, and south to Hamilton township, is under the immediate orders of Captain Wentworth, 63rd Regiment. The force in the Lower Clyde, extending from Hamilton township, south-east to New Norfolk, is under the charge of Captain Vicary, 63rd Regiment. The force stationed at the Cross Marsh, and the confines of the Oatlands, Richmond, and Bothwell districts, is under the immediate orders of Captain Mahon, 63rd Regiment. The force in the district of Richmond, extending north to Jerusalem, north-east to Prosser's Plains, and east to the coast, is under the orders of Lieutenant Barrow, 63rd Regiment. The force in the district of Oyster Bay, extending south to Little Swan Port, north to the head of Swan River, and west to the Eastern Marshes, is under the orders of Lieutenant Aubin, 63rd Regiment; and, in order to give unity and vigour to the measures of the Government, the direction of the whole of the combined force thus employed, is confided to the charge of Major Douglas, 63rd Regiment, who is stationed at Oatlands, as the most central point of communication.

"5. The stations and residences of the several police magistrates are already well known, and with this general information no individual can be at a loss to decide to what party he will attach himself, so as to give the most effectual aid to the common cause.

"6. Any volunteer parties from Hobart Town will render the most essential service by joining the force in the district of New Norfolk, or the Clyde, or Richmond—those from Launceston, by strengthening the police to the westward of Norfolk Plains, or on the west bank of the Tamar, or in the country extending from Ben Lomond to George Town; while still more desirable service will be given by any parties who will ascend to the parts round the Lakes and Western Bluff, so as to intercept the Natives if driven into that part of the country; and any enterprising young men, who may have been accustomed to make incursions in the interior, and to endure the fatigues of the Bush,

will most beneficially promote the common cause by joining the small military parties at the out-stations, and in making patrol expeditions with them, and the services of all such will be readily accepted by the military officers in command of the several stations.

"7. To give time for the necessary arrangements, and to meet to the utmost the convenience of the community, His Excellency directs, that the general movement shall commence on Thursday, the 7th of October next; and in the meantime, every settler is enjoined to state to the police magistrate of his district, the number of men he can furnish properly equipped for the service, who will cheerfully conform to whatever instructions they may receive.

"8. The present roving parties will be augmented to the greatest possible extent; for which purpose, all the prisoners holding ticket-of-leave who are capable of bearing arms, are required to report themselves to the police magistrate of the district in which they reside, in order that they may be enrolled, either in the regular roving parties, or otherwise employed in the public service, under the instructions of their respective employers.

"9. The Surveyor-General will immediately issue orders to all the officers of his department, directing them to confer with the police magistrates and military officers of the districts in which they are employed, to impart generally every species of local and useful information, and to co-operate with their utmost zeal to give the best effect in their power to the measures of the Government.

"10. Though the native tribes of this island are well known to be, with few exceptions, extremely timid, flying with precipitation at the appearance of two or three armed persons, yet the numerous attacks they have made on defenceless habitations, and the cruel murders they have committed with impunity on the white population, have had the effect of rendering them daily more bold and crafty, until at last they have become so formidable, that the strongest possible united effort of the community is imperiously called upon to come forward and subdue them. All minor objects must for a time give way to this one great and engrossing pursuit; and as the combined forces of the volunteers, the military, and the police will be sufficiently numerous, almost immediately to ensure the perfect safety of a large portion of the interior, though every master of a family will be careful that the females and other defenceless inmates are nevertheless sufficiently protected in case of alarm, yet, at this season, between seed-time and harvest, every one will be able to contribute a certain number from his establishment, in order to increase the strength of the effective parties.

"11. Should success crown the contemplated measures, the Lieutenant-Governor earnestly enjoins, that the utmost tenderness and

humanity may be manifested towards whatever Natives may be captured, and, when in custody, that they may be dealt with as beings who have been deprived of the blessings of civilization, and have been actuated in their hostile attacks by a distressing misconception of the amicable disposition entertained towards them by the white population.

"12. On an occasion of this general nature, no individual is to expect any specific reward; but His Excellency hopes it is now well understood in the colony, that a service rendered to the public is never overlooked or forgotten by the Colonial Government.

"By His Excellency's command,

"J. BURNETT."

The Colonists were pleased with the decision of the Government. The *Hobart Town Courier*, of September 11, already saw, "by *anticipation*, crowds of these poor, benighted creatures marched into town." The editor sagely recommends the volunteers and military to seize upon the women and children, and then the men would surrender themselves. Perhaps he half fancied that the native males would place the tender ones in front, as the Persians did with the cats against the Egyptians. It was, however, admitted that at least thirty, that had been previously caught and well initiated in all our excellent English customs, were then with their Bush countrymen, and taking the lead by reason of their superior enlightenment.

But before the invitations of Colonel Arthur could be issued, a change in the arrangements occurred. The press and others had contended that it would be comparatively useless to have the war made at so many points, affording opportunities for the Natives, and by their superior Bush craft, to pass between the forces hither and thither, and so keep the colony in constant terror. Still, the inhabitants were anxious to co-operate with their rulers in any project offering relief.

A public meeting took place on September 22d, in the Court of Requests Room, ostensibly to make arrangements for the formation of a town-guard. The chairman of that court, J. Horne, Esq., brother of the celebrated English writer of that name, was requested to preside. The old gentleman has more than once told me his tale of the past. Anthony Fenn Kemp, Esq., one of the earliest officers in the colony, gave the audience

some particulars of the first attack, at Risdon, in 1804. Mr. Gellibrand, attorney, admonished the colonists not to shoot any Aborigines when they should be flying before them. Mr. Hackett doubted the ability of the dark race to know the wishes of Government, as not five white persons could speak their language.

The first resolution passed declared it the duty of every man cheerfully to contribute to the common cause every assistance in his power. The second suggested the means; that of personal service in the field, or performing the duties of the military during the absence of the latter from town. The third pledged the meeting to five weeks' service in the capital, dated from the 2d of October. The fourth urged the propriety of the inhabitants selecting their own particular scene of duty, and the election of their officers. The last resolution was concerning the nomination of fifteen persons to form a committee, six of whom were to wait upon the Governor. Two dozen gentlemen, however, volunteered to take the battery guard, if independent of this general committee.

There was not unanimity of opinion. Mr. Gregson, a barrister of no mean talent and oratorical power, had been opposed to Government on political grounds, and took legal exception to their mode of procedure, contending that such a warlike demonstration was uncalled for, and that the Natives, as real masters of the soil, ought not to be forced from the territory bequeathed to them by their fathers, and now usurped by the British crown. He would not, therefore, go himself, nor would he permit one of his servants "to follow to the field some warlike Lord." His opponents professed to be surprised that a gentleman owning such dignified, moral, and correct sentiments, should continue to hold a fine estate, as he did, upon a title granted by public robbers of a nation, and urged him to leave a land desecrated by such violation of the rights of man and honour of civilization.

The Governor felt himself strengthened by the moral support of his subjects, and modified and expanded his original views. Instead of a number of separate and unsupported, though simultaneous, operations over the whole of the settled districts, comprehending three-fourths of the island, it was resolved to make one grand, united effort to capture the Oyster Bay and Big River tribes, by drawing a line from Waterloo Point on

the east to Lake Echo on the west, and driving the Blacks into Tasman's Peninsula.

An inspection of the map of Tasmania will enable the reader to understand the position, and comprehend the scheme developed in the order of September 25th, 1830. A more careful study of the map will enable him to trace the operations of the several divisions during the period prescribed. He cannot fail to be struck with the military sagacity of the authorities, and their care to avoid the risk of failure.

The Survey Department was severely taxed on this occasion, as everything depended upon a knowledge of the country. But therein lay the weakness of the scheme. It was long before the days of trigonometrical survey in the colony, so well conducted afterwards by Governor Denison. Notwithstanding such zealous officers as Messrs. Evans and Frankland were then at the head of that department, little progress had been made. Men took up land before survey, and the adjustment of acreage between neighbours was an established source of contention. Even prominent points of physical features were incorrectly laid down; and we have but to compare the map of the period with the one issued by Messrs. Walch of Hobart Town, to comprehend the survey difficulties of Colonel Arthur. As it was impossible to do better at the time, the leaders of parties were each provided with a copy of the little map published by Dr. Ross, editor of the *Courier*, by which they were expected to guide their march. To appreciate the obstacles meeting the adventurous trackers, the nature of the country should be understood.

To illustrate the difficulties of Bush exploration in Tasmania, the relation of an experience of the writer may be pardoned. It was in 1842 that much excitement prevailed in Hobart Town, about a Fall two hundred feet in depth, which was almost in sight of the settlement. Accompanied by my friend Mr. George Washington Walker, the ex-Quaker Missionary, so called, and others, under the guidance of Mr. Dickenson, the florist, I went to visit this wonderful sight. The only way then known, and that which we had to follow, was first to ascend Mount Wellington, climbing over dislocated masses of greenstone rocks, crossing fallen trees of huge magnitude, and piercing a thicket that was an enemy to broad-cloth. Passing over the mountain, we came

to a narrow river, issuing from the Saddle, and finding its exit in North-west Bay. There was little water, fortunately, as our only path was in its bed, leaping from rock to rock, and occasionally dropping into its icy stream. Again and again we tried the margin, but were repulsed at every trial. So dense was the scrub, that the guide assured us that with a tomahawk, in a similar place, he could make but a quarter of a mile's progress in eight hours.

It was while resting at the summit of the Falls, surrounded by the wild triumphs of Nature, that I heard the story of a lost one. A young acquaintance of mine had gone to sea. In one voyage he came to Hobart Town. Attracted by the beauty of Mount Wellington, and believing it easy of access, he and a mate started away from the vessel, carrying a few biscuits with them. Five days had passed without their return, though soldiers were sent from town with bugles, and constables with fire-arms, to attract the ears of the lost sailors. At length a man ploughing near Brown's River, quite on the other side of the range, observed a human form slowly creeping through the forest. It was the unfortunate young man, in almost senseless exhaustion. Two days passed before he was capable of telling his story. They had gained the top, but missed their way downward. The biscuits were soon consumed, and the hunger of the Bush assailed them. After losing their clothing, and experiencing severe wounds, from the sharp rocks and thorny forest, they came to the head of a great waterfall—the spot where our party were camping. There one of them, whose mind had been wandering for some time, suddenly shrieked out "Mother!" darted on one side, and was never seen again. His skeleton has not been discovered. How the survivor got down he knew not; but the effect upon the poor fellow was sad enough for years after.

This was partly the sort of country to be threaded by three thousand people, with inadequate appliances, in an enterprise requiring the utmost circumspection, and against a people sagacious as Indians in forest lore, and whose dark bodies would be indistinctly observed in the obscurity of a Bush so impervious to sunlight.

The Government Order, here printed *in extenso*, described the routes as well as they could be indicated then. The study of these will interest too few to need further remark. The object

was to drive the Natives from other parts into the county of Buckingham, then forming the southern, settled side of the island, and through that to the neck of Forrestier's Peninsula.

This isthmus of land, called East Bay Neck, is rather flat, and only a few hundred yards in width. It could, according to the scientific opinion of Sir William Denison, be easily cut through, and so save a dangerous passage to Hobart Town round Tasman's Peninsula, and through the Storm Bay. It unites to the main the peninsula of Forrestier, so called by Commodore Baudin after the French Minister of Marine. That again is connected with Tasman's Peninsula by Eagle Hawk Neck, a smaller isthmus than the other. At the time that Tasman's Peninsula was occupied by convict penal stations, to prevent runaways getting into Forrestier's Peninsula, and so on to the main, fierce dogs were chained across Eagle Hawk Neck, in addition to the guard of soldiers. East Bay Neck was placed in Admiral D'Entrecasteaux's charts as a channel, connecting Tasman's Frederick Henry Bay and the Storm Bay, and making Tasman's Peninsula, Tasman's Island. Though flat, its immediate neighbourhood is high land, and scrubby, miserable country. The rocks are chiefly silurian and carboniferous strata, broken by granite hills, pierced by greenstone veins, or altered by basaltic contact to a geometrical parallelism, like the tesselated pavement of Eagle Hawk Neck. A bay divides the Forrestier's Peninsula from the granite land of the east coast, terminating in Schouten's Island, two-thirds of which consists of granite and one-third of greenstone. Its neighbouring peninsula, Tasman's, exhibits the volcanic element in great force, causing disruptions among its anthracitic coal beds.

In the arrangements of the *Line*, Mr. Dodge was to be despatched to the peninsula for observation on its coast. But, said Colonel Arthur, "Mr. Dodge is on no account whatever to make any movement which could by chance drive back to the main a single Native, who would otherwise have gone on to the Peninsula. He is not to run such a risk even for the sake of capturing a few on the Neck; for should one Native escape back, he would be the means of preventing others from attempting to pass the Neck." It so happened that Mr. Dodge was spared the temptation. However, the few settlers on the Peninsula were compelled to withdraw.

The Government Order expressed a desire for the magistrates to get the force organized in parties of ten, with a leader and guide. The military commanders were to be accompanied by some of the roving parties that had been out after the Blacks, and who were, therefore, judged valuable auxiliaries to the movement. The *Ticket-of-Leave* men, as occupying the first social step toward freedom, were to be treated with more distinction than the ordinary convicts, who would be in the field as assigned servants of patriotic settlers; magistrates were to give each prisoner a written pass with his division described, and exercise discretion about entrusting some with fire-arms. Fires were to be kept burning on certain hills, as marks to steer by.

Mr. Surveyor-General Frankland has the credit of forming the general outline of the scheme, though ably assisted by Major Shaw.

The change of policy astonished many, while approved of by most. The idea of the *Line* was a source of merriment with those who were the political enemies of Government. One of the heroes of the times, whom I knew in Melbourne afterwards, explained the scheme thus: "Look here—it was just like this. Suppose I said I would catch all the fish coming down the Yarra, and put a little net in the middle, leaving all the rest of the stream open, I guess I wouldn't catch many." Mr. Gregson ridiculed the whole affair, as like climbing up Mount Wellington, 4,000 feet high, for an easy way to get whales by harpooning from its summit. The *Launceston Advertiser* was delighted to have an opportunity of attacking the authorities by a hit at the editor of the semi-official paper, the *Hobart Town Courier*, that had just then, by arrangement, announced the plan that should be adopted, and which was gazetted a day or two only after.

"While we give," says the *Advertiser* of September 27th, "to the kind-hearted, and worthy, but invisible editor of the *Courier* every credit for his advice of a *Cordon* to catch the Blacks, and then to place them on Tasman's Peninsula, we must just say that it is one of those visionary schemes to be wished for, but not practicable. It no doubt reads very prettily thus: 'Let a cordon be drawn across the island early in the morning, and before night drive all the Blacks in that division up in one corner; and mind, men, do not shoot or hurt one, but catch them

all alive, oh! and be very careful you don't hurt them, and if they should attempt to run away from you, tell them to stop or you will certainly shoot, and the bare words will arrest them, only you must first learn them the language in which it is spoken.' It is little better than idiocy to talk of surrounding and catching a group of active *naked*—mind, *naked*—men and women, divested of all burdens of all sorts," &c.

The English reader must not be harsh in his judgment upon the condition of the colonial press, after reading the paragraph just quoted, as that, in all probability, was the work of the proprietor of the paper, a political tradesman of Launceston.

The Sydney *Australian* of October has the following article upon that month's intended movements in the southern isle: "We call the present warfare against a handful of poor, naked, despicable savages, a HUMBUG in every sense of the word. Every man in the island is in motion, from the Governor downwards to the meanest convict. The mercer dons his helmet, and deserts his counter, to measure the dimensions of the butcher's beef, or the longitude of his own tapes with his broadsword. The farmer's scythe and reaping-hook are transmuted to the coat of mail and bayonet! The blacksmith, from forging shoes for the settler's nag, now forges the chains to enslave, and whets the instruments of death!! These are against savages whose territory in point of fact this very armed host has usurped!! Savages who have been straitened in their means of subsistence by that very usurpation!!! Savages who knew not the language, nor the meditations of their foes, save from the indiscriminate slaughter of their own people."

The *Sydney Gazette* of October 30th asks the pertinent question: "Are those who sneer at the measures adopted by the authorities of the Sister Colony, prepared to say that atrocities like these, and numerous others which the public journals record daily, should not be put a stop to?" The editor declares that our islanders were different from the Blacks of New South Wales, being "fierce and vindictive, shunning the society of the settlers, and seemingly conscious that their territory has been usurped."

But no longer to keep the particulars from the reader, the official document is herewith furnished. Its date, as has been mentioned, is September 25th, and the proceedings of the *Line* were to commence twelve days after:—

"COLONIAL SECRETARY'S OFFICE,
September 25th, 1830.

"1. The community being called upon to act *en masse* on the 7th October next, for the purpose of capturing those hostile tribes of the Natives which are daily committing renewed atrocities upon the settlers; the following outline of the arrangements which the Lieutenant-Governor has determined upon, is published, in order that every person may know the principle on which he is required to act, and the part which he is to take individually in this important transaction.

"2. Active operations will at first be chiefly directed against the tribes which occupy the country south of a line drawn from Waterloo Point east to Lake Echo west, including the Hobart, Richmond, New Norfolk, Clyde, and Oatlands Police districts,—at least, within this county the military will be mainly employed, the capture of the Oyster Bay and Big River tribes, as the most sanguinary, being of the greatest consequence.

"3. In furtherance of this measure, it is necessary that the Natives should be driven from the extremities within the settled districts of the county of Buckingham, and that they should subsequently be prevented from escaping out of them; and the following movements are therefore directed:—First, to surround the hostile native tribes; secondly, to capture them in the county of Buckingham, progressively driving them upon Tasman's Peninsula; and thirdly, to prevent their escape into the remote unsettled districts to the westward and eastward.

"4. Major Douglas will, on the 7th October, cause the following chain of posts to be occupied, viz. from the coast near St. Patrick's Head, to the source of the St. Paul's River, and by that river and the South Esk, to Epping Forest and Campbell Town. This line being taken up, the parties composing it will advance in a southerly direction towards the Eastern Marshes, and will thoroughly examine the country between their first stations and the head of the Macquarie, and on the afternoon of the 12th of October they will halt with their left at a mountain on the Oyster Bay Tier, on which a large fire is to be kept burning, and their right extending towards Malony's Sugar Loaf. To effect this movement, Major Douglas will reinforce the post at Avoca, and this force, under the orders of Captain Wellman, will be strengthened by such parties as can be despatched by the Police Magistrate of Campbell Town, and by the roving parties under Mr. Batman, and will receive the most effectual co-operation from Major Gray, who will, no doubt, be warmly seconded by Messrs. Legge, Talbot, Grant, Smith, Gray, Hepburn, Kearney, Bates, and all other settlers in that neighbourhood.

"5. Major Douglas will also, on the 7th October, form a chain of posts from Campbell Town, along the south-west bank of the Macquarie to its junction with the Lake River. These parties will then advance in a southerly direction, carefully examining the Table Mountain range on both its sides, and the banks of the Lake River, and they will halt on the afternoon of the 12th, with their left at Malony's Sugar Loaf, and their right at Lackey's Mill, which position will already be occupied by troops from Oatlands. In this movement Major Douglas will receive the co-operation of the Police Magistrate of Campbell Town, who will bring forward upon that portion of the line extending from the high road, near Kimberley's, on the Salt Pan Plains, to Malony's Sugar Loaf, the force contributed by Messrs. Willis, W. Harrison, Pearson, Jellicoe, Davidson, M'Leod, Leake, Clarke, Murray, Horne, Seardon, Kermode, Parramore, Harton, Scott, Dickenson, R. Davidson, Cassidy, Eagle, Gardiner, Robertson, Hill, Forster, with any other settlers from that part of his district, while that portion of his line extending from Lackey's Mill to Kimberley's will be strengthened by Messrs. G. C. Clarke, G. C. Simpson, Sutherland, Ruffey, Gatenby, G. Simpson, C. Thompson, H. Murray, Buist, Oliver, Malcolm, Taylor, Mackersey, Bayles, Stewart, Alston, Bibra, Corney, Fletcher, Young, O'Connor, Yorke, and any other settlers resident in that part of the district, who will on their march have examined the east side of the Table Mountain.

"6. In order to obviate confusion in the movements of this body, the Police Magistrate will, without delay, ascertain the strength of the force which will be brought into the field, and having divided it into parties of ten, he will nominate a leader to each, and will attach to them experienced guides for directing their marches, and he will report these arrangements to Major Douglas, when completed. The remainder of the forces under Major Douglas will, on the afternoon of the 12th, take up their position on the same line, extending from the Oyster Bay Range to the Clyde, south of Lake Crescent, over Table Mountain; its right, under the command of Captain Mahon, 63rd Regiment, resting on the Table Mountain, passing to the rear of Michael Howe's Marsh; its left, under Captain Wellman, 57th Regt., at a mountain in the Oyster Bay Tier, where a large fire will be seen; its right centre, under Captain Macpherson, 17th Regiment, extending from Malony's Sugar Loaf to Captain Mahon's left; and its left centre, under Captain Bailie, 63rd Regt., extending from Malony's Sugar Loaf to Captain Wellman's right.

"7. Major Douglas's extreme right will be supported by the roving parties, and by the Police of the Oatlands districts, which, together with the volunteer parties formed from the district of Oatlands, will be mustered by the Police Magistrate, in divisions of ten men, and he

will nominate a leader to each division, and will attach experienced guides for conducting the march, and he will report his arrangement, when completed, to Major Douglas, in order that this force may be placed in the right of the line, to which position it will file from Oatlands, by the pass over Table Mountain.

"8. Between the 7th and 12th October, Lieutenant Aubin will thoroughly examine the tier extending from the head of the Swan River, north, down to Spring Bay, the southern extremity of his district, in which duty he will be aided in addition to the military parties stationed at Spring Bay and Little Swan Port, by Captains Maclaine and Leard, Messrs. Meredith, Hawkins, Gatehouse, Buxton, Harte, Amos, Allen, King, Lyne, and all settlers in that district, and by Captain Glover and Lieutenant Steele, with whatever force can be collected at the Carlton, and at Sorell by the Police Magistrate of that district.

"In occupying this position, the utmost care must be taken that no portion of this or any other force shows itself above the tiers south of Spring Bay, before the general line reaches that point, and that the constables at East Bay Neck, and the settlers on the Peninsula, must withdraw before the 7th October, in order that nothing may tend to deter the native tribes from passing the Isthmus. On the 12th Lieut. Aubin will occupy the passes in the tier which the Natives are known most to frequent, and will communicate with the extreme left of Major Douglas's line, taking up the best points of observation, and causing at the same time a most minute reconnaisance to be kept upon the Schouten's in case the Natives should pass into that Peninsula, as they are in the habit of doing, either for shell-fish or eggs, in which case he will promptly carry into effect the instructions with which he has already been furnished.

"9. Captain Wentworth will, on the 4th October, push a strong detachment under the orders of Lieutent Croly, from Bothwell, towards the Great Lake, for the purpose of thoroughly examining St. Patrick's Plains, and the banks of the Shannon, extending its left on retiring to the Clyde, towards the Lagoon of Islands, and its right towards Lake Echo. This detachment will be assisted by the roving parties under Sherwin and Doran, and by the settlers residing on the Shannon.

"10. Captain Wentworth will also detach the troops at Hamilton township under Captain Vicary, across the Clyde, to occupy the western bank of the Ouse. For this service every possible assistance will be afforded by the parties formed from the establishments of Messrs Triffith, Sharland, Marzetti, Young, Dixon, Austin, Burn, Jamieson, Shone, Risely, and any other settlers in that district, together with any men of the Field Police, who may be well acquainted with that part of the country.

"11. A small party of troops under the command of Lieutenant Murray, will also be sent up the north bank of the Derwent, to scour the country on the west bank of the Ouse. This detachment will be strengthened by any parties of the police or volunteers that can be supplied by the Police Magistrates of New Norfolk, and from Hobart Town.

"12. These three detachments under the orders of Captn. Vicary, Lieut. Croly, and Lieut. Murray, after thoroughly scouring the country, especially the Blue Hill, and after endeavouring to drive towards the Clyde whatever tribes of Natives may be in those quarters, will severally take up their positions on the 12th October, as follows: viz. Lieut. Croly's force will rest its left on the Clyde, where Major Douglas's extreme right will be posted, and its right at Sherwin's. Captn. Vicary's left will rest at Sherwin's, and his right at Hamilton; Lieut. Murray's left at Hamilton, and his right on the high road at Allanvale, and his whole line occupying that road.

"13. The parties of volunteers and ticket-of-leave men from Hobart Town and its neighbourhood, will march by New Norfolk, for the purpose of assisting Captn. Wentworth's force, in occupying the Clyde; and they will be rendering a great service by joining that force in time to invest the Blue Hill, which will be about the 10th of October.

"14. The Police Magistrate of New Norfolk will reserve from among the volunteers and ticket-of-leave men, a sufficient force to occupy the pass which runs from the high road, near Downe's by Parson's Valley, to Mr. Murdoch's on the Jordan, and on the 9th of Octr. he will move these bodies by the Dromedary mountain, which he will cause to be carefully examined towards that pass, which, on the afternoon of the 10th, he will occupy, taking care so to post his parties, as to prevent the Natives passing the chain on being pressed from the northward.

"15. Captain Donaldson will, with as little delay as possible, make arrangements for advancing from Norfolk Plains towards the country on the west bank of the Lake River, up to Regent's Plains and Lake Arthur, driving in a southerly direction any of the tribes in that quarter. He will also push some parties over the Tier to the Great Lake, so as to make an appearance at the head of the Shannon and of the Ouse; and on the 12th of October his position will extend from Sorell Lake to Lake Echo, by St. Patrick's Plains. In this important position he will remain, with the view of arresting the flight of any tribes towards the west, which might possibly pass through the first line. And as the success of the general operations will so much depend upon the vigilant guard to be observed over this tract of country, the Lieutenant-Governor places the utmost confidence in Captain Donaldson's exertions, in effectually debarring the escape of

the tribes in this direction; for which purpose he will withdraw, if he thinks proper, the detachment at Westbury, and will concentrate his forces on the position described. In this service Captain Donaldson will be supported by all the force that can be brought forward by the Police Magistrates of Launceston and Norfolk Plains, in addition to that which can be contributed by the settlers in those districts.

"16. It may be presumed that, by the movements already described, the Natives will have been enclosed within the Settled Districts of the county of Buckingham.

"17. On the morning of the 14th Octr. Major Douglas will advance the whole of the northern division, in a south-easterly direction, extending from the Clyde to the Oyster Bay range; Captain Mahon being on his right, Captains Macpherson and Baillie in his centre, and Captain Welham on his left, while Lieutenant Aubin will occupy the crests of the Tiers. The left wing of Major Douglas's division will move along the tier nearly due south, to Little Swan Port River, the left centre upon Mr. Hobbs's stock-run, the right centre upon the Blue Hill Bluff, and the right wing to the Great Jordan Lagoon.

"Having thoroughly examined all the tiers and the ravines on its line of march, the division will reach these stations on the 16th, and will halt on Sunday, 17th Octr.

"18. A large fire will be kept burning on the Blue Hill Bluff, from the morning of the 4th until the morning of the 8th as a point of direction for the centre, and by which the whole line will be regulated.

"19. On Monday, the 18th, Major Douglas's division will again advance in a south-easterly direction, its left moving upon Prosser's River, keeping close to the tier, its centre upon Prosser's Plains to Olding's hut, its right upon Mosquito Plain and the north side of the Brown Mountain, which stations they will reach respectively on the evening of the 20th, and where they will halt for further orders, taking the utmost care to extend the line from Prosser's Bay, so as to connect the Parties with the Brown Mountain, enclosing the Brushy Plains, with the hills called the Three Thumbs, in so cautious a manner, that the Natives may not be able to pass them.

"20. From the morning of the 18th to the 22nd, a large fire will be kept burning on the summit of the Brown Mountain, to serve as a point of direction for Major Douglas's right and Captain Wentworth's left.

"21. On the morning of the 14th of October, the western division under the orders of Captain Wentworth, formed on the banks of the Clyde, will enter the Abyssinian Tier, and after thoroughly examining every part of that range, will move due east to the banks of the

Jordan, with its left at Bisdee's, Brodribb's, and Jones's farms. Its centre at the Green Ponds, and its right at Murdoch's farm at the Broad Marsh, which stations they will severally gain on Saturday evening, the 16th of October, and where they will halt on the 17th (Sunday).

"22. Whenever Captn. Wentworth's forces move from the Clyde to the eastward, those settlers who do not join him will invest the road of the Upper and Lower Clyde, and will keep guard on it during the remainder of the operations, extending their left through Miles's opening, to Mr. Jones's farm.

"23. On Monday, the 18th, the western division will advance its left, which will connect with the right of the northern division by Spring Hill, the Lovely Banks, and the Hollow Tree Bottom, to Mr. Rees's farm, on the west side of the Brown Mountain, its centre over Constitution Hill, and the Bagdad Tier, and by the Coal River Sugar Loaf to Mr. Smith's farm at the junction of the Kangaroo and Coal Rivers, its right over the Mongalare Tier, through Bagdad and the Tea Tree Brush to Hyne's and Troy's farms on the Coal River, which stations they will respectively reach on the afternoon of the 20th, and when they will halt till further orders.

"24. Whenever the right wing of Captain Wentworth's division shall have reached Mr. Murdoch's on the Jordan, Mr. Dumaresq will abandon the pass at Parson's Valley, and will extend itself on Captn. Wentworth's extreme right, advancing with that force until it occupies the Coal River, from Captn. Wentworth's right to the mouth of the river. A post of observation will be stationed on the mountain called 'Gunner's Quoin' near the Tea Tree Brush.

"25. The Assistant Commissary General will provide rations at the undermentioned stations, viz. :—

Waterloo Point
Malony's Sugar Loaf
Lackey's Mill
Under the Bluff of Table Mountain
Bothwell
Hamilton
New Norfolk
Murdoch's (Jordan)
Brighton
Cross Marsh
Hobb's (Little Swan Port River)
Mr. Farlesse's
Nicholas's on the Ouse
Green Ponds
Bisdee's farm
Richmond
Mr. Rees's, Kangaroo River
Olding's, Prosser's Plains
Captain M'Laine's, Spring Bay
Lieutenant Hawkins's, Little Swan Port
Oatlands
Tier, west of Waterloo Port
Jones's hut, St. Patrick's Plains
Captain Wood's hut, Regent's Plains
Mr. Geo. Kemp's hut, Lake Sorell
Michael Howe's Marsh

"The arrangement at the different depots, for the conveyance of rations and stores to the parties employed, will be undertaken by

Mr. Scott, Mr. Wedge, and Mr. Sharland; and as the leader of each party will be a respectable individual, he will keep a ration-book, in which he will insert his own name, and the names of all his party, which on his presenting at any of the depots, stating the quantity required, the respective store-keepers will issue the same, taking care that no greater quantity than seven days' supply, consisting of the following articles per *diem*, viz., three ounces of sugar, half an ounce of tea, two pounds of flour, and one pound and a half of meat, for each person, shall be issued at one time to any party.

" 25. The inhabitants of the country generally are requested not to make any movements against the Natives within the circuit occupied by the troops, until the general line reaches them; and the residents of the Jordan and Bagdad line of road will render the most effectual assistance by joining Captain Wentworth's force while yet on the Clyde.

" 26. The Assigned Servants of settlers will be expected to come to muster, provided each with a good pair of spare shoes, and a blanket, and seven days' provisions, consisting of flour or biscuit, salt meat, tea, and sugar; so, also, prisoners holding tickets-of-leave; but these latter, where they cannot afford it, will be furnished with a supply of provisions from the Government magazines.

" 27. It will not be necessary that more than two men of every five should carry fire-arms, as the remaining three can very advantageously assist their comrades in carrying provisions, &c.; and the Lieutenant-Governor takes this opportunity of again enjoining the whole community to bear in mind that the object in view is not to injure or destroy the unhappy savages against whom these movements will be directed, but to capture and raise them in the scale of civilization, by placing them under the immediate control of a competent establishment, from whence they will not have it in their power to escape and molest the white inhabitants of the Colony, and where they themselves will no longer be subject to the miseries of perpetual warfare, or to the privations which the extension of the settlements would progressively entail upon them were they to remain in their present unhappy state.

" 28. The Police Magistrates, and the masters of Assigned Servants, will be careful to entrust with arms only such prisoners as they can place confidence in, and to ensure regularity, each prisoner employed will be furnished by the police magistrate with a pass, describing the division to which he is attached, and the name of its leader, and containing the personal description of the prisoner himself.

" By His Excellency's command,

" J. BURNETT."

The field command was placed in the hands of Major S. Douglas, with divisions under the authority of the following captains:—Donaldson, Moriarty, Wentworth, Mahon, Vicary, Baillie, Wellman, Macpherson, Glover, Maclaine, and Clark; aided by Lieutenants Aubin, Barrow, Steel, Croly, Murray, Pedder, Ovens, Champ, and Groves. Lieut.-Colonel Logan was left in charge of the head-quarters in Hobart Town. Mr. D. A. C. G. Browne and Mr. Lemprière were in charge of the commissariat department. Dr. Bedford, the able son of the chaplain, was appointed medical officer to the expedition.

In the beginning of 1830, Major Douglas was stationed at the capital with three captains, three lieutenants, two ensigns, eleven sergeants, seven corporals, nine drummers, and one hundred and fifty-five privates of the 63d Regiment. There were also there a major, and a comparative number of officers, with one hundred and seventy-six privates of the 40th Regiment. At Launceston there were a captain, a sergeant, three corporals, and forty-three privates of the 57th Regiment. Of the latter regiment eleven were at Perth, seventeen at George Town, and thirty at Westbury. In addition to those of the 63rd in Hobart Town, there were sixty-three at Macquarie Harbour, thirty-four at Ross, twenty at St. Paul's Plains, thirty-four at Oatlands, thirty at New Norfolk, thirty at Hamilton, forty at Bothwell, twenty-five at Pittwater, and forty-seven at Oyster Bay. In all, there were two field-officers, eight captains, seventeen subalterns, four staff-officers, forty-two sergeants, thirty-two corporals, eleven drummers, and seven hundred and eleven privates. They were distributed over the island, so as to control the penal establishments, and protect the settlers from the incursions of Bushrangers and of the Aborigines. That year an addition of part of the 17th Regiment arrived.

Among the leaders of parties co-operating with the military and magistracy were Messrs. Walpole, G. Robertson, Wedge, Emmett, Brodribb, Sherwin, J. Batman, H. Batman, Tortosa, Pearce, Massey, Myers, Hobbs, Semott, Layman, G. Scott, Monisby, Allison, Franks, Flaxmore, G. Evans, Hunison, Cox, Allison, Armytage, Russell, Thomas, Jones, Patterson, Kimberley, Espie, Lackay, Stansfield, Cawthorne, Cassidy, Mills, Proctor, Stacey, Steele, Symott, Shone, McDonald, Gatehouse, Dodge, Currie, Kirby, Lloyd, Billett, Cottrell, Ritchie, Moriarty, Herring, Lawrence, Gray, Gibson, Brumby, Pyke, Griffiths, Darke,

Campbell, Henderson, Saltmarsh, Christian, Bonney, Giblin, Collins, Smith, White, Ralston, Adams, A. McDonald, H. McDonald, Hayse, Laing, Spratt, Geiss, Ramsey, Cæsar, Clark, Barker, Heywood, Brown, Tully, Ring, C. Walker, Shulty, Donaghue, Hawthorn, Cunningham, Doran, Brodie, Allardyce, Ballantyne, Colbert, Milton, Howells, Green, Nicholas, Fisher, Mason. Captain Vicary and Captain Moriarty were supposed to be in charge of the roving parties. Mr. Franks was chief guide in the Oatlands district.

There were 119 leaders of parties, with a guide to each, making other 119. In addition to the array of soldiers, and hundreds of constabulary, there were 738 convict assigned servants attached to the Line. A considerable number of free labouring men ranged themselves in the parties. Ticket-of-leave men assembled. Altogether, there were about three thousand men engaged in the *Line* operations. A noble gathering of Tasmanian born youths took an active part in the field, as skirmishers in front, and proved their excellent Bush qualities.

The commissariat arrangements were efficiently managed by the Deputy Assistant Commissary General Browne, more successfully than by his namesake in the Crimea. Drays and packhorses were engaged for the conveyance of provisions, and peremptory orders were issued that none were to leave the *Line* for rations. Several days' allowance was carried by each man. There were, however, instances of persons being a day or two with empty knapsacks, but less than the difficult character of the country might have been expected to occasion. Boots were in great demand, though due notice was given for each man to bring a couple of pairs with him. The rocks played sad havoc with the leather. Thus we have Captain Mahon writing to Major Douglas on the route: "I have worn out two new pairs of strong boots since I left Oatlands, and in a few more days I shall, I fear, be as naked as the men." Trousers and jackets were also in heavy demand. I copied a hastily-written note of the Governor's to the Colonial Secretary in town, begging for speedy transmission of 140 pairs of trousers, 90 pairs of boots, and 50 jackets, with this remark: "The men employed in the roving parties I find almost *destitute of clothing*, from their having been employed almost incessantly in scouring the scrub." There was an allowance of a quarter of a pound of tobacco

a week; and, after some complaint, half an ounce of soap a day was issued.

Due provision was made for warlike materials. In addition to the weapons taken on the route, there was a depot established at Oatlands, as a central station, containing a thousand stand of arms, thirty thousand rounds of cartridge, and three hundred handcuffs; the last named being in excess of the whole number of Aborigines, for whose capture such formidable preparations were made. Mr. Lloyd had a contemptible opinion of the muskets, declaring that five out of twelve would not go off.

It was a very anxious time for Colonel Arthur. He had but just succeeded, after years of trouble, in putting an end to the exploits of the Dick Turpin gentry, that used to ride across the country in bands, like the moss-troopers of old. And now, in calling out so large a number of the able-bodied men of the colony, he could not but feel concerned about the security of life and property in a penal settlement. There were many suffering the penalty of double conviction, and requiring close retention; there were others only just subdued by the strength of Government, who would be too ready to recommence their predatory employment in the confusion of affairs. Another cause of anxiety lay in the arming of assigned servants, and permitting them to roam the Bush without adequate oversight and guard. Some had assured the authorities that such men would embrace this favourable opportunity to rise in rebellion, and establish, as had more than once been threatened, an island home for the prisoner class, emancipating themselves, ejecting the free, and establishing an independent government of their own. A more probable difficulty lay in the engagement of convicts, dead in the sight of the law, as guardians of the public peace; for nearly all the constabulary belonged to that condition of society. One who was a bondman thus refers to the condition of such parties: "The Government had placed them in a situation different from that which the law had directed; they had acted as free men, and with free men; and when once permitted to do so, could the law or any known power *compel them to return to their former servitude?*" But the *Tasmania Review* is delighted to acknowledge that "Fifteen hundred men of that class are now with arms in their hands, anxiously desirous of showing that

they are trustworthy upon all occasions." The *Review* was the advocate of the Emancipatists.

The town, at least, must be secured. The gaol must not be freed of its inmates, nor the treasury looted of its contents. A TOWN GUARD was inaugurated; Major E. Abbott was nominated Commandant. Eight divisions, of seven men each, paraded the town two hours at a time, and there were sufficient to give them six days of the seven without duty. There was a guard over the Commissariat stores at a public-house—a convenience for what a paper derisively called "a grog-selling regiment." The order-preservers in charge of the gaol were removed, with great civility, but much to the relief of the sheriff, because of the opportune arrival of some soldiers from England. The *people* professed indignation at this slight upon their valuable services.

It was a jolly time for the Hobart Town citizens. Government was the liberal source of supply, and an *open-house* was established. Ration rum was pronounced of good quality, and was in full demand. A worthy tailor assured me that it was the merriest time he ever spent. The officers established themselves at Mr. Hodgson's celebrated Macquarie Hotel. The speech of one, after a mess dinner, has been bequeathed to posterity, and exhibits the chivalrous patriotism of the period. "Gentlemen," said Captain Kemp, "you see before you a sample of what this colony can produce, which we are now one and all making an unanimous effort to ensure the enjoyment of in peace and comfort;—if, when not only the necessaries, but many of the luxuries of life, are thus bountifully supplied us, we are not loyal, we shall never be loyal. Fill your glasses, gentlemen: the health of His Excellency the Lieutenant-Governor, and success to the volunteers! Hip—hip—hip—hurrah!"

Some were disposed to throw odium on these brave defenders of the town, and styled them the "Dirty Buffs," &c. A reporter of the press, anxious to do honour to the heroes, had the following paragraph: "The guards have different *cognomina*. The two first divisions of the main guard are called, by way of pre-eminence, the 'King's Own' and the 'Elegant Extracts.' The former is composed chiefly of the mercantile body; the latter certainly is as fine a set of young men as ever took arms. It is well known that the gallantry of the Hussar Brigade, composed

of the most dandified of the London 'exquisites,' was proverbial throughout the whole Peninsular army."

An old soldier, hearing the officers talking largely of their office, could not forbear saying, "Gentlemen, you may call yourselves marshals, generals, or colonels, but the duties assigned to you are usually performed by a corporal's guard."

When all were getting ready, the Governor thought it proper that the blessing of Heaven should be implored upon the expedition. Prayers were ordered to be offered up for this object on the Sunday before the setting out. While those employing freedom of language in public ministrations were left to their own mode of carrying out this obligation, the Episcopalians of the colony were agitated upon the propriety of the form to be adopted. As their spiritual head—their Bishop—resided several thousands of miles off, at Calcutta, and the Archdeacon in another country, this additional call upon their devotions was committed to the care of the Chaplain, the Rev. W. Bedford. That good man, without doubt, prepared a very suitable form of supplication, but which, nevertheless, subjected him to public criticism.

While entreating the Divine favour on behalf of an enterprise which would, if successful, be attended with the blood-shedding of the Natives, an urgent request was offered for their speedy conversion to Christianity. This was held to be slightly inconsistent with the principles of the New Testament, though admitted to be agreeable to the practice of all Christian governments. It might not be unlike the conduct of the warlike Bishop of Norwich, who, after making Wat Tyler's rebels kneel and confess their sins, very episcopally gave them absolution, and afterwards very baronially ordered their throats to be cut.

But pretended exception was taken as to the prayer itself. It was called by one paper "a great constitutional error." Then there was blame attached to the chief clerk of the Colonial Secretary's department for not transmitting it to the Government printer, or to that functionary for not publishing it. It was declared "of importance to know who were the clergy by whom the English Bench of Bishops were represented." The ritualistic fervour of the writer led him further to say, "However unimportant may be the mere wording of such a prayer, yet it is of importance that the public should know by whom it was composed. There is nothing connected with the Church, not even

the Articles of its Faith, so jealously looked after as the Liturgy." Another political moralist, at the end of this unfortunate expedition, referred to the blasphemy of this Address to the Deity, and the hypocritical hope of engaging the services of Heaven in the cause of injustice and cruelty, and added, "the very arrogance, presumption, and impiety of this special prayer ensured its defeat."

An encouraging circumstance occurred just before the expedition left Hobart Town, and afforded an opportunity for another special *Gazette*. A prisoner, one Benfield, had succeeded in catching three Aborigines at Whiteford Hills. After securing the goodwill of the hungry fellows by a liberal present of bread, he prevailed on them to accompany him on a moonlight hunt for opossums, and then very adroitly led them to a military post, where they were safely housed. A conditional pardon was at once conferred upon the fortunate deceiver, and it was regarded as a favourable augury for the success of the *Line*.

When the gallant forces got away from town at last, the radical *Colonial Times* could not forbear a remark upon the aspect of some of the warriors. "Of all the banditti," it observed, "we ever recollect as coming before our eyes on the stage, none have equalled the mob which left Hobart Town on Tuesday last, in pursuance of the proposed operations in the interior; their very appearance brought to mind the former bush-ranging times, and happy it is for us that our present situation will prevent the likelihood of danger arising from placing arms and ammunition in the hands of such a set of men."

The several parties were at length got under weigh. It is inexpedient to follow in their individual routes, and detail the conspicuous events of their progress. That which gained the most applause was the Launceston corps, under the command of Captain Donaldson. Nearly three hundred and fifty men were led forward in good fighting condition, for they were the only division fully supplied with guns and ammunition. They passed westward to Westbury, and then made their course southward toward Lake Echo, threading their way amidst the rocky intricacies of the basaltic interior, and sighting the Bluffs of Quamby, Dry, and Miller, keeping the Macquarie River to their left, and the snow-clad western ranges to the right.

From the Hon. J. H. Wedge, who was one of the leading

performers in the movement, I learn that the captain's detachments kept admirably in order, and met at Kemp's hut, by Lake Sorell, the source of the Clyde, and one of a series of noble sheets of water on the elevated basaltic plateau of the centre of the island. He commenced throwing out his line of encampments toward Lake Echo, still further southward, where they were to remain till further orders; but before that could be accomplished, commands were received to hasten downward towards Hobart Town, as a new line was to be formed from the township of Sorell to the east coast. Obedience being the duty of a soldier, and not discussion of the views of his superior, Captain Donaldson performed his great and toilsome march, and appeared at Sorell before his chief; who, to show his appreciation of his services, issued the following Order :—

"CAMP, SORELL RIVULET,
Nov. 2, 1830.

"The Colonel Commanding cannot allow the Division under the orders of Captain Donaldson to join the Camp at Sorell, without expressing the sense he entertains of the zeal which has distinguished the proceedings of the whole Division in the rapid march which has been made from the Lakes to the position before Sorell. His Excellency is fully aware of the great privations and inconvenience which the Leaders, as well as those serving under them, have been suffering by so protracted a separation from their families and homes, and the cheerful and ready alacrity which has animated them in striving to accomplish the present important undertaking is beyond all praise.

"The Colonel Commanding begs Captain Donaldson will make these, his sincere sentiments, known throughout his division.

(Signed) "GEORGE ARTHUR."

And well did they earn the glory of such a notice. From a veteran shepherd, who had been guide to a part of the captain's forces, I gathered some information of the trials of the road. He conducted a party of eighteen from near Deloraine to the top of a bluff some 4,000 feet high. Torn by the scrub, hungry and wet, their camp was most miserable. Without tents, they had to pass an inclement night on that bleak hill, around the fire, or stowed away in the hollow of trees. He told me that several wanted to go home, their sense of discomfort overcoming their love of adventure and their devotion to duty. The roaring of a grand cascade, 300 feet in height, would have given them more

pleasure had they the advantage of fine weather, dry boots, better rations, and less aching limbs; as it was, few of the wearied men would turn aside to see the spectacle. Old Hughes picked up a twelve pound bag of flour there, which had probably been dropped by some marauding fugitive.

The other divisions had probably fewer miles to travel than the north-west one, but some had a more fearful country to pass. One had to go from Quamby's Bluff of the Western mountains, eastward to Campbell Town, then along the lovely valley of the Avoca, still more eastward by St. Paul's river, and southward and eastward to the sea at Swanport. Another pressed from Broad Marsh to Russell's Falls of the Derwent, thence upward to Hamilton, Bothwell, and the Crescent Lake of the basaltic plateau. Captain Wentworth reached Brighton by the 16th inst., and walked along the banks of the Jordan to Jericho. There he was met by Major Douglas, and both made their way to Little Swanport on the coast. On the 20th of October there was a connexion from Richmond to Prosser's Bay; and, four days after, from Sorell through Brushy Plains and White Marsh to the Bay. But further remarks on the respective lines of march would not be so agreeable to the reader as more interesting details of incidents by the way.

Every care was taken by Colonel Arthur to keep his forces in order. Minute regulations were issued nearly every day. Copies of General Orders were sent to the different commanders, who had to put their signature to the official document as an evidence that they had perused the same. Indeed, so active was the pen of the Governor, that some merriment was occasioned from the frequency of the missives and their occasional contradictions.

Mr. Melville, editor and proprietor of the *Colonial Times*, declared that "during the advance of the *Line*, the dispatches received and sent equalled in number those forwarded by the allied armies during the last European wars; in fact, everything was carried on as if it were a great war in miniature."

The Colonel's presence was seen or felt everywhere; none travelled more than he, none wrote more than he. He has been known to ride, in such a country too, for fifty miles in one day, to see his orders executed. An old hand described the sunshine of a visit, when the party were very dispirited from the

vexatious difficulties of the route, and the Governor smiling and saying, "Cheer up my lads." Such was his attention to duty that, though a devoted and an anxious husband, he refrained from running up to town at a season of conjugal solicitude; and when the news of a birth came to him, he repelled the natural impulse to return, and stayed at his post. During one of his excursions along the *Line*, he got lost three days in Paradise! This celebrated region of impracticable travelling, lying between Sorell and the coast, received its appellation from a Bushman disgusted with its wretched country.

Rumours about the Blacks were circulated with celerity, as they were invented with facility. The extreme solicitude of the Governor for news, and the desire of commanders to humour his passion, originated some remarkable and not very reliable stories. There was one that became the subject of the subjoined Government notice:—

"Colonial Secretary's Office,
October 18, 1830.

"The attention of the Colony, at present, being so much alive to every circumstance connected with the aboriginal Natives, the Lieutenant-Governor has directed the following narrative to be made public, which His Excellency feels satisfied will be received with much interest.

"By His Excellency's command,

"J. Burnett."

"Mr. Bisdee's Farm, White Hills,
October 16, 1830.

"On the afternoon of Friday, the 15th inst., about half-past 4 o'clock, as Thomas Savage, an overseer in the service of Mr. Bisdee, of the White Hills, was at work splitting timber with another man, he heard a noise which attracted his attention, and he proceeded in the direction from whence it came, supposing the Lieutenant-Governor, whose arrival was expected, was approaching, and who, in fact, did arrive just about that time—from that moment Savage's companion saw no more of him. On Saturday morning, Savage had not returned. Mr. Edward Bisdee thought it probable that he had gone to Mr. Jones's to enquire after a cow, which had strayed away, and therefore he was not particularly anxious; but as, up to the middle of the day, Savage was still missing, some search was made on foot, and about 2 o'clock a vague report was brought in that Savage had been taken

by the Natives, who had let him go again. At this time the Lieutenant-Governor was on the point of mounting his horse to visit the several parties which were formed on the Jordan, and on his arrival at Jones's hut he learned from a shepherd that Savage had been there, and that he had been with the Natives, and had proceeded with a small party up the Tier leading to Miles's Lagoon. The Lieutenant-Governor, accompanied by Mr. Frankland, Mr. Charles Arthur, and Mr. Edward Bisdee, instantly proceeded up the Tier, which was rapidly ascended, and on their arrival at the Lagoon, named Miles's Lagoon, there they met Savage, half naked, who accounted for his absence nearly in the following words: 'I was working with my fellow-servant, between 4 and 5 o'clock, yesterday afternoon, when I heard a soft *coo-ee*, and thinking it was the Governor coming, I went to meet him, but very slowly, being bad with the rheumatism; I walked a very little way, when—as it were instantaneously—I was surrounded by a mob of Natives, who raised their spears at me, and I should have been dead in a moment, had not a white man, who was standing by with a double-barrelled gun, called out, and they immediately desisted. The white man then spoke to me, and said, "Don't be afraid, Savage, you was very kind to me in jail, about three years ago, and I won't suffer you to be hurt." The man I immediately recognised to be a convict named Brown, who was in prison about two or three years ago, and when I was in Mr. Bisdee's service I used to be civil to him, and take him now and then something to eat. Brown is a fine stout man, well-dressed, and shaved, rather light hair, rather pale complexion; he had on a good pair of shoes, cord trowsers, dark waistcoat striped up and down, short jacket, and was carrying a double-barrelled gun. Presently, while he was talking to me, six more of the Blacks came out of the bush, and joined us, and Brown then said, I must go a little way along with them. I was so bad with rheumatism before, that I could not walk; but the fright cured me, and I could walk as well as ever, and I began to consider how I could slip away; however, we walked along, talking. Brown told me, he had been with the Natives about three years, and said he was surprised at so many parties being out. I said, I had remarked the same thing, and believed the Governor was determined to take all the Bushrangers. I then said, "Brown, you know the Governor has promised to be kind to all these poor people, if they will be quiet—you had better bring them in." He said, "No, he had been twice deceived, and would not be deceived again; but he might let the Governor know the Blacks should commit no murders whilst he was with them;" (remember, their spears were raised to kill poor Savage, had they not been restrained in this particular instance by the ever-powerful interposition of Providence!) and turning round he appealed

to the mob: "You never knew me kill, or commit a robbery?" to which they all replied, shaking their heads, "No! No! No!" Savage had on a cap and a good pair of shoes which Brown was not restrained by gratitude from making him take off and give to one of the men, whose face indeed was black, but his features were evidently those of a white man. He had on a shirt and trowsers, with a single-barrelled gun in his hand—the name of Moore was on the lock. This man never spoke during the whole time Savage was with the mob. Brown had evidently the complete control over the mob, which did not exceed fifteen or twenty. One of the women was Brown's *Gin*, and he seemed very fond of her. She was quite big with child, and looked to be confined every hour. All the mob was very fond of Brown, and did everything he told them. Brown said, "He was afraid to go to Launceston, he was so well known there; but he had frequently been in Hobart Town, and there he bought the clothes for the women," pointing to some petticoats which the *Gins* had on. When the six men came out of the bush, one of them was carrying the carcass of a sheep over his shoulders, and half round his neck, just as they carry a kangaroo. The animal had just been killed, and soon after Savage fell in with them, not more than a mile from Mr. Bisdee's house, they stopped to make a fire, and hearing the report of a gun, Brown said, "We must not stay here, let us be off;" and accordingly they crossed the Jordan, and continued marching until about 11 o'clock at night they reached Miles's Lagoon, where Brown said, "Now, Savage, you may go," and we shook hands very comfortably all round.'

"On being asked whether he afterwards stopped to watch them, he said, 'No, he was half frightened to death, and was happy to get away.' By the time this information was given, it was nearly dark; but the Governor descended the Tier with all despatch, and in the course of an hour and a half four parties were sent off, with orders to proceed, during the night, ten miles beyond the Lagoon, as far as the Quoin, and then to spread themselves out and scour the bush thoroughly; and supposing the Natives to be tired with their long march the day previous, and especially so the woman with child, it may be hoped that they will be surrounded, or at least driven to the southward and eastward, if that has not already been effected by the parties which came over the Tier at daylight this morning. This singular occurrence has brought to light that, although the Natives have been guided by men worse than savages, they have had more than savage instinct for their guide in the various murders and robberies which they have committed. The tribe had no dogs with them."

As may be well understood, this "Savage yarn," as a wit called it, excited the imagination of many. Other and similar

stories came rolling into camp. The print of heavily-nailed boots had been seen, which was distinctly shown to be those of a white man out with the tribes. Some were sure that they had heard an English voice by night in the Bush. One came with an exclamation of horror, as he had traced the mark of the butt end of a gun on a discovered track of the Blacks. The Bush-rangers had perhaps allied themselves with their old foes of the forest. Runaway assigned servants were doubtless, from hatred to officialdom, sympathising with the hunted ones, and had gone to warn them of their danger, and assist them in their escape. Several were quite ready to swear that they had heard a whistle at night-watch, and had seen something just like a white man flit hastily through the dense foliage. A shivering terror ran along the Line; for who knew how many might have left the cause of White dominion for Bush freedom and Black Gins!

The shrewd ones suspected that a fertile fancy, and the hope of gain as well as notoriety, might have produced the narrative. It was certainly singular that the lost clothes were found in an old tree, where people believed Savage had planted them; that no Natives were ever known to be in that quarter; that the man Brown was proved to have been in quite another district at the time; and that Savage declined to take an oath as to the veracity of his statement.

But where were the Natives? With thousands of men beating the Bush and scouring the Tiers, to what possible retreat could they fly? A tribe of forty, seen westward of Norfolk Plains, were chased by one of the *Line* parties till they crossed the Shannon, and were lost in the labyrinths of the scrub. The baffled Whites left a notice of the affair on a piece of bark, and nailed this to a tree. Among the spoils collected from the fugitives were a chemise and a little child's frock. Jorgen Jorgenson saw them under circumstances which he narrates in a letter:—"As I went this morning over the Brown Mountain, rising a steep hill from a very deep gully, my horse began to rear and snort. Everything was thrown off, saddle, and all. My trousers were literally torn to pieces; and, just as I had got the horse quieted, there stood over me three Blacks." Some men might have been nervous; but our heroic Dane informs us that he had but to draw his cutlass, when the warriors of the wilds scampered away.

There were, of course, the usual rumours, with and without foundation, of the appearance of the Aborigines. Some sentries had heard one dark night the rush of many in the scrub, but could not discern their forms. Several rushes were heard, and the firesticks of the people were seen in the gloom. A man laid down his musket, while he stooped for some firewood, and received a spear in his leg. He seized a firestick, and threw it at the enemy. Another spear penetrated his shoulder, when, without thinking anything of his musket, he shouted lustily for help. The approach of other sentries scattered the half-dozen Blacks.

Mr. William Robertson, a well-known and wealthy settler, quite shocked the Governor in describing the *Line* as worse than an Act of Parliament; for, while a coach-and-six could be driven through the latter, a waggon-and-eight might quietly pass the former. A force of Europeans could easily have got through the ill-regulated *Line*, much more the cunning foresters. Two or three instances were well known, after the completion of the movement, of Natives having burst by the sentries themselves. As the men could not possibly keep their lines, as many were too frightened to maintain the regulated distance from a neighbour, and as others loved companionship too well to smoke alone, the distance was not observed, even when practicable, and large gaps were left.

Jorgenson has an illustration of this irregularity in his account of the progress of his Oatlands corps. "We were," said he, "when properly formed, to steer S.E. for two days, and then S. for three days, and Mr. Pedder added verbally that he supposed, when steering S., each would have to do the best he could. Nearly at noon, when the sentries had begun to make their dinners, Captain Mahon suddenly came marching on with his section nearly in a compact body, and the Oatlands Civil forces had to throw away their tea, &c., pack up, and hurry on in great confusion, most of them being unacquainted with the particular manœuvre intended." When our own highly-disciplined regiments could cross each other's path in the ascent of the heights of Alma, it ought not to astonish one that such disorganised masses should run foul of one another.

The Government Orders were precise about preserving a certain distance. On October 17th, the Colonel again urged attention

to this regulation. He then requested them to camp in parties of three at night, with a fire between the separate gatherings, and that the sentries should walk from the fire to and fro, but so as not to meet each other. In some of the best-regulated parties, after proceeding through the Bush for half an hour, they would halt, for all to come up, and cry 1, 2, 3, 4, &c., to ascertain if any were adrift. So little faith had Mr. Brodribb in the security of the *Line* that he offered, as he assured me, to convey a letter for Colonel Arthur through any part of the Line without meeting an individual; and, not a little to the Governor's vexation, he accomplished the feat.

The Natives gave some proofs of their audacity. One came boldly in front of a party, threw his spear of defiance, and was off before a shot could reach him. Mr. Lloyd, in his "Thirty Years'" experience, has some good stories of the *Line*, or "Black String." One of his men fired at a cow for a Native. But an unexpected spear found its way into the pea-jacket of "Michael O'Brien, number *tin*." A tribe confronted the men of Mr. Peter Scott's, near the Western Tier, and then suddenly disappeared. One leader told me that, upon his first night's camp, which was in Michael Howe's Marsh, near Oatlands, the Black fellows crept noiselessly up, and stole all their pannikins. Mr. Batman came upon about thirty. Mr. William Emmett, the brother of Mr. Emmett of Sandhurst, came nearly in time for an aboriginal supper, but succeeded in seizing a quantity of spears left in the hurry of flight. A settler chased one fellow by moonlight, but missed him all at once near some fallen, dead timber. Despairing of seeing him again, he carelessly turned to go away, when one of the supposed charred branches was slowly lowered before his astonished eyes, and a black carcass rapidly rolled off into the thicket.

The best story of the *Line* is in connexion with Mr. Walpole, who has the merit of making the only capture, but at the cost of ruining the whole affair. The *Hobart Town Courier* has this account:—"Mr. Walpole had charge of a roving party, of ten men, and had been sent inside of the Line to scour the country along the sea-coast, to the southward of Prosser's Bay. On the evening of Monday the 25th instant he discovered the Natives hunting, and watched them making their fires and forming their encampment for the night, in a deep scrubby ravine, to the south

of the Sand Pit River, opposite the south end of Maria Island. The dogs of the Natives made a great noise, howling the whole night, while Mr. Walpole and his party were concealed, at a short distance, not wishing to attempt taking any of the tribe until morning. No noise being heard near daylight, it was supposed the Natives had taken the alarm and gone in the night, and, in consequence, Mr. Walpole advanced to the first hut, where he very unexpectedly saw five Blacks all fast asleep, under some blankets, with their dogs. He seized hold of one of the largest of the five, which awakening the party, they endeavoured to make their escape. The man, whose feet he had hold of, made a violent effort to escape, and darted through the back of the hut, carrying Mr. Walpole with him, into the gully or creek behind. Here he again tried to make his escape by twisting his legs and biting, and would have succeeded, had Mr. Walpole not drawn a small dagger from his belt, and inflicted a slight wound, which so frightened him, that he was secured. The other taken was a boy of about fifteen years of age, and appears to be the son of a chief, from the ornaments upon his body, cut with flints or some sharp instrument into the skin. Two others were shot by the party in making their escape into the scrub, on the edge of which their huts were placed. This hut had been fixed as a vidette or outpost to a very numerous tribe encamped in the scrub, who took the alarm on the firing, and made a precipitate retreat, leaving a great number of spears and waddies behind, and baskets of their women. It is supposed that the tribe amounted in all to near 70 individuals. The boy, when taken, wished them to let him go, as he said, 'There are plenty more Black fellows in the scrub,' pointing to it. None of them have yet succeeded in forcing their way across the Line, although many attempts have been made upon the Cordon, in different places, in all which they have been repulsed and driven back. In one of these attempts, the sentry was speared in two places, and they again tried to force their way yesterday, at the same spot, which is a favourite crossing place of the Blacks over the Prosser's River."

The name of the man so caught was Nichay Manick; he was recognised as the one who had previously speared horses belonging to the Van Diemen's Land Company, at Emu Bay.

Mr. Walpole himself furnished an account of his performance, in a communication dated October 29th, 1830 :—

" I heard the Natives hunting, and, on going closer, saw their dogs. I watched them for four hours, and, on convincing myself that they were settled for the night, I returned for the rest of my party, and in the evening placed them within three hundred yards of the Natives, where we waited until dawn of day (26th), and crept to one of the Natives, without being perceived by the inmates, until I caught one by the leg. There were five men in the hut, and the other four rushed out through the back, while some of the party were stooping to catch them. One, however, was caught while jumping into the creek, and two others shot. There were five other huts across the creek, in the centre of a very thick scrub."

Mr. Surveyor Wedge, in one of his letters, agrees with others that the precipitation of Mr. Walpole lost the *Line* an important capture. Instead of a man and a boy, the whole tribe might have been secured by giving proper notice to his superior officer. The subsequent fate of that tribe of forty individuals is thus mentioned by my valuable correspondent :—

" I am inclined to think that it warned them of their danger, and put them on the alert to escape from it; and this they accomplished, a day or two afterwards, at or near Cherry-tree Hill, unknown to any at the time, except to the party upon whose encampment they sneaked unobserved, rushed past in a body, and speared, it was said, one of our men slightly in the leg. Why their escape was kept secret I am at a loss to imagine, unless, as was suggested to me by my informant, the party in question thought that discredit would attach to them if the fact was officially made known. The Lieutenant-Governor, being in ignorance that the Natives had escaped, the force was kept in its position a fortnight or more longer. At length an advance was ordered to East Bay Neck."

The author of " Thirty-three Years in Tasmania and Victoria " has a story about the hero of this adventure :—" Singular to say, the only man who received a wound during the whole campaign was my clever friend Walpole, and that, too, at my hands. While seated in the Commissary's tent, he invited me to a spearing-match with one of the weapons he had recently taken from the Blacks, both for our own amusement and the edification

of the numerous bystanders. Finding that I was a little too dexterous with the dangerous instrument, and objecting to my cutting off the sharp point, he retired behind the trunk of a tree, occasionally throwing out his long leg, crying, 'There! there! Hit that, my boy!' Unfortunately, his invitation was replied to in the next instant by the transfixing of his knee, the spear passing between the cap and the joint. The weapon was speedily extracted by a worthy *medico*, one of the spectators, who, to the surprise of us all, announced that not one drop of blood had been shed, nor did my esteemed friend suffer anything beyond a temporary inconvenience from the wound."

There being evidence of the Natives being within the *Line*, every place on the route supposed to afford extra means of concealment was well searched. The Blacks had never been known to move at night, from superstitious fears; but, being pressed by danger, they did not then hesitate travelling in darkness. A night of storm and an intensely black sky was selected for a rush at the Prosser's River, a few miles from the coast, and therefore not far from the East Bay Neck. Several were seen to pass by Lieutenant Ovens' division, though a vigilant look-out was maintained. The country was described by one of the parties as being most difficult of access from rock and scrub, and as heretofore unknown. Five roving parties of ten each were detached to search the locality believed to contain the Blacks, under leaders well understanding Bush duty. A rush was made upon that portion of the *Line* occupied by the Richmond force on the 27th of October, by six men, who were driven back again. One Englishman dashed onward after the fugitives, and would have brought one down, had he not, in the very act of cocking his piece, tripped against a dead tree, and got a severe fall. Of the six, two were observed with blankets round their shoulders, while another carried a bundle of spears. An opossum hunting-party might have been taken, had not an officious constable given an untimely *coo-ey* for support.

Great hopes were entertained of final success. The *Courier* gave forth a jubilant sound, and had "no doubt but several hostile tribes were now enclosed." The bugles were ordered to stop their noisy intimations, which might alarm the game from the preserves. The Governor directed the settlers towards the East Bay Neck to keep "free from everything that might create

alarm, or interrupt the passage of the fugitive Natives." They were, furthermore, "to keep themselves within their homesteads, and to avoid collecting their cattle, lighting fires, hallooing, shouting, or otherwise making a noise in the Bush, in order that nothing may present itself to deter the Aborigines from entering the Peninsula." Unhappy settlers!

Still further to elevate the hopes of the sanguine ruler, a letter was brought to him, giving encouraging news from the prison depôt of Swan Island. Mr. Robinson thence announced his success with some people outside the *Line*, and not *then* intended to be trapped by the colonial forces, though a north-east expedition was resolved upon, if the southern one proved successful. The letter began: "I beg to acquaint your Excellency that a successful intercourse has been effected among those sanguinary tribes of Natives who have for so great a period infested the settled districts, and known as the Oyster Bay, Little Swanport, Ben Lomond, Cape Portland, and Piper's River Aborigines." Mr. Robinson further ventures to assert that "the whole aboriginal population could be brought together by the same means that has hitherto been adopted."

But the several members of the *Line* were not so inspirited. At first the novelty of the occasion, the fun of an encampment, the freedom of life, supported them in their march. But when the rain set in, and continued almost without intermission for some weeks, the chivalry of the expedition was not so apparent. A friend described to me the scene on the Blue Hills, near Bothwell, the first night of camp. The sky was so clear, the air was so bracing, the fellowship was so good, that laughter and song carried the hours away till midnight; but when, just before dawn, the mountain fog crept over the bivouac with its penetrating chill, and a steady, heavy, cold rain succeeded, all Nature's gloom was reflected in the faces of the campaigners. It did not surprise many to hear of such desertions from duty as a letter from the Macquarie River mentions, where the writer, who may have been one of the patriotic fair, indignantly exclaims: "I blush to the bone when I tell you that certain volunteers from this neighbourhood have crawled home from the *Line* within the last fortnight." Their ardour for the service had soon cooled, or they had lacked the spirit of the lame blacksmith of Sorell, who, being unable to carry his wooden legs

along so rough a line, nobly offered to do any work gratuitously for every volunteer from his Richmond district.

To complete success in repelling any possible advance of the imprisoned tribes, Colonel Arthur, on the 25th of October, recommended the formation of *abattis*, along the rear of the *Line*, to entangle the fugitives. The forces were told to take advantage of long trunks of trees lying in a direction parallel to the line of position. By such they were to raise a palisade of sharpened sticks, cut from the Bush, which should be two or three inches thick, and driven into the ground behind the logs, so as to prevent the passage of a man over the same. The abattis of trees felled for the purpose were to lie in the way. To make sure of no mistake, a pictorial illustration of the two was sent to each commander.

On the 30th of the month another Government Order congratulated the officers on their zeal in constructing these obstructives, and cutting down scrub in front.

The "Three Thumbs" often appear before the eye of the reader of the *Line* proceedings. It was a district of singular advantage to a beleaguered enemy. The three hills were about two hundred yards apart, and were covered to the summit with huge Eucalypti trees, and a dense underwood, that made it almost wholly impervious to any but Natives. The surrounding scrub was seven miles long from east to west, and from two to four broad. It was situated half a dozen miles to the south-west of Prosser's Bay, and, therefore, not far from the Peninsula. This Malakoff of the foe must be stormed. As, according to the *Courier's* Special Correspondent, "into this ambush the great body of the Blacks have *embowered* themselves," the place must be turned. To quote still from the Dr. Russell of the period: "The difficulties in accomplishing this are of course immense, but we trust not insurmountable, and the thing must be done."

Accordingly, the siege was laid in due form. Three hundred of the very pick of the corps entered the Lines of the fortress, while others stretched themselves like a wall of circumvallation around the entrenched camp. The enemy were known to be there. The invading and advancing force came now and then upon native fires, still smouldering. They saw chippings from newly formed spears and waddies. But the persons of the savages were never to be seen. The Europeans,

when unable to force the leafy, thorny breastworks, stood, like the modern artillerymen upon the Crimean heights, and threw a heavy fire upon the fortress which they could not gain. A continual discharge of musketry would, it was conjectured, drive out the concealed foe; and, once in the more open glade, his capture would be certain. The anxious Governor directed the assault here and there, with encouraging enforcements of Roman virtue, and hopeful expectations of a triumphant return with handcuffed captives.

Alas! when the exhausted troops entered this Sebastopol of the forest, they find it deserted of man, and silent but for the crackling of the flames. The enemy had yielded the fortification, and had retired to even stronger Redans.

This severe disappointment was not the only trial. As the few big, pattering drops give warning of the coming storm, so rumours of movements in the rear of the *Line* indicated the outburst of new and more appalling outrages. Word came that defenceless homes were attacked by the enraged and hunted Natives. A hut near Jerusalem was robbed, and a poor woman speared to death. Fires began to redden the sky, and shrieks of terror told the tale of woe. A letter from Perth said that one hundred and fifty had burst through the *Cordon*, and were plundering to the rear of Major Gray's, at Avoca. Thirty were seen and chased by the intrepid John Batman, who was successful in securing a good part of them, and *without bloodshed.*

The Launceston papers were annoyed at the defenceless state of the north, and asked why all the effort of the colony should be directed, to the alarm and desertion of settlements, for the capture of two tribes—those of Oyster Bay and Big River—as if others were not as sanguinary elsewhere.

The settled part was then divided into the two counties of Buckingham on the south, and Cornwall on the north. Launceston, the old Dalrymple, once had hopes of supremacy over Hobart Town, and for a time had its Lieutenant-Governor, independent of the other Lieutenant-Governor on the banks of the Derwent. Disappointed ambition may have strengthened feelings of antagonism toward their more fortunate southern rivals, for the Cornwall colonists had little sympathy with the men of Buckingham. Hence we can appreciate the utterance of a northern magistrate, when two men were speared, a couple of miles out-

side of Launceston, and two others on the Tamar; "I have no person I can send after these Blacks. I have not one man that I can spare, nearly all the constables being out of the county, *catching at* the Blacks in Buckingham."

Such stories increased the anxiety of the Governor to hurry on the movements of the East Bay Neck. Every officer was sure that, though some might have escaped the meshes of the net, the majority were still in front of the Line, and near the Forrestier's Peninsula. Forty parties of seven each, with four days' provisions, were sent forward. One of the Leaders told me that he saw in the Peninsula itself evidences that the Aborigines had been there, though not able to say how long before his reconnoitring. He saw sticks set up in the forest, stuck in the soil, pointing directions for those following.

At length the Colonel commanding believed that the time had come for the final charge—the "Up Guards and at them" stage of the war. On the last day of October he issued the following address to the Commanders:—

GOVERNMENT ORDER.

CAMP, SORELL RIVULET,
October 31, 1830.

TO THE COMMANDERS OF CORPS.

The Colonel commanding requests, that the commanders of corps will inform every leader under their orders that the advance of Captain Donaldson's division will, it is hoped, enable the final and decisive movement to commence to-morrow. That His Excellency, fully aware of the great privations and inconvenience which the leaders, as well as those serving with them, have been suffering, by so protracted a separation from their families and homes, has observed with real satisfaction the cheerful and praiseworthy alacrity which has animated them in striving to accomplish the present important undertaking.

The delay consequent on waiting for reinforcements has been unavoidable, for, to have advanced the whole force from its present position, would have assuredly risked the loss of the great advantage which the labours of the community have obtained in so successfully enclosing the two most dangerous tribes. A few days must now terminate the great work in the most satisfactory manner, and His Excellency earnestly hopes that the leaders will, for the remaining short period, continue to shew the excellent spirit which has all along been so conspicuous in their parties, for they will perceive that the

advance of the scouring parties will render redoubled vigilance necessary on the part of those who guard the Line, as the Natives, when disturbed in the interior, will undoubtedly increase their efforts to break through the position.

GEORGE ARTHUR.

This was followed by another Government Notice, relative to the final operations, and dated the same day.

CAMP, SORELL RIVULET,
Oct. 31*st*, 1830.

The expected arrival of Captain Donaldson's force this day, now enabling the Colonel commanding to make the final movement for the capture of the tribes within the lines, the following arrangements will take place :—

Major Douglas will form twenty-two parties of seven men each including leaders, and early on Monday morning they will take post fifty paces in front of the line, according to the following order, from the left, viz., and in front of Lieutenant Aubin's corps, will be placed at equal distances four parties, viz., Messrs. Walpole, Pearce, Thos. Massey, and H. Batman.

In front of Lieutenant Owens, two parties, viz., Mr. Byers, with half of Mr. H. Batman's party, and Mr. M. Fortoza.

In front of Lieutenant Groves, three parties, viz., Messrs. G. Robertson, E. Blinkworth, and J. Moriarty.

In front of Captain Baylee, three parties, viz., Messrs. G. Scott, Layman, and Jemott.

In front of Captain McPherson, four parties, viz., Messrs. Allison, Cox, Helmslie, and Russel.

In front of Captain Mahon, two parties, viz., Mr. Doran (Peter Scott will be attached either to this party or to Mr. Evans's) and Mr. Thomas's.

In front of Lieutenant Pedder, four parties, viz., Messrs. Evans, Harrison, Flexmore, and Jack Jones, all four under the joint direction of Mr. Franks.

Captain Wentworth will also immediately form fifteen parties of seven men each, including leaders, and on Monday morning they will likewise take post fifty paces in front of the line, in the following order :—

In front of Lieutenant Croly, four parties, viz., Messrs. Paterson, Brodribb, Emmett, and Sherwin.

In front of Lieutenant Clark (Richmond force), Messrs. Kimberley, Copie, and Lackey.

In front of Lieutenant Champ, two parties, viz., Messrs. Stanfield, Junior, and Cassidy.

In front of Lieutenant Murray, three parties, viz., Mr. Proctor (if he shall not have returned, Stacy), Mr. Steel, and Mr. Synnott.

In front of Lieutenant Barrow, three parties, viz., Messrs. Cawthorne, Mills, and Shone; unattached, Messrs. Lloyd and Kirby. As soon as the advanced parties shall have been posted in marching order and with five days' rations, the vacancies in the line which their advance will have caused will be filled up by the whole remaining force closing to the left, and Captain Donaldson's force will take up the ground which has been heretofore occupied by Lieutenant Barrow, Lieutenant Murray, and by a portion of Lieutenant Champ's corps. This movement, regulated by the right, must be made with the utmost possible care, under the superintendence of Major Douglas, Captain Wentworth, and Lieutenant Aubin, so as to prevent the possibility of any gaps in the line.

By this movement, which should, if possible, be effected by 12 o'clock on Monday, the line will remain of its original strength, and the scouring parties will be in readiness to advance, which they will do as soon as the vacancies have been closed. These parties will then advance towards the south-east, driving the Natives in that direction, or capturing them, and on the fourth day, will reach East Bay Neck, where they will receive further orders.

The investing line which will remain in position, must, during these four decisive days, put forth every effort to prevent the possibility of the Natives passing through them, as the tribes will naturally redouble their attempts to pass when they are disturbed in the interior.

GEORGE ARTHUR.

When the force was thus extended from Sorell to the sea, the "Long Black Line" extended thirty miles, and gave a space of forty-five yards between the men. The right wing was at Sorell, the left at Spring Bay, and the centre at the White Marsh. The *Neck* was gained. All were in excited expectation. Every possible precaution was taken to prevent escape. The very shore was watched. The capturing parties were told off. The *Neck* was crossed, the Peninsula entered, the search made, *but nothing found! Not a Black was there!*

The *Line* had proved so far a failure, though its indirect advantages were great; as the Natives were shown the formidable resources of Government, and the absolute necessity for their submission to authority.

Many were ready to discover their own want of faith in the enterprise, when its result was seen. Among those who volunteered their opinions, when counsels were too late, was the

irrepressible Dane, Jorgen Jorgenson. This was his address to Colonel Arthur on the last day of November: "I know that Nature presented very serious obstacles, but I, also, know that these obstacles were partly foreseen; and, in proportion, vigilance and activity should have been exercised. I have not forgotten that the sections were never instructed in a proper manner during the time we remained idle,—that no proper patrols were formed in some of the divisions,—and when proper notice had been given of the dogs appearing in the *Line*, it was received as a matter of perfect indifference."

The work was over, and the labourers could leave the field. The Rev. Mr. West, in his "History of Tasmania," has expressively written: "The Settlers Soldiers returned to their homes, their shoes worn out, their garments tattered, their hair long and shaggy, with beards unshaven, their arms tarnished, but neither blood-stained nor disgraced."

The cost of this expedition to the Government was acknowledged to be thirty thousand pounds—a considerable and welcome expenditure to many of the colonists; though, considering other losses, and private outlay, Mr. G. A. Robinson, who was ever opposed to the project, spoke thus of it publicly: "The entire cost to the Colony was upwards of seventy thousand pounds, and the result was the capture of *one* Black."

An English paper afterwards made merry over the subject, having satisfied itself that the circumstances were these:—that a soldier had killed a Native, and, if punished for the fault, all would have been well; that as this was not done, the Blacks arose in wrath; and, lastly, that it had taken 6,000 Europeans to quell their revolt!!

But the worthy Governor was "game" to the last; and, conscious of having done his best, professed to be satisfied. He dismissed his army with dignity, acknowledged their service with gratitude, and foresaw their speedy deliverance with prophetic power. His parting Order was as follows:—

GOVERNMENT ORDER NO 13.

COLONIAL SECRETARY'S OFFICE,
November 26th, 1830.

1. The first series of operations for the capture of the native tribes having been now brought to a close, by the military and civil parties

to East Bay Neck, and as the length of time during which those composing the volunteer force have absented themselves from their homes, renders the Government unwilling to wish them to extend their period of service at this conjuncture, when to remain any longer in the field would prove so detrimental to their private interests, they will now disperse, and the assigned servants of settlers who have not been able to be present themselves, will be marched back to their respective districts, under the charge of constables appointed for that purpose, with the exception of a small body, whom the Lieutenant-Governor has judged it expedient to detain, for the purpose of protecting the settlements, and the further pursuit of the Natives.

2. The Lieutenant-Governor cannot allow the forces to separate without observing, that although the expedition has not been attended with the full success which was anticipated, but which from circumstances could not be commanded, yet many benefits have resulted from it, amongst which may be enumerated, the cordial and unanimous feeling which has distinguished every class of the community, in striving for the public good.

The knowledge which has been acquired of the habits of the Natives, and which will so much tend to insure success in future operations; the opening of communications throughout the country, which was before their secure retreat, but which can no longer afford them the same security or confidence, and above all, the proof which has been given of the great personal sacrifice which the whole population were not only willing, but most anxious to make, for the purpose of capturing the savages, in order by their being placed in some situation where they could no longer inflict or receive injury, that the race may be preserved from utter extermination; an event fearfully to be apprehended, so long as they continue to commit such wanton outrages upon the white inhabitants, and which every man of humanity and proper feeling would endeavour to avert.

3. In touching upon the merits of the individuals composing the force, the Lieutenant-Governor feels it difficult to attach to them the meed of praise which they have deserved, and when all have shown so much alacrity, zeal, patience, and determination to overcome every difficulty, it were invidious to extol any in particular, although it is quite impossible to avoid noticing the extraordinary exertions which have been so cheerfully afforded by the Surveyor General and every officer of his department. The conduct collectively of the whole community, on this occasion, will be a lasting source of pleasure in the mind of the Lieutenant-Governor, but His Excellency will not fail to bear in remembrance the separate merits of each in the proportion which his exertions have proved him to possess. In making this allusion to the conduct of the civil forces, he has the satisfaction at the same time to

observe, that the orderly and soldier-like behaviour of the military, and the zeal and ability displayed by their officers, in organizing and commanding the civil levies, merit the highest encomiums. The difficulties which the forces have had to surmount in such an impervious country as that which has lately been the scene of their efforts, can only be understood by those who have seen it, and nothing but the excellent spirit of the parties could have enabled them to overcome so many obstacles.

4. The project of surrounding and driving the two worst tribes to a particular quarter had succeeded, to the furthest extent; and, but for their untimely dispersion by a party who too hastily attacked them before a sufficient force could arrive to capture them, the whole project would probably have been crowned with success.

5. The Lieutenant-Governor has, however, the satisfaction of announcing on this occasion, that a body of Natives have been captured without bloodshed, on the northern coast, where there exists every prospect of the remainder of the tribe being secured.

The recent treacherous conduct of a party of Natives who had been received and treated with every species of kindness, but who had endeavoured to repay their benefactors by murder and rapine, sufficiently demonstrates that it would be in vain to expect any reformation in these savages while allowed to remain in their native state. It will, therefore, be the immediate subject of anxious consideration with the Government, whether it is not proper to place those who are now secured, and who amount to about thirty, together with any others who might be captured, upon an island from which they cannot escape, but where they will be gradually induced to adopt the habits and feelings of civilized life.

6. The circumstances of the late military movements not having been attended with the expected success, will not, it is hoped, cast any despondency upon the public mind, for the activity and cordiality of feeling which have been recently shown by the community, afford sufficient earnest that the evil which has afflicted the Colony must in the course of the summer be removed.

The most active measures will be vigorously continued for pursuing the object in view; but, as the Lieutenant-Governor feels a strong persuasion that there are white men among the Natives, His Excellency does not consider it prudent to detail any future operations in public notices.

By His Excellency's command,

J. BURNETT.

The conduct of the Governor was so loyal to the country, and the expenditure had been so liberal, that a general spirit of

congratulation was aroused. While the question of "What are we to do with the Blacks?" still perplexed the anxious, the first duty of the Colonists was to thank His Excellency for his noble response to their repeated and troubled appeals. The Sheriff, Dudley Fereday, Esq., was requested to call a public meeting for this object.

This heartily unanimous meeting took place in Hobart Town, on Wednesday, the 22d of December, 1830. Political strife was still, and the "Rights of Men" were postponed for the consideration of the Rights of the Government. The following were the resolutions of the day:—

"1st. That the atrocious character of the Aborigines of this Island, manifested by their cruel and wanton murders of the white inhabitants, perpetrated without distinction of age or sex, and with increasing barbarity, renders the life of a Settler insecure, and operates as a most serious drawback to emigration to this country, and consequently to its commerce and prosperity."

"2d. That the magnitude of the present evil is beyond the power of the Colonists individually to grapple with, and calls imperatively for the immediate application of a remedy on the part of Government adequate to the evil."

"3d. That the Colonists have seen with gratitude the unwearied exertions of His Excellency Lieut.-Governor Arthur to suppress the atrocities committed by the Aborigines, by capturing them, in order to place them in such a situation that their own civilization and the security of the colonists may be at the same time effected. And they respectfully, but most earnestly, solicit His Excellency that he will please to continue unrelaxed his efforts to accomplish so desirable an end."

The fourth resolution pledged the meeting to support the Government in their measures, and directed signatures to be procured for an address to Colonel Arthur.

Similar meetings were held in all the leading townships of the Colony. In the Richmond address occurs this passage:—"While we regret that natural obstacles have hitherto defeated every attempt for the capture or subjugation of the Aborigines," &c.

As Britons, it became the self-satisfied *Liners* to signalize their prowess in the campaign by the time-honoured formalities of a public dinner. At the grand festival, held at the Mac-

quarie Hotel, Hobart Town, the enthusiasm increased in vigour at each successive elevation of the glass, until, from the intensity of their emotions, and the undue excitement of their gratitude, many of the guests exhausted their physical natures, and sank back helpless in their chairs. At this banquet, inflated with a grateful sense of a liberal expenditure, one gentleman had the coolness to propose that the forthcoming address to His Excellency be called "The Address of the *Traders* of Hobart Town." Such base imputation of motives was most virtuously repelled, and the document, laden with uncorruptible names, and redolent with the incense of flattery, was forwarded to Government House, and, in due course, presented at Downing Street, as an evidence of the approval of Colonial policy, and the warm affection of Colonists to the person of the previously calumniated representative of His Majesty.

In the reply of His Excellency, there is another exposition of his humanity and conscientiousness, when he says, in allusion to the Natives, "It is undeniable that they were lamentably neglected in the early colonization of the country, and have been treated with cruelty and oppression by the stock-keepers, and other convicts in the interior, and by the sealers on the coast; and, from the want of due discernment, their vengeance has been indiscriminately wreaked upon the unoffending settlers of the present time. This fact must continue to disarm us of every particle of resentment."

While the loud hurrah of exulting meetings, the jingling of convivial glasses, and the trumpet note of Government House, fell on the ear as symbols of rejoicing after victory, there boomed in the distance the sounds of conflict. From the depths of forests, and from the expanse of plains, a cry of horror was heard. Men returned to their habitations to find but smouldering ruins, and sought their families to behold but ghastly corpses. Wives waited the return of husbands, transfixed with spears. Mothers *coo-ee* for children, brained by waddies. The wrath of an infuriated race was unappeased, and the memory of their murdered kindred was unavenged. The country, scoured in vain for their presence, now echoed with the shrieks of their victims.

And what were to be the future operations against them? Were fresh commandoes in preparation? Were new and more

vigorous assaults to be made upon those naked savages? If the thousands of men, with the thousands of pounds spent, were insufficient to overcome the feeble and dislocated bands of sable wanderers, were more men and greater expenses to be employed?

When all the power of a strong Government, and the warlike appliances of advanced civilization, were exhausted in the vain attempt, the simple influence of kindness in the heart of a brave man subdued these barbarians; and, bound with the mighty cords of manly sympathy, the brutal bloodshedders were conducted in triumph to the city of their enemies, and prevailed upon in peace to forsake the home of their youth, and the graves of their fathers.

Having been very recently favoured with the reflections upon this interesting epoch of Colonial History by the Hon. John Helder Wedge, I beg to publish the following extract from his letter:—

"A plan of the expedition, and the carrying it out in detail, was, as might be expected from the political feeling of hostility that was entertained against the head of the Government, criticised and commented upon in no measured terms: and these criticisms were not unaccompanied without a leaven of personal abuse. I thought at the time, and I still think, that the circumstances which imperatively required that an attempt should be made to put an end to the deadly warfare that was carried on between the occupiers of the out-stations and the Natives, and mostly to the advantage of the latter, were not considered with that liberality of feeling to which they were entitled. Frequent, and almost daily, representations were made to the Government of the depredations and murders committed by the Natives. Neither sawyers, splitters, shepherds, nor herdsmen could attend to their avocations with safety; nor could the solitary hut-keeper show himself out of doors, without the danger of being speared, even when not the least suspicion was entertained of there being anything to apprehend. A general feeling of insecurity was felt throughout the colony; and a demand, as with one voice, was made that the Government should adopt measures for the greater security of the colonists and their property. I believe there was scarcely any possessing a knowledge of the country and experienced in traversing the forests,

and knew anything of the habits of the Natives, who anticipated any other result than a failure of the expedition, so far as their capture was concerned. And I was led to believe, being present when the Lieut.-Governor was speaking on the subject, that few were less sanguine of success than His Excellency."

He thus closes: "I could not at the time suggest, nor have I since been able to surmise, how the forces could have been otherwise employed, which would have afforded a greater chance of success—nor did I ever meet with any of the fault-finders who could do so."

A year had passed, and one of their great jubilees was approaching for the Aborigines. This was the season of swans' eggs, so favourite a food with the people of the forest. It was a time of tribal reunion, the anniversary of family greetings and festive joy. A wooded, rocky point of land projected into the eastern waters; it was known as the Schouten Peninsula. Too barren and rough for colonization, too distant for a visit, it was a secure asylum for the feathered race—a fitting scene for swan-like love. This was the place, the period, the occasion, of annual pilgrimages to the Aborigines. A large party, a mingling of tribes, had taken advantage of the lull after the storm of war, and had ventured by stealthy steps to the old spot. But their tracks had been sighted, their destination guessed, and their extermination was at once resolved upon.

The alarm was sounded. Nothing seemed easier than their capture. Here was the proper locality for *Line* operations. A *Cordon* could be drawn across the narrow isthmus, and the Blacks would be secured at leisure.

Troops, constables, settlers, gathered in joyful confidence at the gateway of the Peninsula. It was at the close of October, 1831, the loveliest season of the bright little island, the spring of beauty and hope. The Neck was but a mile across, and upon this the Europeans took up their position. It was a highly romantic region. Five cones threw up their forest heads far above the gigantic Eucalypti of the valleys. They stood as guardian genii to protect the last home of the wasted people. Their bastion-like masses were strengthened by intricate scrub and pathless woods, whose black shadows fell upon the hostile band in front. The enemy sought to gain the barbican by fire

Soon the flames were seen penetrating the dark gorges, and climbing the rocky steeps. The colonial force constructed their huts, established their sentries, and kept up the vast fires for observation and destruction. Gradually long, black lanes were made through the thicket, and fresh arrivals from the townships around assured the Whites of victory.

It was full moon at the time of a visit of a friend, who described to me his admiration of this stirring scene. The soft light fell so calmly upon the roaring flames, as if to rebuke their violence, and each hilly cone, wreathed with fire, vainly, like Hercules of old, sought relief from the fatal robe.

But when nothing but charred timber or smouldering ashes remained, and when the moon had evening after evening decreased its light till darkness rested upon the encampment at night, then the time for watchfulness arrived, lest the imprisoned should escape. Troops were gradually assembling; and while some guarded the entrance with dogs, fires, and arms, others were to pass down the peninsula and seize or kill the egg-gatherers.

In fear, but determination, the poor creatures waited for the favourable moment. A night of misty blackness came. They had crept as closely as they dared to the lines, their very dogs preserving silence, and then, with a bound and cry, followed by their yelping friends, they dashed by the fires and guards, and gained the dark forest beyond in safety. The only captures made by the formidable besiegers were a few young puppies, distanced by the tribe.

CHAPTER VI.

CAPTURE PARTIES.

THE reader, being now acquainted with the general features of the Black War, together with the official proclamations and orders connected therewith, will be introduced more particularly to the parties employed in the capture of the Aborigines.

It was from the very perplexity of affairs that Colonel Arthur sought the advice as well as co-operation of the most experienced and intelligent of the settlers. The leading magistrates were addressed by circular. In reply, James Simpson, Esq. J. P. of Campbell Town, wrote, Nov. 18th, 1828, recommending the following up of one particular tribe, with all available strength, night and day, till fairly run down and secured. He thought the engagement of native women of service, from, says he, "their hopes of advantage, or fear of ill-treatment, inducing them to betray their friends." While transcribing Mr. Simpson's letter, I read on the turned-down corner, in the handwriting of the upright Colonel Arthur: "The expedient of taking some of the women may be attempted—in fact, anything founded in prudence, and prosecuted with humanity and firmness, I shall approve."

Thomas Anstey, Esq. J. P., of Oatlands, near the centre of the island, took the most active part. Among his suggestions, forwarded Nov. 14th, 1828, were these: That parties should be organized, under suitable leaders, to be in pursuit, and that a few active men should be selected to look after Native fires at day, lie in ambush near, and make their capture in the cold morning twilight. "To rid the country of this scourge," he adds, "a considerable number of troops will be required." It was his opinion that the employment of prisoners, or at least of men seeking an extension of freedom, would be most advantageous, as these would struggle to obtain a free pardon by their labours.

The Governor resolved to try the scheme, and directed the magistrate to make a selection as a trial. By the end of November four had been chosen. Three were ticket-of-leave men seeking emancipation—John Hopkins, Samuel May, and William Wakeman, all well acquainted with the native life in the Bush. The fourth was still in the primary class of bondage, John Danvers, a man of great ability and energy. One Reynolds, who had but six months to serve, and in order to obtain his liberty by efflux of time, volunteered to go, being fond of a life in the woods, and considered a capital shot. He stayed his six months, and then retired to freedom, demanding nothing for his labour.

Other persons were engaged elsewhere; as Messrs. Gilbert Robertson, John Batman, Jorgen Jorgenson, Nicholas Tortosa, James Hopkins, Mayhew Tattersall, John Eldon, W. Grant, R. Tyrrell, Peter Scott, W. Wilson, George James, W. Holmes, Alexander McKay, Surridge, Parish, Emmett, Brodribb, Gorringe, &c. Mr. Roberts took four Bruni Blacks after a Port Davey tribe. Mr. Tortosa was to receive one thousand acres, in addition to the five pounds' bounty, if he caught twenty in twelve months. Mr. Fisher undertook to round some of them up in an angle of the roaring Shannon River. To some of these, perhaps, the remarks of Mr. Wedge may justly apply: "But they in vain laboured to capture the unfortunate Blacks. They, however, did succeed, I believe, in shooting a few of them, which could have no other effect than to increase the hostility of the survivors."

But little was really done until the energies and experience of Mr. Anstey were brought into requisition. In May, 1829, all leaders of parties were directed to make their monthly reports to him. It was at his suggestion that twelve men were placed under the authority of Mr. John Batman, six with Mr. Nicholas of Campbell Town, five with Mr. Sherwin of the Clyde, and five with Mr. Doran of New Norfolk. A man, named John Small, was promised a free pardon should he succeed in bringing in ten captives during the year of his engagement.

It was to enlist the utmost diligence in this service that the celebrated proclamation was made, guaranteeing five pounds for the capture of each adult, and two pounds for a child, belonging to the Natives. The more respectable of the leaders were baited with the prospect of grants of land.

Mr. Anstey entered heartily upon his work. Of a good family at home, a gentleman in bearing and character, he brought to his duties an uncompromising fidelity, a stern sense of justice, an unremitting energy, an acute sagacity, and much practical wisdom. In devotion to duty, he reminds one of an ancient Spartan. An anecdote is recorded of him that suggests the parting word of the Spartan mother—"Return a victor, or upon your shield." When his son, then out with the *Line* after the Blacks, suffering from the hardships of the Bush in an inclement season, wished to return home, Mr. Anstey forwarded this decided reply: "Stay till all is lawfully dismissed. If you return before, the house will be closed against you." He was of the true Wellington stamp, appreciating duty rather than glory.

His children were energetic and intelligent like himself. One son became an influential legislator in South Australia. Another (Chisholm Anstey) was well known as a prominent member of the British House of Commons.

His son George distinguished himself in the Black War. On the 27th of July, 1830, some Natives were heard prowling about the farm in the night. Heading a small number of servants, the lad, being then but sixteen, dashed after the enemy. Fortunately for the pursuers, the ground was covered with snow, and the track could readily be followed in the darkness. The tribe was gained, a charge was made, four were captured, and the rest fled in terror. Not a shot was fired. Among the spoils were fourteen dogs, fifteen blankets, and five spears. The colony rang with acclamations at the daring deed, and the courage of many a drooping Bush tracker revived. The Governor honoured the brave boy with a *Gazette* notice, and the gift of five hundred acres of land.

The sequel of the incident is soon told. Three of the four were of the weaker sex. When they were being led to Hobart Town by the constables, the man shammed illness in the wattle-perfumed valley of Bagdad. The constables were compelled to place the agonized fellow in a wheelbarrow, and trundle him to a hut for the night. Leaving him there to groan in peace, the guardians indulged in some sleep, being perfectly assured of the safety of the prisoner. The dark and subtle captive climbed the chimney in the silence of night, and regained his forest mates.

One part of Mr. Anstey's scheme, the employment of soldiers, was not so desirable. They were slow in movement, they needed Bush-craft, they ill sorted with civilians, they were soon demoralized, they stood little fatigue, they were often cruel, and their red coats were ready signals. A corporal with a party of the 40th earned no reputation by a most atrocious massacre of a large number of men, women, and children, upon whose camp-fires they came suddenly. At first, military parties had a liberal provision when out—viz. 14 lbs. of meat a week, besides flour, &c. Subsequently they were reduced to garrison allowance, to the disgust of the men, who saw themselves far worse fed than convicts. To add to their annoyance and diminish their zeal, the Commissariat directed that they should find their own shoes when travelling—an absurd arrangement, when the rocky, intricate character of the country is remembered. Of course, the soldiers moved very carefully, and at easy stages. They furthermore complained of the rust which exposure brought upon their regimental fire-arms when in the Bush. Altogether, the Government officer was right, who said, "Soldiers are unfit, in every respect, to act with the civil power."

The difficulty which our troops have experienced while Bush-fighting with the Maories calls to mind a project brought forward in June, 1829, by Mr. Horace Rowcroft, and seconded by Major Gray, to introduce a number of New Zealanders into Van Diemen's Land. It was contended that, as they would sell slaves for a musket each, they would be quite willing to catch Black-fellows at the same rate. Their great intelligence, their crafty policy, and their warlike bearing, with the use of weapons better adapted than "Brown Bess" to forest contests, made the plan acceptable to many. Mr. Rowcroft added a plea of benevolence. The Maories were then regarded as about the most bloodthirsty savages and cannibals that the world could furnish; so, without reflecting upon the consequences of contact to the poor Tasmanians, he declared that "much good would result to the New Zealanders by their intercourse with us, and would probably sow the germ of civilization among an energetic and enterprising people." But the humane Colonel Arthur feared the massacre of his Black subjects, and rejected the proposal.

As money was not a plentiful article in that era of colonial progress, the offer of a reward for catching Blacks was so agree-

able to the acquisitive faculty, that not a few were ready to dare danger for bright gold. A scheme was actually set on foot, though detected in time, to proceed to the Straits, capture the half-civilized women there, and claim the bounty. The *Launceston Advertiser* of March, 1830, sounded an alarm: "We understand a party of volunteers are busily employed man-catching in the neighbourhood; we hope they will not introduce any stranger from the islands to the main. Five pounds a-head is a tempting sum; but our accommodations in this quarter are rather too limited to furnish bread and lodging for these sable gentry."

The "bounty five" was stopped by the order of June 5th, 1832, when the head hunters were informed by the Governor that the reward was no longer offered, because the "present tranquil state of the Colony had rendered it unnecessary."

When caught, the Natives were not easily held. A good smearing of opossum grease on their naked skins prevented a secure grasp. Thus, four were one day surrounded, and held for a time, at St. Paul's Plains; but three managed to wriggle themselves free. The ever-watchful *Courier* hastened to publish an infallible cure. "Some persons," quoth the paper, "adopt the plan of getting behind them, and thrusting the arms beneath the armpits of the Black, to bring the hands round behind the neck or head, and, being thus clasped, completely secure and overpower him."

Some independent parties were highly successful. Mr. Howell, of the Shannon, obtained a thousand acres for his exploits. Mr. James Parish, an Australian by birth, and a pilot, was said to have been the means of securing no less than twenty-two Aborigines, and a host of dogs, close to Swan Island, on which he managed to place them. Another person caught a Native, called Tommy Notoes, from having lost these useful members. One man escaped after being first secured, but was wounded by a shot in his retreat. He managed, however, to gain the shore, and attempted to swim away; but, soon exhausted, he was retaken, and his wound was dressed. Placed in a hut for security, he again escaped, and was not recovered. Two were caught by a shrewd fellow who exposed a sugar-bag in the Bush, and then hid himself till his victims were in the sweets.

The Natives were terribly harassed by the roving parties,

Their sufferings were severe, especially from their fear to light a fire to warm their bodies, or to cook their food. Children and weak persons rapidly sunk from fatigue and want, or were hurried by violence to a grave that would shield them from their implacable foes. Opposing craft to force, the men of the woods concealed themselves in chosen retreats, kept up a vigilant look-out, and knew how, at fitting times, to silence their faithful and obedient dogs. They were accustomed to indicate their way through the pathless wilderness by the Indian mode of breaking branches, or of pointing sticks in the ground, so that their fellows might track them to the camp. But, pursued by the Whites, these sticks, as previously agreed upon, were placed right in some places, and wrong in others. Sharp points and sharp stones were left just above ground to wound the feet of those following them; as many of these wore home-made moccasins, a severe laming would attend a misfooting.

The guides of the parties were either white Bushmen, or Natives. The latter were not to be depended upon, and some acknowledged, when on Flinders Island, having brought the leaders near the sought-for tribe, and then refused to go further, or lead off in another direction. Black Jack, who was out with Mr. Gilbert Robertson, told Mr. Jorgenson, that after he had been beaten by that gentleman, for some supposed fault, he was often upon the track of his countrymen, but would not trace. Black Tom, captured by Mr. Robertson near Little Plains, acted so plausibly, as to be recommended by his captor to the Governor, December 22d, 1829, with this character: "I believe Black Tom to be perfectly sincere in his wish to further the views of Government toward his countrymen, and that he fully appreciates the benefits they would receive by embracing the proffered protection of His Excellency."

Mungo was an intelligent lad, and did good service. He was the son of an influential chieftain, and accompanied both Mr. Robertson and Mr. Batman, but early died of disease. Mr. Jorgenson had him under training, and sought to preserve his morals by keeping the men from using bad words in his presence. But he had little faith in native guides; saying, "I have not found one that I could recommend, or seem fit to be a negociator between us and his countrymen. Eumarra, Black Tom, and Black Jack, three of the guides, possess much

cunning, but little manly sense, and they are otherwise corrupted."

As the wild people were caught, they were transferred to the nearest gaol. Some were at first taken to Mr. G. A. Robinson at Bruni; or, under his care, to the establishment at Newtown, a couple of miles out of Hobart Town. Mr. Stirling was in charge of the latter asylum, during the journey of his chief to Port Davey. Believing himself able to bring in some people by means of the women, whose good opinion he believed he had secured, he wrote on March 14th, 1830, offering his service: "I feel," said he, "a confidence on behalf of the females who would accompany me, to cancel any doubts or apprehensions as connected with my own personal safety." His offer was declined.

Such an establishment was soon found of little use, as numbers came in, and numbers went out again. An island home was the desideratum. Long before, the English colonists had much trouble with the aboriginal Caribs of the West Indian St. Vincents. After a "Black War" there, a submission led to the project of banishment. Unwilling to forsake their own lovely native land, the Caribs again resisted; but in vain. Capture parties were appointed, and those secured were transported to the little island of Balisean, that had been meanwhile allotted for their reception. It is just possible that this scrap of Colonial History in the olden times may have suggested the Tasmanian Island Depôt Scheme.

In spite of the success of some of the roving parties in capture, for 236 were secured by the end of 1832, it was felt that great destruction of life had taken place. Mr. Carr, manager then for the Van Diemen's Land Agricultural Company, calculated upon the effects of the "Five Pounds' Proclamation," as it was called, and said, "The Proclamation as usual will enjoin the sparing the defenceless, and that the people are not to be killed, but taken alive; and the way in which it will be acted upon will be by *killing nine for one taken.*" Some such feeling was evidently shared by the authorities; for a Government Notice, appearing on August 20th, 1830, bears upon the subject, and again utters a warning against cruelty.

"The Lieutenant-Governor," says the command, "has learned, with much regret that the Government Order of the 25th of February last, offering certain rewards for the capture of the

Aborigines, appears in some recent instances to have been misapprehended; and, in order to remove the possibility of any future misunderstanding on this important subject, His Excellency has directed it to be distinctly notified, that nothing can be more opposed to the spirit of the above-named Order, and to all that of the different Proclamations and Orders which preceded it, than to offer any sort of violence or restraint to such of the aboriginal Natives as may approach the European inhabitants with friendly views:—the reward was offered for the capture of such Natives only as were committing aggressions on the inhabitants of the Settled Districts, from which it was the object of the Government to expel them with every degree of humanity that was practicable, when all efforts for their conciliation had proved abortive.

"It was His Excellency's most particular desire, and most peremptory Order to all persons employed under the Government, that no violence or restraint shall be offered to the inoffensive Natives of the remote and unsettled parts of the Territory, and that all such as may approach the Settled Districts, and offer to hold intercourse with the inhabitants in a friendly manner, may be encouraged to do so, and permitted to depart whenever they desire it; and if, after the promulgation of this Notice, any wanton attack or aggression against the Natives becomes known to the Government, the offenders will be immediately brought to justice and punishment."

The best criticism upon this extraordinary Order is found in the captures being nearly all made in the outlying districts, and that two months afterwards the Governor himself conducted an expedition against all the Natives in the settled districts.

Among the Leaders of Parties the name of JOHN BATMAN stands out in relief.

Though only one of the ordinary Leaders of Parties after the Aborigines, yet, as the most prominent of these, the most esteemed by the Governor, and the most approved of by the Blacks, a separate notice might be given of his part in the war. There is an additional reason for bringing him thus to the front, because of the great work he was the means of accomplishing in 1835—the colonization of Port Phillip—and thus becoming the *Founder of the prosperous Colony of Victoria.*

John Batman was an Australian; being born at Parramatta, in New South Wales, and subsequently becoming a farmer under the shadow of Ben Lomond, in Tasmania. For particulars of his career, the reader is referred to the Author's works on "The Discovery and Settlement of Port Phillip," and "John Batman, the Founder of Victoria."

Of powerful frame, goodly stature, great activity, untiring energy, quick intelligence, and superior Bush-craft, he was fitted for leadership in the Black War. But, of agreeable manners, exuberant spirits, and genuine kindliness, he became the admired of men, and the favourite of women. Governor Arthur acknowledged the public efforts of Mr. Batman, and was pleased with his society, while the convict servants of his household, and the roving tribes of the island, alike felt the benevolence of his heart, and bowed before the force of his character.

That the writer be not supposed too partial toward him, other evidence will be produced. The Quaker Missionary, Mr. George Washington, often spoke to me of his interest in the man, and acknowledged the correctness of the Rev. John West, the historian of Tasmania, when he stated, "To Mr. Batman belongs the praise of mingling humanity with severity, of perceiving human affections he was commissioned to resist. He certainly began in the midst of conflict and bloodshed to try the softer influence of conciliation and charity,—being one of the few who entertained a strong confidence in the power of kindness." Mr. Melville, another colonial historian, asserts that he "proceeded not with the sword, but with the olive branch." Honest old Captain Robson, who was with him in an early trip to Port Phillip, gave me this testimony of his friend: "He was a brave, athletic, daring, resolute man, fearing nothing—neither wind nor weather. His perseverance was beyond anything I ever saw." The Hon. J. H. Wedge adds a strong recommendation of his ancient companion. Wm. Robertson, Esq. J.P., who knew him intimately, has this observation: "His character for veracity and probity cannot, with regard to the truth, be in the slightest degree impugned." Mr. Hamilton Hume, the veteran explorer, who walked overland from Sydney to the site of Geelong in 1824, was born in the same village as Mr. Batman, and was enthusiastic in writing to me of his good qualities, and Bush-abilities.

Mr. Batman was called from his home, and a fine family of daughters, to take the field after the marauding Natives. He had previously been, from love of adventure, not less than the patriotic impulse of a citizen, a chaser of flying Bushrangers, and the means of the capture of notable ruffians. Delighting in danger, and courting conflict, he was among the foremost to proffer his services to the Government in that perilous time. In his official letter, dated from his estate, Kingston, Ben Lomond, June 15th, 1829, he writes: "I have formed the determination, provided it meets with His Excellency's approbation, under certain conditions, of devoting some time, and all the exertion of which I am capable, toward bringing in alive some of that much injured and unfortunate race of beings."

This gives the key to his conduct. He regarded the Natives as injured—"much injured"—and his sympathies were called forth on behalf of the unfortunate people. They were being shot down by soldiers, constables, and settlers. They were hunted down as implacable and hungry beasts. They were unpitied and undefended. He was resolved to stand in the breach. Without assuming so much as Mr. G. A. Robinson, he was actuated by a similar spirit. Not making the Christian profession that the latter did, Batman's real desire to save the Blacks from destruction was as pure as his. The difference, and a striking difference between them was this—that while one took no weapons, the other did; though that was from the old feeling of insecurity, former habits of bandit-hunting, and the resolution to fight rather than run, when he failed to conciliate. Mr. Robinson fled from his native pursuers; but Mr. Batman would stand and face those to the death who rejected his proposed kindness, and sought his own destruction.

The *Launceston Advertiser* of August 24th, greeted his appointment with satisfaction, saying, "We learn from good authority that Mr. John Batman is to be employed for some time as Conductor of a party of ten Crown Prisoners, part of whom are to receive emancipation, and part tickets of leave, if they behave well. Their task is to capture all the Aborigines, or as many as they possibly can." Again, "Mr. John Batman is very well fitted for this office, from his knowledge of the Bush, from his early habits, and from his great capability of enduring fatigue and privation." Major Grey, his neighbour, a most energetic

magistrate, was much interested in Mr. Batman's application, and a zealous co-operator in his subsequent movements. Great confidence was expressed; and, as one official wrote to the Colonial Secretary, "A thousand acres or two of land to such a person as Mr. Batman for such an undertaking would be no consideration."

At once he went to work; for we have his letter, dated Sept. 18th, giving a record of progress: "Seeing a number of Natives approaching toward us, I ordered the men to lie down, and not to fire upon them, but, when I should whistle, to rush forward and seize them. When they approached within forty yards, I gave the signal. We all ran forward, and secured three women, two young children, three boys, and two young men." This was brave news for the settlers, as these captured ones belonged to a troublesome tribe. The capture took place between Break-o'-Day Plains and Oyster Bay, near the east coast. Seventeen large dogs were obtained, and a considerable quantity of stolen goods—blankets, knives, clothing, &c.—fell into hand.

Unfortunately, that same month in the following year was signalized by a sad affair, a solitary instance of real warfare between Mr. Batman and the Natives. He had been penetrating the intricate forest glens of Ben Lomond, when he suddenly found himself confronted by a well-armed mob of seventy, belonging to the most sanguinary tribes of the island. A flight of spears saluted him; and so determined an assault followed, that he was constrained to order a discharge of musketry. Although fifteen of the assailants paid the penalty of their attack, yet such was the valour of the Native warriors that only one woman and one child were made prisoners by the Europeans. The dogs, which had nobly stood beside their dark masters, shared in their fate, for twenty were shot. Among the spoil of the camp were thirty or forty spears, fifteen feet in length.

That there was some justification for the colonial terror, and some need for armed parties to restrain attack, where unable to make peaceable terms, a letter of Mr. Batman's may afford evidence. It was written officially from Ben Lomond, and says: "I have just time to say that the Natives last Thursday week murdered two men at Oyster Bay, and the next day they beat a sawyer about to death. On Sunday after they murdered a soldier. On last Wednesday they attacked the house of

Mr. Boultby, when he was absent; and if it had not been for a soldier who happened to be there, they would have murdered Mrs. Boultby and all the children. On Friday last they murdered three men at a hut belonging to Major Grey, and left a fourth for dead."

Mr. Batman was the first to employ native women as spies and guides. Mr. Robinson afterwards followed out the same plan with signal advantage. These brought intelligence of the wanderers, and, from sympathy with the benevolent views of these two leaders, induced their country people to accept of the proffered protection. They were made to understand the intentions of the Governor to remove them from the bad and cruel Whites to good hunting-grounds, which their enemies could never approach.

Three of Mr. Batman's native females succeeded on one occasion in prevailing upon nine men to come to Kingston. It so happened that the gentleman was from home, and Mrs. Batman and her daughters were much terrified at the visit. She sent over for her neighbour, Mr. Simeon Lord, who gave me a graphic account of this irruption of barbarians. He found the new comers about as wild a collection as the country could furnish. They were all armed, and were prying most curiously, but good-humouredly, about the premises. Some were enjoying the mysteries of the mirror, and laughing at each other's transferred features. One had a girl's cap on his greasy pate, and another mounted a larger article of feminine wardrobe. They stalked about in Native costume of perfect undress, and made free with what pleased them, but carefully abstained from liberties with the household. As hungry as hunters, they made such havoc as to lead Mr. Batman afterwards to write: "Their appetite is enormous, devouring everything they meet. They are particularly fond of half-roasted eggs of every description, geese, ducks, and hens; it is all one—so much so, that Mrs. Batman's poultry-yard will cut but a sorry figure after the company."

The master arrived home at sundown, to the great relief of the family. He gave the party a hearty welcome, but took no measures to force them into confinement. The consequence was, that the gentry departed in the night, though returning on a subsequent day. Six having been on another occasion taken to Launceston, the Commandant, not knowing what to do with

them, would have let them free, had not Mr. Batman convinced him that the poor creatures would be shot if released.

But in spite of the good service rendered by the women, Mr. Batman believed that they were not fully to be relied upon in an emergency; for, although conscious of the honest intentions of Government toward their race, they would at times relax in their efforts, and spread false reports, from a natural feeling of unwillingness to see them taken prisoners.

Mr. Batman, as an old ranger in the forests of New South Wales, had experience of the fine tracking powers of the New Holland Aborigines, and wished to have such auxiliaries with him in his present work. Addressing the Governor upon the subject, on March 18th, 1830, he distinguished the kind he required: "They should be got from the interior, as those about the town of Sydney are accustomed to the drinking of spirits, and have in a great measure lost their natural gift of tracking."

Colonel Arthur approved of the suggestion. Accordingly, Pigeon and Crook were procured, and continued for several years attached to Mr. Batman's person, and companions in his wonderful adventures. Years after, they and one of his old English servants went across with him to the establishment of a settlement at Port Phillip, where they discovered Buckley, the Wild White man, who had been living with the Port Phillip Blacks for thirty-two years. Such was the estimation in which the efforts of these so-called *Sydney Natives* were held, that, in 1831, others were sent for by the authorities, "to be employed," said the *Courier* of September, "as instruments, under the direction of properly-qualified persons, to conciliate and civilize the Natives of our own island."

Pigeon and Crook were despatched for the new men, who stipulated for a dollar a day, a suit of clothes, and a medal. The names of the guides were John Pigeon, John Crook, John Waterman, William Sawyers, John Peter, and John Radley. Their native appellations were respectively Warroba, Jonninbia, Monowara, Nombardo, Bollo'bolong, and Terro'mallee.

Their conduct, real or alleged, provoked much discussion at the time. It was said they would be bloodthirsty destroyers of the poor Tasmanians, and that, instead of ameliorating their social condition, they would introduce fresh vices, and incite

them to worse hostilities. The dreadful deeds of Mosquito, the Sydney monster, were paraded to the injury of the reputation of the imported guides. Perhaps no one more violently objected to their continued engagement than Mr. G. A. Robinson. Some asserted that his opposition was from spleen at their success; but he affirmed that they were untrustworthy servants, that they corrupted the Native women, and that they were drunken reprobates.

After skirmishing for a long time, the two leaders came to open rupture about the strangers. Mr. Robinson having officially complained of them, and reminded the Governor that they were from Mosquito's own part of the country, Mr. Batman combated for them. He gave instances of their good deeds, and related cases in which they had stood by him in great straits, and had one time helped him successfully to capture, without bloodshed, a mob of thirteen Aborigines. He defended their conduct at home, which had been assailed by the *Conciliator*, and declared, "In no instance, in New South Wales, have they been known to join the runaways." Warming at last beyond patience or prudence, he proceeded to personalities, and circulated a slander before raised. "I cannot think," wrote he, "of any other motive Mr. Robinson could possibly have for this assertion than his knowledge that the Sydney Blacks were acquainted with all his proceedings while in the Bush."

Mr. Batman, though directed to co-operate with Major Gray, was ordered to consult the magistrate at Campbell Town, James Simpson, Esq.; to whom I am much indebted for information about the early times of both Tasmania and Victoria, and who was a warm friend to poor John Batman. These two gentlemen were favourable in their reports, as may be seen from the following Government Notice of Sept. 9, 1830: "Mr. John Batman, having served the period of twelve months in pursuit of the Aborigines, the Lieutenant-Governor, placing every confidence in the certificates of James Simpson and William Gray, Esquires, J.P., as to the zeal which he has manifested, has directed a grant of two thousand acres of land to be made to him."

"The following rewards are also to be extended to the men who have served under Mr. Batman's orders during that period. To James York (Juliana), a conditional pardon; James Clark (Phœnix), ticket-of-leave; Howell Baxter (Prince of Orange),

ditto; James Gumm (Arab); ditto; William Gould (Arab), ditto."

A little explanation may here be necessary. The men attached to Mr. Batman's party were convicts. As such, they were supposed dead to the law, holding no property, constantly amenable to punishment, and subject to removal at any time to any place. If placed in service, they were to all intents and purposes slaves to their masters, who could get them flogged for disobedience or negligence, and to whose engagement they were bound for a fixed period. I have had both male and female assigned servants in Tasmania, who were not permitted to be off my premises after sundown without my written pass, to show any constable who may have stopped them. According to the length of sentence, so was the period of colonial bondage. If the party behaved well, a Ticket-of-Leave was granted. This gave a status of freedom. The man was free of engagement to a master—could, within a certain limited district, seek for employment, making his own bargain—could own property, be sued or sue, and be at liberty to marry. Although a man could not take a wife till possessed of a ticket, a prisoner woman might be married, having especial licence from the authorities. At any moment the ticket man was liable to have his privilege removed, should he be found out of bounds, drunk, disorderly, away from periodical muster, or transgressing one of the many police regulations. But once favoured with a Conditional Pardon, all restraints were removed, and he was practically a free man in the colony. He could live in any district he pleased, or reside in another colony, but never proceed to Great Britain and Ireland. A Free Pardon only allowed of return to the mother country. A lad whom I took from the ship as my servant had been transported for robbing his master at home. He proved a worthy fellow, and I was able successively to procure his ticket-of-leave, conditional pardon, and free pardon; and then he returned to his mother in England. Against the name, for instance, of James Gumm the word *Arab* is in brackets. This was the name of the convict-ship by which he arrived. All persons were recognised in the police records by their name and ship.

Mr. Batman was not indifferent to the reward of his Sydney guides. Ten pounds were presented to each. But at the end of the first year, he recommended that Pigeon and Crook should

be made Bush constables, and put on the police staff. He suggested, also, that the same power should be granted to Black Bill, a Tasmanian guide. He procured better rations for them.

Anxious for home and rest, he retired awhile in October 1830, transferring his Sydney Blacks to his friend Mr. Cottrell. The Governor, in his despatch of November 20th, is pleased to refer to his labours thus: "Mr. Batman treated the savages with the utmost kindness, distributing to them clothing and food. They were placed under no restraint, but all the indulgence that had been pledged was manifested toward them. Mr. Batman, who has taken the most lively interest in conciliating these wretched people, and has been one of the few who supposed that they might be influenced by kindness, was, with his family, most assiduous in cultivating the best understanding."

But he never lost his interest in the work. His year of success was that in which Mr. Robinson had been able to accomplish little. After this, the operations were left in the hands of the latter, though the Ben Lomond squatter actively laboured for the good of the unhappy race. He objected to the system of clearing the island of all of them without exception, and pleaded hard for the retention of youth educated by settlers, and devoted to their service. This brought him into collision with Mr. Robinson, who was ever jealous of his intimacy with Colonel Arthur and the higher officials, and who formally complained of his keeping two Native lads on his farm near Ben Lomond, for he would not return them at the mission leader's orders.

A passage-at-arms occurred. Mr. Robinson was backed by the Aborigines' Committee of Hobart Town, while his rival had the ear of officialdom. Mr. Batman declared that he was not obstructive, but that he acted as the guardian of the boys, because their mothers, on being forwarded to Flinders Island, refused to take the lads from the kind care of the Blacks' friend. The Committee wrote to Ben Lomond, urging the removal of the two, stating that Mr. Robinson had intimated the clamour among the exiles at their absence. Lieutenant Darling, the beloved Commandant at Flinders, espoused the side of Batman, and addressed a letter to him, March 25th, 1834, declaring that the mother of Jackey had told him, in answer to his question: "No—no—no! let him stay at Mr. Batman's, till he gets a *long* fellow." Mr. Darling

continues: "I have seen Jackey (then ten years old), driving the plough at your farm, and have expressed to you my admiration of his shrewdness and intelligence, and my hope that under the care and kindness with which both he and little Benny are evidently treated by your family, they would one day become useful members of society." He wished that all the children at Flinders were similarly placed. Ultimately Mr. Robinson gained his end.

I have in my possession, through the favour of Mr. Weire, Town Clerk of Geelong, who married Mr. Batman's daughter Eliza, the little memorandum book in which the leader of the roving party kept his Journal, from March 3d to September 29th, 1830. Outside, it is directed from his farm, Kingston.

A slight analysis of this Journal will illustrate the labours of the man. The scene is laid about Ben Lomond.

This grand pile of rocks lies toward the north-eastern corner of Tasmania, and is the source of the North Esk and South Esk, whose waters unite at Launceston. The district is one of great interest to the geologist. It is about twenty-six years ago since I had the pleasure of travelling through it on my way to the East Coast. Leaving the neighbouring farm to that where Mr. Batman lived in the olden times, I traversed the carboniferous and silurian county of Fingal, crossing several creeks that had cut through the bituminous coal, and glancing at the quartz veins of the palæozoic rocks from which the gold is now extracted. The granite succeeds, and carries one on to the shore. Overflowing these various formations, and presenting most fantastic appearances when prismatic, there is the greenstone. This ancient igneous rock constitutes the huge bulk of Ben Lomond, which I found to be a table nearly eight miles in extent, with an elevation of five thousand feet. The whole neighbourhood of Ben Lomond is a vast forest, varied by scrub and huge boulders. Lofty isolated hills of carboniferous order, as Mount Nicholas, are to be observed with remarkable caps of greenstone, telling the old story of denudation. It was amidst such a region that our leader and his party spent the winter and spring, watching for the Aborigines.

A little story of the author's Bush experience may afford the reader further insight into the nature of the place, and the characters one might have met in the period. The time of my visit

was some seven years only after the departure of Mr. Batman for residence in Port Phillip.

I started from near Kingston, under the guidance of a convict shepherd, who carried the swag, and led the way. He entertained me with narratives of bushranging and native hunting, to lighten my toilsome march. After travelling for about ten hours over very rough ground, the sun was setting before the welcome sound of a dog broke the silence of the mountain solitude, and guided us to the lonely hut of old Boco, the one-eyed tenant of Ben Lomond. He was lord of the wastes, the supposed shepherd of a flock feeding on the sparse vegetation of the rocky slopes.

He received me heartily, and proclaimed his ample store of mutton, damper, and tea, for my entertainment, objecting to the opening of the haversack which my companion carried. The hut was of slabs of unhewn timber, rudely plastered with clay. The floor was of mother earth. The huge fireplace opened into the hut; and, being unprovided with a chimney, furnished the inmates with a sight of the stars, or a sensation of rain, according to the weather. The *billy* was swung, the tea was made, the chops were fried, the damper was brought, and the weary wanderers were soon at ease.

But the company—it is time they were introduced. Old Boco, who had passed through some singular passages of history, and whose hut was, perhaps slanderously, supposed the receptacle of curiosities, surreptitiously conveyed there from the regions below, was of most forbidding aspect, torn and rent by years and usage, like the mountain of which he seemed the genius. He was not alone. A number of friends had dropped in. Two shepherds were seeking lost animals. Three men were out kangarooing. Three were servants sent to cut posts and rails for fencing. Two were constables on the search. All were of the convict class. Even these were not unattended. Every man seemed to have a dog; and the noise these creatures made through the night would have disturbed the rest of any but Bushmen. A new-comer, when informed of the character of his associates, might have felt uncomfortable.

The supper over, the chat commenced vigorously. An unnecessary apology was made to the *gentleman* for the absence of grog. It had been all drunk, and Boco had nothing but good

Ben Lomond ale (water) to offer. A very dirty pack of cards gave amusement to one party, some indulged in a song, while others smoked before the blazing logs. Being all early risers, there were speedy arrangements for bed. My guide had an opossum rug for me, which he disposed on one of the three side bunks of rough slabs. As soon as I had settled myself, a peculiarly odorous splitter enveloped himself in a filthy blanket, retaining his boots, and occupied the spare place beside me. The rest folded their rugs or blankets around them, and coiled about on the mud and moistened floor.

Some were not ready for sleep, and called upon a scholarly mate to give them some literature. He produced a disreputable looking book, and brought the light near him, as he lay upon the floor. The candlestick was a disabled tin pannikin. The tallow was the fat of the chops poured off from the hissing pan. The wick was a piece of Old Boco's well-worn shirt, and gave a flickering and smoky flame. In a monotonous manner, Jack read a very characteristic work, considering the country and company—"The Wonderful Escapes of Jack Sheppard!"

Some such associations, with the addition of native society, probably surrounded the rude hut erected for the Ben Lomond sojourn of Mr. Batman.

To return to the Journal. The entries are very brief, often roughly and incorrectly written, but evidently made honestly on the days in question. The only thing noticed outside of his work was the eclipse of the moon on March 9th, when "not one bit of her was to be seen." The Governor took much notice of his proceedings, and Mr. Batman rode occasionally to Launceston or Hobart Town to confer with His Excellency. We read: "Had a long talk with His Excellency;" "Had a long conversation respecting my expedition against the Aborigines." Having some trouble to get a couple of women out from gaol at Launceston, he had to see the Governor before securing their liberty. Colonel Arthur promised Pigeon "a great deal, if he could succeed in bringing in a tribe on friendly terms."

Mr. Batman, after several long and painful journeys, with fruitless return, was obliged to have a substantial hut made as a depôt for provisions, as well as a home for the party. From this centre he despatched his people on search, though often enough there is the entry, "No sight of the Natives." He would send

the men by themselves, or with the native women. Thus we have, "The women left this morning with Gunner, Pigeon, Crook, and Black Bill, to scour the country." For reasons not explained, the women "expressed a wish to go away by themselves." They promised to bring in the tribe if permitted to travel alone, and the leader started them from the east end of Ben Lomond. He gave them complete supplies, besides "three dogs, knives, pipes, &c., to carry with them." Three men took the burden some considerable distance for them. His faith was strong in their intentions, for we have him writing: "I have every hope of the women bringing in their tribe." His confidence was not misplaced. When he sent either his European or Sydney men with them, he would not permit them to take fire-arms. Mr. Robinson was not alone in his belief in moral suasion.

Occasionally he was directed to go in pursuit of some murderous gang. He came too late to catch the murderers of three men at Major Gray's. Hearing of a mob attacking Mr. Hooper's place, he rode hastily off. His day's record says: "The house surrounded by Natives. I galloped down, and the whole of them fled. The first thing we saw was the dead body of Mr. Hooper, and a great number of goods lying outside the house."

He was quite ready to acknowledge something to the credit of the foes of the settlers. Ordered off to another reported scene of outrage, where it was said that Mr. Newland's man had been killed, he arrived, "and found the whole of it to be false. The man (who originated the story) was a cripple, or I should have taken him before a magistrate." Another notice evidences his good feeling: "They went also into a house where a woman was, took one blanket, and did not hurt her. This shows they do not commit murders when they might." After another ride, upon a report, he returned, as he wrote, "without seeing the least trace of the Natives, and think the whole of the reports to be false."

Among the walking feats, we have noticed fifteen, twenty, and twenty-five miles a day. The wet and cold sorely tried them, but the snow, three or four feet thick for a week at a time, shut them up in their secluded mountain hut, or detained them on the lower plains.

There was under the rough exterior of this powerful Bushman no small share of the tenderness belonging more to the other

sex. Several entries in his Journal prove this. He was very fond of children, and very gentle to women. His notice of April 6th is: "The women here all day. This evening, the young child, belonging to one of the women, that sucked at the breast, died. I put it in a box, and buried it at the top of the garden. She seemed much affected at the loss of the child, and cried much." The next day's entry commences, "This morning I found the woman, that lost her child, over the grave, and crying much."

As John Batman had no fluency in writing, and confined himself to the fewest possible sentences in his official reports, as well as the most barren statements in his journal, it is pleasing to notice this evidence of his natural good feeling. Even while out, his care for the black women was conspicuous. Such entries as the following are worthy of record: "The black women could not walk well." "Caught a kangaroo for the women." "The women much tired: made them some tea, and gave them bread and mutton." "The black women arrived here about twelve o'clock: made them tea, gave them bread, &c." He was evidently very uneasy about the long absence of the women on two occasions. For a whole fortnight we have the entry of "No signs of the women." When he heard that in their search after their countrymen they had been snowed up, he was much concerned about sending them relief. Then, upon their return, he would not for several days permit them to leave the hut, because of the snow.

Mr. Gilbert Robertson, one time chief constable at Richmond, a man of powerful frame, possessed qualities admirably fitting him for a leader. Thoroughly educated, of independent character, with a relish for public life, he occupied a prominent position in political affairs at a time when it was indiscreet to speak, and dangerous to write. He had the boldness to expose evils, and the temerity to confront authority. He was prepared to vindicate his views in the presence of His Excellency, as well as expound them through the press before citizens. A little time-serving would have saved him much loss, if it had not led to better fortune. Co-operating with Messrs. Gregson and Melville, he earnestly contended for the emancipation of colonists, and the end of irresponsible government, content to suffer with

others the odium of their opposition, and the penalty of obnoxious laws.

It is fitting that the men who now enjoy such extension of franchise in Australia should cast a grateful glance on the memory of those who bled in their purse, and ached in their imprisoned bodies, that British settlers might possess British rights. At this moment, one of the worthy fathers of the colonial press, and one of the fathers of colonial freedom, wanders through London a too-forgotten and neglected man. In the feebleness of advanced age, with the pressure of impecunious circumstances, he can stand forth as a man who, with all the strength of conscious intellect, and the resolution of an unquailing will, could endure the confiscation of fortune, and the indignity of a gaol, while battling against the despotic *régime* of the past, and helping to usher in a brighter and a better day.

The name of Mr. Gilbert Robertson shines in the annals of the "Black War," and will be often recognised in these pages. It was after his engagement with Government that his career as a politician began. Strong-headed and impulsive as he was, too unbending in opinion, too unrelenting in attack, he was not unpossessed of geniality, and had a warm interest in the Natives from his sympathy with the rights of man. Such a person was not likely to find favour with the advocates of Imperialism. It is to be regretted, however, that when he sought the recommendation of his chief, Mr. Anstey, on behalf of some indulgences for his men, his application was rather surlily refused.

In his address to Colonel Arthur on November 17th, 1828, his energetic and sanguine nature led him to exclaim: "In that time (a year) I think I could manage to catch every one in the Settled Districts." He stipulated, upon engagement, December 25, 1828, that he should receive a salary of 150*l.*, with rations, and a grant of land, if successful; but that, in the event of any casualty occurring to himself, his wife should receive a grant of land, and be provided with the means of returning to Scotland.

His engagement extended to March 24th, 1830. As may be imagined, the restlessness of his spirit did not render him submissive to the stern rule of the Superintendent, Mr. Anstey, who complained of his irregularity of reports, and his impracticability with other leaders. He felt himself exposed to the array

of fortune-hunters, G. A. Robinson, John Batman, Jorgen Jorgenson, &c. He denounced their complicity with unconstitutional measures, their truckling for favour, their immoral intercourse with female guides, and their persistent thwarting of his own operations. He sought a conference of leaders, that a better plan might be adopted than the desultory one pursued, urging: "I really think that all our efforts have been too much at random." He fell foul, especially, with the astute, Anstey-shadow Jorgenson; resenting the employment of a man in the position of leader who had not escaped the barrier of penal bondage, and who was addicted to drunkenness. The other, a ready writer, and not too scrupulous an opponent, felt himself backed in the antagonism by the moral support of authority. Mr. Anstey, meantime, amused himself with writing about "the rival chieftains."

When his term of twelve months had expired, during which his success had been neither according to his expectations, nor equal to his exertions, Mr. Robertson wrote to the Colonial Secretary. He frankly states the case: "Unfortunately I have been able to do so little good for the expense which I have cost the Government, that I do not expect His Excellency will consider it expedient to require an extension of my services beyond the present year, though I do not think my health could stand another year of the hardships which I have undergone." Again, he says: "I do not wish nor expect any remuneration for whatever extra duty I may have to perform in pursuit of the Natives at any time, or to any place, where His Excellency may be pleased to order me, if it is his pleasure that I shall return to my office of Chief District Constable of Richmond after the 1st of January."

But he had not been unsuccessful, if even the capture of the bold chief Eumarra had been his sole performance. This man and four others were taken in October 1829. It was said by some that the cudgel and musket were necessary to their submission. One thing is certain, that Eumarra became the friend and helpmate of Mr. Robertson. Upon his retirement from service, the leader secured a thousand acres of land.

Mr. Anthony Cottrell was a valuable leader. In December 1831, he laid hold of two men and a woman, and made such good use of them as to gain their assistance to secure the rest of

their tribe toward the north-east; though we find Colonel Arthur writing: "I am very apprehensive that Mr. Cottrell may lose the Natives he has already taken." In the following November he made an excellent haul. His advocacy of the principles of the Conciliatory Mission may be gathered from his official report, in which he was proud to say: "There was not the least force used toward the people that joined us on this occasion, and they were allowed to retain their spears, &c., and to do as they pleased."

He subsequently went to the west coast, and followed after the Arthur River tribe that had speared a Sydney Native, and had forced Mr. G. A. Robinson to run for his life. Two of his men were unhappily drowned near the mouth of Pieman's River. On January 10th, 1833, he fell in with the tribe of twenty-six, some thirty miles from the Macquarie Harbour Heads, and would have met with a favourable response to his appeals, but for the vindictive jealousy of Edick. They had agreed to submit, and stayed one night and part of a day with him; but afterwards, when passing through a dense scrub, Edick persuaded the party to leave their white friends. Mr. Cottrell could not detain them, as he was unprovided with trinkets and provisions to induce them to remain.

However, he gallantly pressed forward in pursuit, and saw them, at length, on the opposite shore, at the mouth of the Arthur River. Rapidly constructing a raft, with the assistance of Mr. Robinson's son, then with him, he attempted to cross; but the frail vessel struck against a bar, and was wrecked. Nothing daunted, Stewart, one of his men, manufactured a rude canoe. In the meantime, Mr. Cottrell saw some on the other bank ready to join if they could get over. As the exploit would be one demanding not merely courage, but good swimming qualities, a Sydney Black of the party undertook the work. One by one did he succeed in securing the voluntary prisoners. There were five men, two women, and a child. The last time of crossing, Edick observed the treason, and rushed down to the shore with his spearmen. The Sydney man lightened the bark, by leaping into the water, leaving his last rescued to paddle more swiftly and safely to the other bank. Rapidly came the storm of spears; but, instead of blindly swimming onward, the wary New Hollander watched the progress of a spear, dived, and

swam under the surface, rose for a breath, and dived again before the next missile could reach the spot of his last appearance. The brave fellow gained the shelter of his friends, but was thoroughly exhausted with his effort. Mr. Cottrell took the eight who came to him on the 5th of February, and placed them for temporary safety on Grummet's Island, Macquarie Harbour. When his superior, Mr. Robinson, returned to the camp, and was told of the success, he was not so disinterested in his patriotism as to rejoice at the event.

Mr. M'Geary was an unlettered man, but one of great experience in Bush-craft and acquaintance with the Natives, whose language he spoke with much fluency. He was associated with Mr. Robinson, and once, when that gentleman was absent, he fell in with a tribe near Cape Portland. There he brought his tact to bear so well, and so convinced the Aborigines of their peril in falling in the hands of the remorseless *Red-coats*, that they agreed to go with him. Accompanied by their forty-two dogs, they followed him to Swan Island depôt.

Mr. M'Kay was, also, a very useful man in this important sphere of action. In 1830, assisted by M'Geary, he was able to capture thirteen at one time, and twelve at another. He was successful in catching four of the renowned Big River tribe. The Aborigines' Committee recommended on November 21st, 1831, that he be retained to follow the tribe, and attempt to conciliate them, or "capture them unhurt." They thought that if he fell in with Mr. Robinson he should place himself under his orders. It was M'Kay who, when on one occasion attached to Mr. Robinson's Conciliatory Mission, was severely treated by some rough Blacks, that thought to complete their work by dashing his brains out with waddies. But the Bushman had secreted, against orders, certain weapons, of so unmistakeable a power, that four of his antagonists were dropped, and the rest departed in haste.

Mr. Surridge, when coxswain of a boat at Waterhouse Point, to the north-east, made a fortunate capture of several Natives; and, with the help of some sailors, obtained others. In October 1830, he placed three males and two females on Gun Carriage Island. In November, with the aid of native women, he obtained eight men and two women near the Forster's river to the north-east. Three had yielded with the Stony Creek tribe, but

had run away from Mr. Robinson. Seventeen spears were presented to the Launceston Commandant. After this, near C. Portland, he got another man; this Native had previously yielded to Mr. Robinson, and then escaped. Honourable mention of Mr. Surridge was made by the Lieutenant-Governor.

Mr. Jorgen Jorgenson must next be presented. This extraordinary man was an adventurer of no ordinary kind. Nearly five-and-thirty years ago, he wrote his life for one of the Hobart Town Almanacks. A native of Denmark, and a sailor, he came over to England in early manhood. He was with the expedition that settled Hobart Town in 1804. After various vicissitudes, he came under the cognizance of the British Police Authorities. Delivering himself from their grasp, he reappeared on another scene. With a few adventurers, he landed upon the out-of-the-world isle of Iceland, made glowing speeches upon grievances of which the people had no previous knowledge, proclaimed himself their deliverer from the thraldom of Denmark, and actually succeeded in placing himself at the head of the Government of that island of volcanic heat and glacial cold. The untimely arrival of a small vessel from Denmark suggested unpleasant remarks, and led to his speedy exit from the throne. He again visited London, again fell into old habits, again was recognised as an old offender, and, with complaints from Denmark, secured a *frec* passage to Van Diemen's Land.

Yet, though simply a convict, his fertility of resources, energy of character, and absence of bashfulness, brought him into notice. A good penman, a diligent worker, a compliant servant, he attracted the attention of Mr. Anstey, and secured his favour. When, therefore, the Roving Parties were appointed, the Dane made himself so useful as a handy man of all work to the police magistrate, that he was eventually promoted to the command of a party himself. He proudly styles himself the only prisoner of the Crown entrusted with such a commission. He was allowed an extra shilling a day when out. In his acknowledgment to Mr. Anstey, August 11, 1829, he modestly says, "I hope you will do me the justice to believe that, had I any other means to supply my wants than by the bounty of Government, I would most cheerfully do so."

He set out with a determination to make himself famous, to feed his love of applause, to satisfy his ambition. He pleased

Mr. Anstey, and therefore the Government, no less by the regularity and voluminous nature of his reports, than by his dashing activity. A clever, shrewd, but calculating old man, he secured the approval of a few, but earned the indifference or dislike of many. Mr. Robinson in vain endeavoured to dislodge him from the confidence of Mr. Anstey. Others stormed and threatened. He still held on in triumph. But when useful no longer, he was suffered to sink into obscurity, whither his old habits of intemperance had been gradually leading him. An article in a paper would now and then sparkle with his old fire, and amuse by its eccentricity.

After his return from his Native hunting, he prepared a record of his own experience in the Bush, detailing circumstances connected with the "Black War." This manuscript he presented to Dr. Braim, afterwards the learned and much esteemed Archdeacon of Portland, in the colony of Victoria, who very generously gave it to me, in order to assist me with some materials for the present work.

Mr. Jorgenson from the first took a correct view of the disorderly movements of the Roving Parties. These were driving the Natives hither and thither, without any settled and united plan of action. As he properly observed, when addressing his patron, Mr. Anstey, "We should never drive an enemy (unless we absolutely want to get rid of him) from the place where we know him to be, to places where we cannot easily trace him, much less from such a district as Swanport into the interior, where the Natives, if attacked or defeated, might take the selection whether they would fly to the eastward or westward." He proposed the adoption of the Fabian system, "slow and cautious;" knowing that the Government, in doing so, "must bear the taunts of disaffected squatters, and the gloomy ill-will of assigned servants." Both masters and men had been sufficiently tried by their troubles with the Aborigines, and wanted a prompt and certain cure applied.

In a well-written paper he unfolds the various causes of the want of success in the existing arrangements. He thus describes them:—

"1st. Want of a plan of combined operations.

"2d. A total absence of discipline.

"3d. Inveterate laziness, which induces the parties to proceed

over the best ground they can find from one place to another; and the Natives, thus knowing their customary haunts, can easily avoid them.

"4th. That the men forming the parties have been promised indulgence at the expiration of a certain time, without the additional condition that none would be granted unless the Natives were fallen in with, captured, or otherwise disposed of.

"5th. The imposition and deceit practised by prisoner leaders, wishing to stand well, and be called good fellows by their fellow-prisoners, and thus indulge the parties in idleness, and stifle all complaints.

"6th. (But which I advance with great caution.) Black Tom and the other Blacks accompanying the expedition not being willing to bring the parties to where the Natives would be likely to be.

"7th. The imposition practised, to screen idleness, to hold out that the Aborigines are men of superior cunning, and amazingly swift runners, whereas the facts show to the contrary."

The enemies of Jorgenson, who admitted his facility of composition, and his ability to find fault with others, pointed triumphantly to the meagre results of such lofty talk and great promise of achievements. He could reprove others for their absurd methods, but failed in catching the Blacks himself. He is descriptive to prosiness of his own performances, and tells his chief how he got through a dense scrub. "My little band of fifteen," says he, "now entered a thick and sometimes nearly an impervious scrub. We were now obliged to march one after the other, taking the lead in succession, clearing away the scrub before us, and thus preserved our strength."

Occasionally the dulness of ordinary reports is relieved by a play of pleasantry in the pages of Jorgenson. In a certain part of the Bush, on the banks of the Jordan, he seems to have fallen upon a Welsh colony, as he thought. Surely the worthy Welshman, who wrote to prove the origin of the Hebrews from his own ancestors, would have felt an interest in the following geographical discovery by the Danish leader:—

"Within a very narrow circumference all the farmers and settlers are named 'Jones,' although of different families, and not related to each other; viz. the married Jones, residing in Four Square Gallows, whose Christian name is Robert; the

unmarried Robert Jones, whose hut stands upon the banks of the Jordan, and not five hundred yards from the farmhouse of the married Robert Jones, although on opposite banks of the river; Michael and John Jones residing at the Sideling Hill, and also on the banks of the Jordan; and Mr. John Jones, nearer Jericho, on the Jordan."

The last native family known to be out, consisting of an old man and an old woman, three elder children, and a little boy,—the last of his race,—were captured near the Arthur River, on the north-west coast. A reward of 50*l.* had been offered for their persons. The native female companion of a leader accomplished the feat by artfully representing to the affrighted creatures that she could conduct them to fine hunting-grounds, where no Whites could molest them. Once in the boat, and tossed on the western waters, they became helplessly sea-sick, and, in that condition, were taken to a British establishment at Woolnorth, near Cape Grim.

The Committee, who had never wholly approved of the roving parties, and had believed the too frequent charges brought against them of shooting the Natives, which they considered in no other light than that of murder, took action in recommending their withdrawal from the field. On February 2d, 1830, even, they wrote to the Governor that "they were unanimously of opinion that martial law should be suspended during the period of Mr. Robinson's Peaceful Mission; and they are further of opinion that more missions of a similar nature could be employed with advantage, provided proper persons can be employed to take charge of the parties." They suggested the propriety of calling in the roving parties till the success of Mr. Robinson be known. Though that was not done, and the said parties continued to be usefully engaged some time longer, they all gradually withdrew as Robinson advanced, as the bright stars retire before the rising sun, and left the crowning work, and crowning glory, to that distinguished leader.

CHAPTER VII.

GEORGE AUGUSTUS ROBINSON, THE CONCILIATOR.

TOWARD the close of 1841, I was introduced by the Aborigines' friend, Mr. George Washington Walker, Missionary of the Society of Friends, to the studio of the Hobart Town artist, Mr. Duterreau. There I was surrounded by figures of Tasmanian Natives. The venerable painter was enthusiastic in his story of the fate of those whose portraits he had taken. But the grand tableau upon which he was then engaged was the scene of Mr. Robinson's great moral conquest. The old gentleman pointed to the figure on the canvas, and exclaimed, "There is a real hero, though not one of your world's heroes."

The worthy artist then introduced me to the celebrated companions of the *Conciliator*—the members of his Mission. I saw the massive form of Wooreddy, the magnificent head of Manalagana, and the sparkling features of Truganina. I had the story of the black man's wrongs and sufferings fresh from the lips of an ardent sympathiser. But again and again would the enthusiast turn with glowing face toward the portrait of Robinson, and once more rehearse his noble deeds.

It was on that occasion I formed the secret resolution to gather up fragments of the sad story, and some day write of the "Black War," and the work of George Augustus Robinson.

Mr. Robinson's career had a humble commencement. He was employed as a bricklayer in Hobart Town. His education had been neglected in youth, and his official communications in after years needed the pruning hand of a scholarship better than his own. But though unpolished and rude, his intellect was vigorous and healthy, and his common sense and powers of observation placed him far above the average of working men.

In his *physique*, he was about five feet seven inches in height, with a thick-set frame, and a florid complexion. His nose was

MR. ROBINSON ON HIS CONCILIATION MISSION.

(*From* Mr. Duterreau's *great picture.*

large and broad, his forehead was expansive, his lips were full, and his hair was of a light red colour. He walked with a firm, decided step, indicative of self-reliance and conscious dignity. His resolute look showed, as a friend expressed to me, "that he would knock down St. Paul's to carry his object." But it was his moral character that gave strength to his will, and led to his achievements. A member of the Wesleyan Society, his ardent temperament brought him into action under the auspices of a religious organization celebrated for the zeal of its converts, and the energetic policy of its ministers. George Robinson helped in the Sabbath School, and distributed tracts. Extending his efforts to the shipping, he became the Secretary of the Bethel Mission. Through the patronage of the Colonial Chaplain, the Rev. William Bedford, he obtained access on the Sunday to the convicts at the prisoners' barracks. To these unhappy men he gave tracts and religious counsel. In his own plain way he occasionally indulged in preaching. It was in the pursuit of such works of usefulness that he was being prepared for a more honourable position, demanding all his natural and acquired resources, and bringing into exercise his love of danger, his desire of applause, his sterling benevolence, and his faith in God.

The condition of the poor Natives engaged his sympathies at a very early date. The working bricklayer sought out the dark wanderers straying about the settlement, and brought them to his house. There he gave them "plenty tucker," as they called it, and sought to bring light to their ignorance. He investigated their habits, and acquired their language. His influence over them was extraordinary. Such a man could not fail having a deep interest in the struggle then going on between his own people and the coloured race. He thoroughly believed in the wrong-doing of the settlers, and heartily denounced their injustice and cruelty. At an early period he was persuaded that it was his mission to rescue the unhappy creatures from destruction, and that he could *get them in*. Lieutenant Gunn, for many years the superintendent of the prisoners' barracks, Hobart Town, and now Police Magistrate of Launceston, told me that Mr. Robinson had several times laid his scheme before him, and that he felt confident of its success if tried. When, therefore, the first opportunity presented itself, by which his services for

the unfortunates could be more extensively employed, he promptly availed himself of it.

The following advertisement appeared in the *Gazette* of March 1829 :—

"In furtherance of the Lieutenant-Governor's anxious desire to ameliorate the condition of the aboriginal inhabitants of this territory, His Excellency will allow a salary of 50*l.* per annum, together with rations, to a steady man of good character, that can be well recommended, who will take an interest in effecting an intercourse with this unfortunate race, to reside on Bruni Island, taking charge of the provisions supplied for the use of the Natives at that place."

Here is the opportunity:—to be with the Blacks, to help them, to work for their good. But the prospect was not very favourable. It was no liberal offer. A pound a week, and a ration of food! He could make more than that at his trade. He did not seek great returns for his usefulness, but it was necessary that he should live decently. Besides, he was a married man. He had a wife to consider; his children must not be sacrificed to his public spirit. The man, in a subsequent review of this period, said: "There were many powerful reasons against my entering upon such an enterprise. I had a wife and several children dependent on me. But my mind was under an impression which I could not resist. I reasoned the matter over with Mrs. Robinson, and with difficulty obtained her consent."

On the 16th of March, 1829, he penned the following application:—

"Feeling a strong desire to devote myself to the above cause, and believing the plan which your Excellency has devised to be the only one whereby this unfortunate race can be ameliorated; that as the Hottentot has been raised in the scale of Being, and the inhabitants of the Society Islands are made an industrious and intelligent race, so likewise, by the same exertions, may the inhabitants of this territory be instructed. With these impressions, I beg to offer myself for the situation. I would beg leave to submit to your Excellency that a salary of fifty pounds per annum is not sufficient for the support of my family—would therefore request that you would be pleased to make such additions to the salary as you may think meet. Should my offer be accepted, I do not wish the superfluities, I

only desire to be able to procure the necessaries of life. I wish to devote myself to this people."

The letter was backed by good names and good words. He was successful. The salary was to be 100*l.*, with rations for one person. The scheme was ridiculed, and the man was denounced as a mad enthusiast; but as he said himself once at a public meeting, "I would not give a fig for a man who enters upon any enterprise of moment, unless he possesses some enthusiasm." In very truth, he would want all his soon.

Bruni Island, so called from Admiral Bruni D'Entrecasteaux, lies between the channel and Storm Bay, and extends to the south-westward for fifty miles. South Bruni, in which Cook's Adventure Bay is situated, is nearly separated from North Bruni: a low, narrow neck of land unites the two. South Bruni, at the time of our story, was uninhabited. Upon the northern portion were the salt works of Mr. Roberts, and a few farms. The land generally is unfit for cultivation, and the sparse vegetation affords little advantage to pastoral pursuits. Belonging to the carboniferous and silurian systems of the main opposite, the place bears the record of subsequent and long-continued igneous action. The rocky coast exposed to the southern ocean is much torn and battered by the ever-boiling billows, and is carefully shunned by the mariner. Even upon the inner side, the access is often difficult from the frequent and sudden storms which rush up the channel. A fantastic pile of lofty cliffs of basalt has been cut off from the island by the surging sea, and now stands, as the southern Bruni bulwarks, to receive the onset of the Antarctic currents, and break their crests. The whole island, from its deep indentations, exhibits the mark of such violent and long-sustained oceanic assaults, that it seems but to require a few charges more to destroy its unity of structure, and to reduce it to some straggling islets in a seething sea.

In a little cove, on the western and inner side of Bruni, and two miles from the northernmost point, called by the French Expedition Cap de la Sortie, the Black station had to be formed.

Thirty years of suffering had passed away when I last looked into that place of settlement. The avenger and his victim had alike disappeared. The neophyte of civilization and the red-handed savage slept beneath the fallen leaves of the forest. I

turned my gaze from the bay to the opposite side of the channel. There, at Oyster Cove, at the distance of two or three miles from the scene of the first Black settlement, stood before me the rude homes of the last feeble few of the race! There is something of a peculiarly melancholy interest in the reflection, that the remnant of the Tasmanian tribes should expire within sight of the Bruni depôt of their day of strength and independence.

Rations of bread and potatoes were served out to any Natives who could be induced to reside at the Station. These rations were poor in quality and deficient in quantity. The biscuits were the refuse of supplies, and the few potatoes a day would be but a miserable substitute for the plentiful and varied meal which the forest and sea provided for free rangers. It was no wonder, then, that the Blacks induced to settle at Bruni, for protection and civilization, sickened of their asylum, and repeatedly escaped to the mainland. Sickness soon set in, and poor Robinson vainly attempted to afford relief. He shared his own personal rations with the poor creatures, urgently wrote for more support, and asked for a small amount of tobacco for those who had acquired the civilized art of smoking. Some tea and sugar were ordered, but the tobacco was prohibited as a luxury. The sickness increased. Wooreddy lost his first wife and child, another leading man and his two wives died, and a sad story is told of an infant being found suckling at the breasts of its dead mother. The cry was, "No good—this bad place—no egg—no kangaroo—no like—all die."

But a severe trial followed. The Blacks were to be civilized, and rendered fit instruments to benefit their wilder countrymen; yet they were placed on Bruni in close proximity to some of the worst characters of the colony. Mr. Robinson had repeated complaints from the women of cruel assaults by convict wood-cutters on the island, and he observed, with indignation, the effects of intercourse with the whalers. At that time the black whale came about the southern coast, and into the Storm Bay, and several permanent whaling establishments existed on Bruni and the mouth of the channel. A rough class of men, with full rations of beef, spirits, and tobacco, they found ready means of attracting the presence of the females of the Black settlement. The locality of the depôt did not furnish sufficient means for the isolation of his charge, and the Superintendent represented the

necessity of removal to Barnes Bay, and, as he stated in his official letter, "care should be taken that they have no correspondence with the white *heathen*."

The evil continued. The *gins* left the depôt for the favourite company of the sailors, and introduced contention and disease into the camp. Mild expostulations and angry denunciations were alike of no service, and Robinson wrote almost despairingly about the moral pestilence. The Colonial Secretary (Mr. Burnett), in reply to a request that the Port-officer be ordered to keep off the whalers, emphatically wrote: "The Port-officer is quite satisfied that it is altogether impossible to prevent communication between the native women and the whalers, as they appear in all cases to prefer them to men of their own tribes, whom they usually treat with great contempt after they have been for a short time associated with the whalers." This, alas! was a sad truth, and similar results have elsewhere appeared with a so-called partial civilization. The worthy Governor took a desponding view, and declared, "It is lamentable that nothing can be done in this matter."

But the storm of war was rising. Outrages and cruelties increased. The Whites became more infuriated, and the Blacks more determined. The latter saw no hope, and resolved to die spear in hand. With another people, this would be heroic. We readily agree with Dr. Johnson, that a man's patriotism must be quickened at the sight of the plains of Marathon. We sympathised with Abd-el-Kader's struggles in Algeria, and Exeter Hall memorialised the French Government upon the treatment of the Tahitians. But when our own colonists are brought into collision with the races whose lands they have seized without compensation or inquiry, the feeling is otherwise; the heroism of the foe is lost in the mist of our own selfishness. Louis-Philippe, therefore, could not more effectually silence the clamour of England against his operations in the South Sea Island, than by his quiet reference to the operations of British forces at that very time against the Maories, quite as Christian and as noble as the Tahitians themselves. The resolution, therefore, of the Tasmanians to make no peace with the possessors of their hunting-grounds excited the indignant displeasure of the colony. It was then that Mr. Robinson, sick of his miserable failure on Bruni, and conscious of his power to do something more effective

for the Natives, proposed going after the marauders of the wilds with a mission of mercy. The Aborigines' Protection Committee seconded his suggestions, and the Government sanctioned his object.

Jorgenson thus describes it: "He proposed nothing less than proceeding into the wilderness, with a few companions, all unarmed, endeavour to fall in with the aboriginal tribes, if possible, to bring about conciliation, and persuade them to surrender themselves peaceably. I must confess that, after all I had seen and experienced, I thought Mr. Robinson either a madman or an impostor." And so did many others. Only those who knew the indomitable courage of the man, and fully appreciated his enthusiasm, could have had any faith in the scheme. Thus was really inaugurated the celebrated *Conciliatory Mission*. The *Hobart Town Courier* of January 1830 thus semi-officially refers to it: "Mr. Robinson, the superintendent of the establishment for the civilization of the Aborigines at Bruni Island, is, we are happy to learn, about to proceed on an expedition towards Port Davey, and other parts of the interior, with the hope of forming some pacific arrangements with the several tribes, he having already acquired as much of the language as will enable him to make himself understood among them."

But let us hear an exposition of the system from the reflection of its author, when a septuagenarian. "I considered," he said, "that the Natives of Van Diemen's Land were rational; and although they might, in their savage notions, oppose violent measures for their subjugation, yet, if I could but get them to listen to reason, and persuade them that the Europeans wished only to better their condition, they might become civilized, and rendered useful members of society, instead of the bloodthirsty, ferocious beings they were represented to be. This was the principle upon which I formed my plan."

Now for the coadjutors—the means of working out the project. A dozen Natives had been captured by Mr. Gilbert Robertson and others, and lodged for safety in the Richmond gaol. It was arranged to forward four of these to Robinson, though the latter relied more upon his Bruni friends. The following were at first appointed to act as interpreters of his party: Black Tom, Pegale, Joseph, Doctor, and Maclean, a white man. Eumarrah, with Manalagana and wife, were afterwards with him. But the

WOOREDDY, TRUGANINA'S HUSBAND.

(*From* Mr. Duterreau's *por'rait.*)

one upon whom he most relied, and who proved a faithful and efficient ally throughout his subsequent Bush career, was the youthful Truganina (spelt by Mr. Duterreau, Truggernana). This was the Beauty of Bruni, and one of the romances of Tasmanian story. When I saw her, thirty years after her wonderful career with Mr. Robinson, I understood the stories told of her vivacity and intelligence. Her eyes were still beautiful, and full of mischievous fun. Thirty years before, she would have been captivating to men of her colour, and not by any means an uninteresting object to those of whiter skins. Her mind was of no ordinary kind. Fertile in expedient, sagacious in council, courageous in difficulty, she had the wisdom and the fascination of the serpent, the intrepidity and nobility of the royal ruler of the desert. Would that we could say that her purity of morals equalled the brilliancy of her thoughts, and that her love of virtue were akin to her love of adventure! She was but a savage maiden, trained in the wilderness. A lady described to me her appearance in 1832. She declared her exquisitely formed, with small and beautifully-rounded breasts. The little dress she wore was thrown loosely around her person, but always with a grace and a coquettish love of display. The *Courier* of Hobart Town notices one characteristic in her portrait by Mr. Duterreau: "She is the very picture of good-humour."

She was a wife, though never a mother. Certainly, her older and more sober husband had no little anxiety with his fickle partner, and no small difficulty in restraining her erratic tendencies. We know not why she, who was ever so inconstant of purpose, should have so perseveringly followed the Mission, and why she, who was a woman of the forest, should have devoted years of her life in fatiguing and perilous journeys to entrap and secure her countrymen. Some have thought vanity was her leading passion, and that the desire of distinction among Whites and Blacks induced her to become the prominent guide and interpreter. Without doubt she was personally attached to Mr. Robinson, and strove earnestly to serve him. It was for this purpose that she studied to acquire other dialects, so as to hold intercourse with the wilder tribes of the interior. Although her husband, Wooreddy (or "the Doctor"), consented to be one of the Conciliator's party, there is a story told that shortly after the departure of the Mission, in January 1830, as Mr. Robinson

was sleeping near a large cave, the excited husband arose in the night, took a weapon in his hand, and would have murdered our white friend, from jealousy of his influence over Truganina, had not his intention been discovered in time. And yet Wooreddy continued to accompany him. "He was present," says Mr. Duterreau, "at all Mr. Robinson's interviews with the Blacks. Through the intervention of this man, Mr. Robinson has been preserved from extreme danger when his life was about to be taken from him."

Manalagana and his wife performed a noble part in the transactions of this Mission. They are described by a Hobart Town paper of 1833 as "two most excellent, well-disposed people." Manalagana (or, as called sometimes, Limina Bungana), "as a warrior," said Mr. Duterreau, "stood unrivalled amongst the Aborigines, and was considered a sage by his tribe." The artist, who was a devoted friend to Mr. Robinson, goes on to observe: "Such was the commanding influence Mr. Robinson possessed over these singular people, that, at the first interview, Manalagana left his native wilds, and accompanied Mr. Robinson on all his missionary enterprises throughout the island, to whom he continued faithfully attached to the conclusion of his service in 1835." Manalagana then removed to Flinders Island, whither all the captured were taken, and died in March of the following year, 1836.

Of his wife Mr. Duterreau has these words of commendation: "This woman laboured incessantly to promote the objects of the Mission. Tanleboueyer and her sister were originally stolen from their country by the sealers, when children, and held in bondage until emancipated by Mr. Robinson (in 1830). She was superior to the other Natives both in person and intelligence, and possessed much dignity of manners, seldom participating in those frivolities the others indulged in. She was exceedingly attached to her husband. The feeling was mutual, for during the period of six years they were with Mr. Robinson they never quarrelled."

The start was not an auspicious one. A boat had been provided for the passage to Port Davey, on the south-west; but it was wrecked, with the loss of nearly all the supplies. The determination of his character would permit of no delay, nor retrograde movement; so Mr. Robinson set off with his knapsack

MANALAGANA.

(*From* Mr. Duterreau's *Portrait.*)

of bread, and tramped it to the place. He had given himself to his work, and was resolved, like a good soldier, to go through the campaign he had begun. His engagement with the Government was for twelve months; but, aware of the uncertainty of life, he had required payment of one half-year's salary in advance for his wife, and the Governor's authority for some provision for his family in the event of his decease.

The country through which he was going was most inhospitable in character, being both wet and cold, with high ranges, deep gullies, extensive morasses, and dense scrub; having no civilized settlements, and furnishing little food even to the sons of the forest themselves. His hardships were severe, and knew no relief; but his ardour carried him onward, and his kindness and commanding mind secured the faithfulness of his barbarian followers. Yet his success was not commensurate with his enthusiasm, and months passed with little done. Even the Governor wearied of expectancy, and wrote home, on August 27th, 1830, saying, "All Mr. Robinson's efforts to hold a conference have hitherto failed." That gentleman himself acknowledged as much in his speech at a public meeting, in 1838, at Sydney; of which the reporter said: "He pursued his journey overland to Port Davey; fell in with a tribe of Blacks, and made an appointment to meet them on the following day. He repaired to the appointed spot, taking with him two out of the five of the Natives of Bruni Island who accompanied him. The tribe he fell in with were very suspicious, having been fired at by the Europeans; and, although he carried no arms—nothing, in fact, but a knapsack of bread—and endeavoured to explain to them his pacific intentions, they left him on these occasions without any sign of desire to repose trust in him."

His mission had nearly terminated in his destruction in this first year of his course. Walloa, a female Aborigine, rose, like a Joan of Arc, amidst a nation of warriors, to deliver her people. She gathered a party by her eloquence, and urged a band to violence and war by her appeals, and by her courageous conduct in the field. Heading at last the Port Sorell tribe, she led them to the murder of Captain Thomas and others. Hearing that Mr. Robinson was in her neighbourhood, she immediately directed her force against him. Being warned of her approach, he fled

in haste. For five days did the pursuit continue, when, just as all hope of escape was relinquished by the Mission, he was delivered from this tigress of the north by the unexpected arrival of M'Geary and his party. So strong a front of armed Europeans stayed the expected assault, and the dark Semiramis retired northward again.

But, though for the present all seemed dark and unsatisfactory to our leader, his heart did not yield its hopefulness, nor his energy relax in effort. It was during the last quarter of 1830 that the great campaign called "The Line" took place, which absorbed the attention of the colony, and exercised a powerful and happy influence upon the fortunes of the Conciliatory Mission. The whole strength of the island was collected to be hurled in anger against the dreaded Blacks. That manœuvre, though unsuccessful directly, was doubtless the means of completing the success of Mr. Robinson.

In his first year he had traversed the whole of the western and northern country. At Cape Grim, to the north-west, he had met with the distinguished Bendoadicka, his wife Narraga, and brother Peewee. Two went onward with him from the Mersey. While the *Line* was out he was in the Cape Portland District, north-east. It was there he heard of the splendid capture of thirteen at one time, and twelve at another, by the party of Messrs. M'Geary and M'Kay. Disappointed in his own plans, it was then that he executed the first part of his mission among the sealers. That formed the relief to his year of failures. Having authority from the Government, he visited some of the islands in the Straits, and rescued eighteen females from the sealers.

In 1831 the Governor sought the trial of moral agency alone. Mr. Robinson had urged the withdrawal of the armed parties from the Bush. Some said this was to secure the whole management of the capture, and deprive the earlier leaders of the prize. Certain it is, however, that high rewards were offered to secure the aid of persons in this benevolent enterprise of unarmed intervention, without a single response. Mr. Robinson had, therefore, the problem to resolve alone. His salary was raised to 250*l.*, and a strong force organized. There were many, of course, who saw no hope in such chivalrous ventures, and derided the *sugar-plum speculation.*

A story is told with much satisfaction by the anti-peace party. As soon as Mr. Robinson became the actual leader of the movement, he made a very judicious selection of officers; engaging such excellent Bushmen and successful captors as M'Kay, M'Geary, Surrage, Cottrell, &c., but strictly prohibiting even the carrying of fire-arms. It is said that the disobedience of this order saved the life of some Europeans, and proved a warning to the Blacks. M'Kay was on one occasion suddenly surrounded by some hostile Natives, who knocked him down, and would have murdered him had he not drawn forth pistols, hitherto concealed, and shot down four of the foremost. When Mr. Robinson reported the affair, he declared it "very imprudent and barbarous on the part of M'Kay." His subordinate, however, did not feel himself prepared for martyrdom, and was satisfied with his own forethought about the weapons.

Truth compels the historian to admit that Mr. Robinson, like many great and good men, had certain weaknesses of character, especially arising from his perfect satisfaction with himself. This made him at times rather pompous and overbearing in his manner towards the Europeans of his party, and he suffered himself to exhibit some annoyance and chagrin when captures were made in his absence from the camp.

As he had to forego the use of physical force, he had recourse to stratagem and bold deeds. His black female guides were decorated as decoys in gaudy ribbons, to attract the eye of the Bush wanderer. Trinkets were distributed, and marvellous toys provided. An ex-Bushranger assured me that he had found red feathers, red strings, and other pretty-looking objects hung in the trees of the far interior by the adventurous party. Gooseberry, Violet, Molly, Truganina, and others, looked well in their civilized adornments, and employed their arts and smiles to secure their simple countrymen. They were the light skirmishers of the force. But that upon which stronger reliance was placed was the power of sympathy. The gathering numbers added, like a rolling snowball, to the strength of the Mission. One had a sister or brother in a neighbouring tribe, and natural affection urged the search after the lost one, to save such from the danger of the war. Or, a wild son of the tribe had longings after a wife previously captured, and would enter the fold to find a mate. A father sought a son, or a child a parent; and many a

joyous reunion was thus effected. Then, as the families formed, or sufficient numbers arrived, they were draughted off to join the free and happy neighbours already safe in the glorious new hunting-ground.

The first conquest of 1831 was the Stony Creek tribe. Its chief, Moultehalergunah, as Mr. Robinson spells his name, had been a great White-hunter. Twenty of these were secured by Mr. Robinson, with M'Geary, M'Lean, and Platt. Limina, or Manalagana, was of service near Cape Portland. It was affecting to hear the gathering tales of trouble. One asked for a son, another for a sister, a third for a wife. One was much interested in a sister, Black Jock, who had been stolen by the sealers, and entreated the Marmanuke, or *Father*, to go in search of her. Eumarra met Mr. Robinson in the forest, rushed towards him, and grasped his hand with warmth. He brought five men and a woman in with him. In June 1831, in his official report, Mr. Robinson was able to say that, through the efforts of himself and others, 123 had yielded, 236 had been communicated with, 110 had returned to their hunting-grounds, and 16 had escaped after capture. He himself had become acquainted with sixteen tribes of this people.

It was toward the end of 1831 that Mr. Robinson had such remarkable success. His faithful friend, Manalagana, was with him. This noble-minded savage is always presented to us in heroic attitude, and the enthusiastic painter, Mr. Duterreau, with other admirers, were justified in their estimation of the superior intellect, courage, and benevolence of this extraordinary man. His son had been murdered by a ruthless tribe, and yet, with all the natural feelings of a father, and the human passion for revenge, he appears to have acted the Christian part of not only restraining the impetuous vengeance of his sable friends, but of co-operating in good faith and principle with Mr. Robinson to bring in the offending tribe without bloodshed, so that they might be saved from destruction. It was as much as he, the chief, could do, on several occasions, to prevent the Mission of Conciliation becoming a March of Massacre.

The Mission arrived at Lake Echo on the 18th of November. It was a strong force, consisting of Mr. Robinson, his son, a Sandwich Islander, a messenger, and twelve friendly Aborigines. They had ascended from the valleys of Central Tasmania, and

had reached the vast and irregular plateau, occupying a position somewhat similar to the Deccan of India. It was once the theatre of volcanic action. Like the turret-pointed hills of the kingdom of Hyder Ali, the land of the lakes of this southern island formerly heaved beneath the molten mass, and cooled in broad sheets, prismatic columns, and romantic peaks, of basalt. This again appeared likely to become a battle-field.

The smoke of the fugitives was distinguished, rising into thin columns through the foliage, by the keen eyes of the *Friendlies*. A rush was made towards the camp fire. But it was too late. The hunted creatures, always on the watch, with true Indian sagacity had discovered their supposed enemies, and hastily retired before being observed. Robinson urged on the pursuit. One Native only, a female, knew the country; but, alarmed at the proximity of the much-dreaded tribe, she designedly led the party astray, and a whole month was lost. On the last day of the year they came in sight of the lost prey. Here Robinson practised his Bush-craft. Sending forward some Native decoys, he and the rest *planted*, or hid, themselves in a thick scrub, most anxiously awaiting the result of the negotiation. The rest may be better described in his own words:—

"In less than half an hour afterwards I heard their war-whoop, by which I knew that they were then advancing upon me. I also heard them rattle their spears as they drew nearer. At this moment Manalagana leaped on his feet in great alarm, saying the Natives were coming to spear us. He urged me to run away. Finding that I would not do so, he immediately took up his spears and kangaroo rug, and walked away. Some of the other Natives were about to follow his example, but I prevailed upon them to stop. From their advancing with the war-whoop, the Aborigines as well as ourselves considered that they were approaching us with hostile intentions, and that they had either killed the Natives who had been sent from us, or that those Natives had joined the hostile tribes. As they drew nigh, I did not observe my people amongst them. The hostile Natives being a large body, I was rather anxious as to the result. It was not until they approached very near that I saw my own people with them. They continued coming up in the same warlike attitude. I then went up to the chiefs and shook hands with them. Having explained to them in the aboriginal dialect

the purport of my visit amongst them, I invited them to sit down, gave them some refreshment, and selected a few trinkets as presents, which they received with much delight. They evinced considerable astonishment at hearing me address them in their own tongue, and from henceforth placed themselves entirely under my control. The men were accompanied by the women; and, after taking their refreshment, I returned with them to their own encampment, where the evening was spent in mutual good humour, each party dancing alternately."

Thus terminated most satisfactorily this day of anxiety. The colonists, upon reading Mr. Robinson's announcement of victory, were disposed to make a little merry with the style of the narrative. The *ego* came forth, as usual, most prominently. The blast of the trumpet was unmistakeably clear. Though confessing to a little prudent concealment, he acknowledged no fear, though careful to speak of his friends' fright. He was simply "rather anxious as to the result." Then, too, he claims all credit for the negotiations. Giving no heed to the action of his own dark companions who had brought the warlike tribe in peace to his hiding-place, he asserts his own part as pacificator. As it was well known that the Natives of one tribe found much difficulty in understanding others, the colonists were amused at the assumed facility of Mr. Robinson's converse with these dreaded strangers, and professed to be as much astonished as the warriors themselves at this *strange tongue* development.

But in spite of the fun and criticism, the strong fact was apparent. The dangerous people were secured.

The capture of this Big River, or Ouse River tribe, was by far the grandest feature of the war, and the crowning glory of Mr. Robinson's efforts. Having learned the story from various sources, I would attempt a description of this bloodless victory.

The leader had ventured under the shadow of the Frenchman's Cap, whose grim cone rose five thousand feet in the uninhabited western interior. There, at last, appeared the tribe of which they were in search. It was a terrible hour,—one in which a man lives years in minutes. That tribe was the terror of the colony, the "Black Douglas" of Bush households. Confident in their strength, the Natives stayed for the approach of the strangers. Mr. Robinson was accompanied by his brave stripling of a son, by M'Geary, Stanfield, and a Hawaiian

Islander. Manalagana and Truganina were there. The stout-looking but handsome Montpeliata, the chieftain, glared at them. He grasped a spear eighteen feet in length. Fifteen powerful men, with three spears and a waddy each, filled with all the hate and loathing for white men which such a war had excited, were ill restrained by the voice and gesture of their head. They rattled their spears, shouted their battle-cry, and menaced the Mission party. The women kept to the rear, each carrying on her back a fresh supply of weapons. One hundred and fifty dogs growled defiance at the intruders.

It was a moment of trial to the stoutest nerves. The Whites trembled. The friendly Blacks, half palsied with fear, would all have fled but for the self-possession of their commander. They were, as it were, beneath the dreaded eye of the storm, around whose treacherous calm the wild cyclone was dancing in fury. A word from that stern chief, and every man would be transfixed with spears. "I think we shall soon be in the resurrection," whispered M'Geary, a veteran in Native-hunting. "I think we shall," rejoined Mr. Robinson.

They came into the presence of the tribe, and stood still. The chief advanced toward them, some sixty yards in front of his tribe. He saw the friendly Natives quivering with alarm, and the Europeans firmly standing, though apparently without arms. "Who are you?" shouted Montpeliata. "We are gentlemen," was the response. "Where are your guns?" was the next question. "We have none," said the leader. Still suspicious, though astonished, the dark warrior cried out, "Where your piccaninny?"—alluding to pistols, or little guns. "We have none," was again the reply.

There was another pause. Their fate was not yet decided. The male guides were much alarmed. Bungena fairly ran over the hill. Then came the first gleam of hope. The chief called after him, and told him to come back, for he would not hurt him. Meanwhile, some of the courageous female guides had glided round, and were holding quiet, earnest converse with their wilder sisters. Another few minutes of irresolution, and then Montpeliata walked slowly to the rear to confer with the old women—the real arbiters of war. The men pointed their spears in watchful guard; but the yelping curs were called off. With admirable discipline, the brutes retired, and were instantly quiet.

As the fallen gladiator in the arena looks for the signal of life or death from the president of the amphitheatre, so waited our friends in anxious suspense while the conference continued. In a few minutes, before a word was uttered, the women of the tribes threw up their arms three times. This was the inviolable sign of peace. Down fell the spears. Forward, with a heavy sigh of relief, and upward glance of gratitude, came the friends of peace. The impulsive Natives rushed forth with tears and cries, as each saw in the other's rank a loved one of the past. Eumarra recognised his two brothers in the tribe, and his wife embraced three other relatives. The chief of Bruni grasped the hand of his brother Montpeliata.

It was a jubilee of joy. A festival followed. And, while tears flowed at the recital of woe, a corrobory of pleasant laughter closed the eventful day.

When this desperate tribe was captured, there was much surprise and some chagrin to find that the 30,000*l.* had been spent, and the whole population of the colony placed under arms, in contention with an opposing force of sixteen men with wooden spears! Yet such was the fact. The celebrated Big River or Ouse Mob, that had been raised by European fears to a host, consisted of sixteen men, nine women and one child. With a knowledge of the mischief done by these few, their wonderful marches and their wide-spread aggressions, their enemies cannot deny to them the attributes of courage and military tact. A Wallace might harass a large army with a small and determined band; but the contending parties were at least equal in arms and civilization. The Caffres who fought us in Africa, the Maories in New Zealand, the Indians in America, were far better provided with weapons, more advanced in the science of war, and considerably more numerous, than the naked Tasmanians. Governor Arthur rightly termed them a noble race. Though they submitted to moral agencies, it was because they felt their work was done. They had fought for the soil, and were vanquished. They had lost fathers, brothers, sons, in war. Their mothers, wives, and daughters, harassed by continued alarms, worn by perpetual marches, enfeebled by want and disease, had sunk down one by one to die in the forest, leaving but a miserable remnant. Their children had been sacrificed to the cruel exactions of patriotism, and had perished of cold, hunger, and

fatigue, or had been murdered by parental hands, as the Roman maiden of old, to prevent a supposed worse fate.

Dr. Story, in communicating with me, declares of the *Line* that it "struck them with such surprise, and displayed the powers that could be brought to bear against them, that G. A. Robinson had less difficulty in persuading them to accompany him where they would not be molested by the Whites, and have 'plenty damper, sugar, blanket.' When he landed on the north-east corner of the island, he with his tame Blacks followed the wild ones for some days before they would return with him to his boat. They had been terrified by the *Line*, saying it was 'pop, pop, pop, all pop.' 'If,' he said, 'you go there, you get killed. Come with me—you get plenty damper. I don't want you to come with me, but you get killed, if you go there.' And thus he worked upon them; some going with him, others following after a time."

The Hon. J. H. Wedge, when speaking of the *Line*, adds, "Notwithstanding the want of success attending the expedition, I am impressed with the belief that it had a considerable moral effect upon the minds of the Natives, and disposed them to lend a more willing ear to Mr. Robinson's propositions, when he succeeded in gaining an interview with them." Dr. Braim goes even further, and remarks of Mr. Robinson's success: "It was solely attributable to the formation of the *Line;* it showed the Aborigines our strength and our energy."

But however much credit we may give to the *Line* movement for the submission of this formidable tribe, no one will deny Mr. Robinson full credit for his final work. As Jorgenson observes: "They could form no notion that the Whites would be unable, for a great length of time, again to take the field; and thus they imagined that we should not cease till they were so harassed that either surrender or extermination must ensue, and they preferred the former, but not without great exertion and danger on the part of Mr. Robinson." Elsewhere he refers to him: "Nothing daunted this gentleman; conscious of his philanthropic views, conscious of the integrity of his intentions, he fearlessly advanced, extending his arms, and speedily convinced the Natives that they had nothing to fear from an unarmed party." Mr. Robinson's own way is curiously expressed in his letter of December 14th, 1830: "The grand object is in

getting to them, for until this is accomplished, speaking to them is out of the question. There is not a nation or people with whom I have conferred, but what have fled at my approach, as clouds before the tempest, yet I have never left them, until I have eventually succeeded in effecting an intercourse with them." This letter is in his own handwriting; it has its own peculiar orthography and punctuation.

The tribe had yielded as friends, not prisoners. It is true that they laid down their spears, and brought forth from hidden places sixteen stand of arms, which they had taken in the war; but the captors had prudently as well as generously returned their spears, so needful for hunting purposes. At an easy rate the mixed parties proceeded toward the settlement of Bothwell, situated to the westward of the main line from Hobart Town to Launceston. They arrived there, to the great alarm of the inhabitants, on the 5th of January, Mr. Robinson guaranteeing the peaceable behaviour of his wild charge. When visiting the little township in 1842, I was shown the site of the encampment, and I heard the tale of unnecessary fears.

On the road thither the Conciliator conversed with his sable companions, and heard many sad stories of the sufferings of the tribes, and vehement denunciations of the cruelties of the Europeans. They showed him their wounds. They all, "men, women, and child," he said, "had dreadful scars." He went to the Bothwell Inn, and had the unwonted luxury of a bed, with no apprehension of the tribe leaving him in the night.

From Bothwell he addressed this letter to head-quarters, on January, 5th, 1832: "On the 31st ultimo, I succeeded in effecting a friendly communication with these sanguinary tribes. Their whole number was twenty-six, viz. sixteen men, nine women, and one child, including the celebrated chief Montpeilliatter of the Big River tribe. I fell in with these people thirty miles N.W. of the Peak of Teneriffe."

The forty miles to Hobart Town passed merrily enough. Arriving at Constitution Hill, nearly thirty miles north of the capital, the leader addressed another letter to the Colonial Secretary. It was written under difficulties, causing me some trouble to decipher. The information given is this: "I beg to inform you for the information of the Lieut.-Governor, that . . . arrived

here last night accompanied by the whole of the Big River and Oyster Bay tribes of . . . and proceed immediately on my way to H. Town. I expect to reach H. Town either to-night or early to-morrow morning, and wish in the first instance to proceed direct to Government House with those people."

On they came in their confiding trust, though much to the terror as well as curiosity of the settlers. Mr. Robinson was greeted indeed with a triumphal entry. His own house was at the head of the town, and his wife and children were spectators of his glory. He came with prisoners, but no victims. He ended a war, and presented voluntary captives. The whole population assembled to witness the procession. First came the worthy victor, with his white companions. Then were seen his own fourteen faithful native followers, and the twenty-six wilder people of the woods, all with their spears in hand. Shouts of welcome greeted all. The estimable Governor was deeply moved, and waited at Government House to receive and entertain his guests. The tender eyes of women were swimming with tears as the dark race passed on, and kind looks and smiles fell gently upon the war-tossed ones. Presents came before the Governor's feast; lollies or sweetmeats, toys, pictures, dresses were showered upon them.

Two specimens of Colonial poetic fire appeared to commemorate so auspicious an event. One, by Hobartia, was published in the *Hobart Town Magazine*, for 1834. It commenced :—

"They came, sad remnant of a bygone race,
Surviving mourners of a nation dead;
Proscribed inheritors of rights which trace
Their claims coeval with the world! They tread
Upon their nation's tomb!
* * * *
They came like straggling leaves together blown,
The last memorial of the foliage past;
The living bough upon the tree o'erthrown,
When branch and trunk lie dead."

The next is called "Lines written on the recent Visit of the Aborigines to Hobart Town :"—

"They are come in their pride, but no helmet is gleaming
On the dark-brow'd race of their native land;
No lances are glittering, nor bright banners streaming,
O'er the warriors brave of that gallant band.

"They are come in their pride, but no war-cry is sounding,
With its woe-fraught note, over hill and plain;
For the hearts of those dark ones with gladness are bounding,
And bright songs of peace breathe loud in their strain.

"They are come—they are come, and a boon they're imploring,
Oh! turn not away from their soul-felt prayer,
But to high hopes of Heaven this lost race restoring,
For yourselves gain mercy and pardon there."

Colonel Arthur pleased them with his courtesy. Anxious to afford them additional gratification, he ordered the band out. But the effect was different from that which he expected. The poor creatures screamed with terror, and crowded round Mr. Robinson with entreaties for protection. It was long before their fears subsided, when they would cautiously approach the drums and touch them, as if to test the power of the noisy animal.

Then a grand demonstration took place. During the festival their confidence increased, and they were induced to show forth their strength and skill, after being personally decorated with ribbons by the Governor. Ondia put a crayfish on a spear, and at a distance of sixty yards brought it down with another spear. Thus hours passed in the Governor's garden, which was thrown open to all comers on the occasion. That evening Mr. Robinson took them to his own home, and they camped about his premises.

It was on this occasion that portraits were taken of the Aborigines by Mr. Duterreau, and by my most esteemed friend, Mr. Thomas Napier, J.P., now of Essendon, Victoria, and copies of which paintings I have secured by the brush of Mr. Thomas Clark, the artist, of Melbourne.

A few days afterwards a vessel was prepared, and the Natives were induced to go on board to proceed to splendid hunting-grounds, where no soldiers and parties were to be found, and where they would never be molested. On their way to the Straits they suffered much from sea-sickness. The captain of the vessel assured me that it was pitiable to witness their distress. Their moaning was sad indeed. They appeared to feel themselves forsaken and helpless, and abandoned themselves to despair.

The children, with few exceptions, were not suffered to go to the prospective settlement, but were placed in what was known as the Orphan School, near Hobart Town. This establishment was for the care and education of neglected and orphan children

of convicts. The building is of great extent, the grounds are spacious, and the arrangements generally are suitable for the object. Hundreds of children, from helpless infancy to the age of fourteen, are there provided with board and education. It is about eight-and-twenty years ago since I had the pleasure of seeing there the dark offspring of the warriors of the Black War. Most of them struck me as being sickly and depressed, and I wondered not at the terrible mortality that had thinned their numbers.

The greatest enthusiasm attended the reception of Mr. Robinson. The newspapers were loud in his praise, and the jealousy of his rivals yielded to admiration. Although his salary as Conciliator, or head of the Friendly Mission, had been previously raised to 250*l.*, and a bonus of 100*l.* bestowed, some fresh demonstration of gratitude for his efforts was demanded. He himself wrote a letter, presenting his claims. The Committee for the Protection of the Aborigines were prepared to second his memorial. Some delay disheartened or displeased him, for we find him on the 3d of February saying, that the illness of his wife, the disorder of his affairs, and the hardships of the life had impressed him with the conviction that he had better leave others to complete the work. This decided the action of Government, as it was believed that nothing but the prestige of Mr. Robinson could succeed with the remaining Natives in the Bush. A grant of four hundred pounds was made on the 9th, and a promise of seven hundred more upon the completion of his wonderful mission.

Ever prompt in his decisions and movements, we find him off on the 11th of February for Great Island, afterwards Flinders Island, to report upon a suitable home for the captured ones. Then he struck off to the west once more, as the poor hunted creatures had by this time quite and for ever deserted the central and eastern portions of the island—the scene of the *Line* operations. At Port Davey twenty-six were saved. Several of these were found to be above six feet in height. One old man put the captor in mind of Abraham with his white beard. The tribe had never been active in the war.

I have been much struck with the barrenness of information about the habits of the Tasmanians, when perusing the letters of Mr. Robinson, at the Record Office of the Colonial Secretary.

No one could have told us so much, and yet we hear so little from him. A few stray statements have appeared, bearing his authority; but all must regret that a man of such observation and opportunity, and who lived in ease upon the pension of the Colonial Government so many years, made known scarcely anything of these curious and interesting tribes.

More conquests of peace followed the capture at Port Davey. At Birch's Rock, sixteen were taken; at West Point, six; at Mount Cameron, five; at the Surrey Hills, four; and at Sandy Cape, thirty-seven. From the report of July 12th, 1832, we learn that thirty-two were gained in the neighbourhood of Macquarie Harbour. At one place on the west coast, where sixteen were collected, their appearance was so wretched as to resemble ourang-outangs rather than human beings. One poor old man had had his eyes shot out by some *Christian* pursuer. The benevolent heart of Mr. Robinson was much moved at this spectacle of misery.

A most formidable difficulty was experienced by Mr. Robinson on the Arthur River. This was in the inhospitable region to the north-west, even to this day unsettled by our countrymen. A strong band of Aborigines had been brought under his notice by the friendly Blacks, and a conference had been held one evening in September 1832. In spite of the appeals of the Nestor, Manalagana, and the lucid exposition of the situation by the leader in his best Tasmanian speech, the forest men distrusted the offered conditions, and sullenly declined the advances of the Whites. A night of dreadful suspense followed. After the conference, the strangers camped at a little distance, and kept up noisy talk and rattling of spears through the hours of darkness. Our leader, conscious of the necessity of reassuring his own party, put on a calm and confident appearance, threw off his clothes, rolled himself in his blanket before the fire, and watchfully waited for the morn. The subsequent adventures are thus told by himself:—

"At the earliest dawn of day they made a large fire, around which the men assembled, and began preparing their weapons intended for my destruction. At this juncture, one of the wild Natives (a relative of one of my friendly Aborigines) commenced a vehement discussion, and argued against the injustice of killing me, and asked why they wanted to kill their friend and protector.

I had by this time put on my raiment. My aboriginal companions were exceedingly alarmed, and, on looking for their spears, found that the wild Natives had taken them away during the night. Several of their blankets had also been stolen, and attempts had been made to tie up the dogs. In the midst of the discussion I rose up, and stood in the front of them with my arms folded, thinking to divert them from their savage purpose. I said if they were not willing to go with me, they could return again to their own country. Scarcely had I spoken ere they shouted their war-whoop, seized their spears, and proceeded at once to surround me. With their left hand they grasped a bundle of spears, whilst in their right they held one. My Aborigines shrieked and fled. The Natives had nearly encircled me. Their spears raised were poised in the air. The friendly Aborigines were gone. At this crisis, I made off. Although I saw not the slightest chance of escape, I pursued my way rapidly through some copse, winding round the acclivity of some low hills, and took a north-east direction toward an angle of the river; on approaching which I saw one of the friendly Natives who had escaped, who, with much trepidation, said that all the rest of the Natives were killed. At the same instant she descried the hostile Blacks approaching, and in much alarm begged of me to hide, while she swam the river and went to the encampment. To have attempted concealment at such a crisis would have been next to suicide. And looking up (for the river hath steep banks on either side), I saw one of the wild Natives looking for my footsteps. At this instant he turned, and I lost sight of him. I saw no chance of escape, except by crossing the river. The difficulty appeared insurmountable. I could not swim. The current was exceedingly rapid, and it required time to construct a machine. The Natives were in strict search after me, and I expected every moment to be overtaken. The raft on which I came over was nearly a mile lower down. I was persuaded the hostile Natives would be waiting to intercept me. I therefore abandoned all thoughts of crossing on this machine. I made an attempt to cross on a small spar of wood, and was precipitated into the river, and nearly carried away by the current. After repeated attempts, I succeeded, with the aid of the woman, in getting across. (My clothes were left behind.) I then proceeded to my encampment, where my son and some Natives were staying."

This celebrated official document is evidently not the production of the honest bricklayer, but that of some convict attendant, who had had more education than his worthy master. Somewhat stilted in style, the heroism is thoroughly well maintained throughout, and the narrative is deeply interesting. But the historian may be excused presenting some other versions of this curious adventure. Though the second tale was written thirty years after, and published in Mr. Lloyd's "Thirty Years in Tasmania and Victoria," it evidences a good memory, and is written in a simple, natural style, that commends it the more. He does more justice to our good friend Truganina. This was written in England, in 1861:—

"After I had effected the removal of these tribes, I started for the Arthur River, where it was reported that a tribe were out; and here I had another miraculous escape of being killed. It appeared that the Blacks had meditated my destruction, and laid their plans for preventing my escape, by placing sentinels all round me. I was with the tribe, when I observed an unusual excitement among them: they were much agitated, and employed in sharpening their spears and other instruments of war. I addressed them, stating that I could not, neither did I wish to, compel them to go with me against their will; and if they did not like to accompany me, they might remain where they were. They began to encircle and close on me; when, for the first time since I had undertaken this fearful mission, I fled from them. In my flight I overtook a black woman near to a wide and rapid river, which I was desirous of crossing from my pursuers; but as I could not swim, I hardly knew what to do. The woman advised me to hide myself in the bushes; but I knew too well the keenness with which the Blacks tracked the smallest object to trust to that; therefore, as my only hope, I launched a log of wood into the river, on which I leant, and the kind-hearted woman immediately jumped into the river, and swam across, drawing the log after her."

In the *Sydney Press* of 1838 one may read his statement at a public meeting in New South Wales, when he gave full credit to Truganina for saving his life.

It is pleasant to record this acknowledgment that he owed his life to his black guide and faithful companion. The real story is closely allied to the last account, saving that the man tried to

get across the river by striding a log and paddling with his hands and arms, when, falling over into the water, he would have been certainly drowned, had not the courageous Native jumped into the water and rescued him. Some years ago I reminded her of the incident, when the little old woman clapped her hands, danced about, and laughed most merrily. She then gave me her version of the affair, adding most expressive and pantomimic performances to aid her in her narrative.

The sequel of this adventure was, that upon his arrival at his party's retreat, Mr. Robinson found several of his Natives missing. In the meantime, instead of rushing across the rapid stream, the wild Blacks were content with sitting on a hill on their side of the water, and indulging in bad language. They threatened that if they caught the chief of the Conciliatory Mission they would burn his body, and make charms of his ashes to wear round their necks. The Englishman sought to mollify their wrath, again and again urging his innocence of any evil design against them. His appeals had, at least, some effect, for the soft heart of a girl was moved at his eloquence, and Kyenrope, the daughter of the chief of the Pieman's River tribe, made her way over the river, and joined the Mission. Old Wyne, her father, witnessed her flight, and denounced her folly in choicest native Billingsgate.

Still, Mr. Robinson did not feel comfortable in the vicinity of such neighbours, and made use of a *ruse* to extricate himself from the dilemma. He caused his men to make a great fire of damp wood and leaves, so as to create a vast cloud of smoke, as if signalling for assistance from some countrymen near at hand. The alarmed Aborigines beat a precipitate retreat, and left the course open to the exultant beleaguered. Though now forty miles from Cape Grim, the nearest British settlement, he hastened off to that place of refuge.

Notwithstanding Mr. Robinson was in this instance unsuccessful, we may credit him with having left some impression; for we read in Mr. Cottrell's letter to Mr. Robinson, on January 19th, 1833: "On the 10th, we fell in with the tribe that attacked you at the Arthur's River. Old Wyne and Edick were with them. They remained with us all night, and agreed to accompany us to Macquarie Harbour; but when we had marched about four miles, the following day, they disappeared amongst some scrub."

Well might the good man exclaim in after-times: "In all my difficulties, my sole dependence was on the Omnipotent Being; and I may truly say, I was led in the paths which I knew not, preserved in danger by His power alone. Frequently have I seen the sun go down without any expectation of beholding it again in the morning; and I have been surrounded by savage Blacks, with their spears presented at me, and have been spared when all hope had fled."

In all his laborious Bush enterprises, he so gained upon the affections of the Natives as to retain their confidence. The Rev. John West has an illustration of this in his work: "In the course of one of the expeditions, they ran short of provisions, and had but very scanty food for several days, and yet, though starved with hunger, these Blacks did not desert Mr. Robinson and his party, consisting of himself, with two white servants, and his aboriginal attendants." That successful Fijian Missionary, Mr. Hunt, told a meeting in Sydney: "It is very easy to sit down and write, 'I don't believe the Blacks to be men;' much easier than to go among them, as Mr. Robinson has done, and show that they were not the brutes they are represented to be, but were susceptible of moral improvement, and fully possessed the attributes of humanity."

The work went on. More came in 1833. In October of that year, Mr. Robinson returned to Hobart Town, with his son, bringing thirty Aborigines. These were taken to Government House, royally entertained, and subsequently forwarded to the island retreat in Bass's Straits. Their friend, in his official communication, wrote: "It cannot afterwards be said that these people were harshly treated, that they were torn from their country. No; their removal has been for their benefit, and in almost every instance of their own free will and consent."

In 1834, we find the indefatigable man at his post. On February 28th he succeeded in capturing eight, and placing them, for temporary safety, on Hunter's Island, at the western entrance of the Strait, with the help of some sealers' boats. Three others followed on March 14th, and nine on April 12th. These twenty—seven men, five women, and eight younger persons—were then conveyed in the *Emerald* to Flinders. These were all obtained in the north-western corner of Van Diemen's Land, and were, singularly enough, the remnant of that tribe

that attacked Mr. Robinson on the Arthur River, two years before. They confessed their intention was to have murdered him on that occasion. These were followed with much difficulty, as many outrages had been committed by them on the servants of the Van Diemen's Land Agricultural Company, whose settlements were in that quarter, and the Black guides positively refused to go after so dreaded a band.

Upon native information, Mr. Robinson wrote to the Governor that there were but two old men and their families left at large in the island. Colonel Arthur and the Colonial Secretary thought otherwise, and so it proved.

It was in relation to these that the following, the last, *Gazette* notice appeared:—

GOVERNMENT ORDER.

"*April* 23, 1834.

"Authentic information having reached the Government of the reappearance of a few Aborigines in the Settled Districts, the Lieutenant-Governor, at the same time that he is desirous to caution the Settlers against any hostile attacks, requests that they will enjoin their Servants to abstain from acts of aggression against the Natives, and desire that all arms may be removed from their Stock Runs.

"By command,

"J. BURNETT."

Onward, still onward, was the order of the indomitable Robinson. No one ignorant of the western country of Tasmania can form a correct idea of the travelling difficulties. While I was resident in Hobart Town, the Governor, Sir John Franklin, and his lady, undertook the western journey to Macquarie Harbour, and suffered terribly. One man, who assisted to carry her ladyship through the swamps, gave me his bitter experience of its miseries. Several were disabled for life. No wonder that but one party, escaping from Macquarie Harbour convict settlement, arrived at the civilized region in safety. Men perished in the scrub, were lost in snow, or were devoured by their companions. This was the territory traversed by Mr. Robinson and his Black guides. All honour to his intrepidity, and their wonderful fidelity! When they had, in the depth of winter, to cross deep and rapid rivers, pass among mountains six thousand feet high, pierce dangerous thickets, and find food in a country forsaken even by birds, we can realize their hardships.

After a frightful journey by Cradle Mountain, and over the lofty plateau of Middlesex Plains, the travellers experienced unwonted misery, and the circumstances called forth the best qualities of the noble little band. Mr. Robinson wrote afterwards to Mr. Burnett some details of this passage of horrors. In that letter, of Oct. 2, 1834, he states that his Natives were very reluctant to go over the dreadful mountain passes; that "for seven successive days we continued travelling over one solid body of snow;" that "the snows were of incredible depth;" that "the Natives were frequently up to their middle in snow." But still the ill-clad, ill-fed, diseased, and wayworn men and women, including the merry little Truganina, were sustained by the cheerful voice of their unconquerable friend, and responded most nobly to his call; while their legs, as we are told, were cruelly lacerated in threading the thorny scrub, and clambering the sharp rocks.

But their labours were splendidly rewarded. The last party were caught. They were seen at the extreme Western Bluff, December 28th, 1834. There were four women, a man, three boys, with an attendance of thirty dogs. Long had they desired to come in, and join their relations taken before. They had even at times ventured within sight of an isolated hut; but the shot fired at them warned them rather to trust to the inhospitable winter western forest, than place themselves in the way of white men. Mr. Robinson thus graphically describes in his letter the scene of the meeting: "The moment these poor creatures saw our Natives advancing, they ran forward, and embraced them in a most affecting manner. To this truly affecting scene, a most interesting conversation followed." All honour to the man who had brought such peace to these wanderers!

On the 22d of January, 1835, the last party of eight Aborigines came into Hobart Town. The Mission was accomplished. Mr. Robinson had finished his work. In 1830 and 1831 he had brought in fifty-four; in 1832, sixty-three; in 1833, forty-two. The last two years of 1834 and 1835 saw the island swept of its original inhabitants.

Now came the question—what should be done to the man whom the nation delighted to honour? The promised cash from the Government came to hand, and a thousand acres of land fell also to his share. Public meetings were held to acknowledge his

services, and raise funds for a testimonial. Subscription lists lay at the banks, the offices of police magistrates, and other places. The Aborigines' Committee actively turned canvassers for the object. A good sum was presented. The Danish historian has this remark: "He had large grants of land bestowed on him, with additional sums in money, amounting altogether to about 8,000*l.*" Whatever he obtained, he deserved. The envious might regret the extravagance of payment, but could not deny the labour done.

For a short time only, Mr. Robinson became Commandant of Flinders Island; but his administrative abilities were inferior to his Bush lore. For his life in the island, the reader is referred to the chapter on Flinders Island.

A new sphere opened for him. Tasmanian settlers had crossed the Straits with their flocks, and the plains of Port Phillip were dotted with homesteads. The Native difficulty had arisen there. Cruelties on the one side, and outrages on the other, had indicated the beginning of another Black War. The Home Government, anxious to prevent a further depopulation of original inhabitants, sought by wise measures the conciliation of the dark tribes, and the safety of the colonists. Mr. Robinson received an offer of 500*l.* a year to be Protector of the Aborigines of Port Phillip. In 1838, he became a citizen of that colony. It is not within the scope of the present work to criticise the performance of his duties there. In 1853, he retired to enjoy his wealth in England. Advancing age subdued the fire of his character, and in peaceful quietude he spent his declining days. He died at Prahran, Bath, on the 18th of October, 1866.

CHAPTER VIII.

FLINDERS ISLAND.

THE removal of the Aborigines from the island of Tasmania to one of the islands in Bass's Strait, had been spoken of before the appointment of the Capture Parties. The *Colonial Times* of December 1, 1826, counselled the Government to send them to King's Island. "We make no pompous display of philanthropy," says the editor; "we say unequivocally, 'self-defence is the first law of nature!' The Government must remove the Natives; if not, they will be hunted down like wild beasts and destroyed."

But the semi-official *Hobart Town Gazette*, a month before, had made that suggestion in this language, "Were the tribes here alluded to, and one or two others, on whose heads perhaps all the mischief is to be charged—were they to be collected and removed to some island in the Straits, where they could have an equal chance as here of animal support without the molestation of white men, we think the happiest results would ensue."

It was the general feeling of insecurity that prompted this sentiment, while the few who espoused the cause of the hunted tribes desired the change, as they foresaw the difficulties coming, and the impending destruction of the whole race. It was this impulse that induced Colonel Arthur to establish a depôt on Bruni Island, and appoint Mr. Robinson as guardian of such poor creatures as could be prevailed upon to remove there. Mr. Chief Justice Pedder protested vigorously against the scheme of transportation. He declared it an unchristian attempt to destroy the whole race, as once taken from their ancient haunts they would, he said, soon die. Sir John Pedder, in after years, saw the fulfilment of his prophecy.

In 1826 the public mind was much excited about the question. Some were for entrapping the people, and shipping them off to the neighbouring shores of Port Phillip. Others objected to

this on two grounds: that it would be cruel to place them in the way of the barbarous tribes there, who would certainly destroy many of them, and that such a wretched, sandy, barren country would not furnish them with sufficient food. A writer in the *Gazette* of that year takes a canine view of the question: "They cannot," he says, "continue in their present state. The daily extension of the inhabited districts, and the vast increase of their dogs, must besides conspire to shorten their present means of subsistence, and to render their repeated attacks of aggression on the Whites still more probable." He suggests that the Government shall take advantage of the season when they go to the east coast for swans' eggs, seize them, conduct them to the capital, and carry them thence to King's Island.

KING'S ISLAND, lying half-way between the Cape Otway of Victoria, and the north-west corner of Tasmania, is thirty miles in length and from twelve to fifteen in breadth. The first regular survey of it was made in 1827, when Mr. Barnard recommended it as a site for the punishment of reconvicted felons, as there was little chance of their escape, and no inducement to take to the Bush there, because of the extreme sterility of the soil, and the utter impenetrability of the country. He pronounced it certain death to attempt to cross the island without a compass, and reported that "none of the sealers could ever accomplish it, even aided by black women as guides." On the east coast a small stream enters Sea Elephant Bay; so called from the number of those gigantic seals found there. But a tremendous surf beats against a basaltic barrier outside, in one part of the island, or rolls against a low and harbourless shore in the other.

That King's Island was not improperly called the "dread of seamen," will appear from the account of several fearful shipwrecks. The convict ship *Neva* went ashore there, and out of three hundred female prisoners but eight were saved. In 1845 the *Cataraqui* was lost on the south-west coast of the island, and only nine of four hundred and twenty-three persons survived. On nearing the island the captain had slackened sail, and exhibited due caution. The surgeon superintendent of the vessel ridiculed the prudence, and openly jeered at the skipper's want of courage. Stung with the remark, the thundering order came forth, "Shake out the reefs, and stand on." On flew the ship, and, in the darkness of midnight, struck upon the rocks.

The Bishop of Tasmania, whom I heard preach one of his most thrilling and eloquent discourses upon the occasion of this catastrophe, revisited King's Island years several after, and thus refers to that awful night: "The surgeon was the first to perish; the poor, unhappy girls were tossed into the ocean as they were, unclad, unprepared; the wild, screaming death shriek mingling with the wilder storm." The good man walked along the beach, accompanied by the sealer who had found the wreck two days after the accident. He heard him say, "Yonder I dragged on shore the bodies of eighteen poor girls; some were locked in each other's arms, others as tranquil as though asleep, others bent and twisted with the most distorted forms; and here I dug their grave and buried them." In one place he buried fifty; in another, twenty; and in a third, two hundred and forty-five bodies.

Such a place, though favourable on account of difficulty of approach, was not suitable as a home for the Aborigines, as it was held of great importance to have them under some civilized control.

The KENT'S GROUP, named after H.M.S. *Kent*, presented some advantages at first, and were recommended by the Aborigines' Committee as early as December 1st, 1829, because of their utter isolation from the Main, and as possessing wood, water, mutton-birds, and some game. But they were exposed to terrific southerly gales, and were cold and wet. Deal had water in its granite crevices, but Erith, four miles in extent, was utterly barren. Passing them this year I was struck with their repulsive appearance. A lighthouse stands on Deal, 1,600 feet above the sea. A pyramidal granite rock rears 300 feet high in the midst of the sea.

CAPE BARREN ISLANDS, south of Flinders, was suggested by the Committee, on May 26th, 1831, but was also objected to; though twenty miles long, it is a hopeless country. Clark Island, ten miles from the Main, and south of Cape Barren Island, next rose in favour, but was found by Mr. Robinson without anchorage, water, soil, or food.

MARIA ISLAND was the one most approved by Mr. Robinson. It possessed charms to alleviate the sorrows of banishment. It was a lovely spot, abounding in picturesque scenery, noble forests, undulating downs, mountain streams, and fertile valleys.

The soil was known to be remarkably adapted to cultivation; and the Hobart Town philanthropists, desirous of the civilization of the scattered ones, hailed the proposition with delight. There was something in its aspect which would rather suggest the idea of an Isle of Calypso than of a St. Helena. When Tasman, the Dutchman, first beheld its wooded, hilly shores in 1642, he could think of no better appellation for that Isle of Beauty than the name of a distant charmer, Maria Van Diemen, the daughter of the Batavian Governor.

But they were not to go to Maria Island. All its attractions were admitted, but objections ruled. In 1825 it had been made a penal settlement. Darlington station stood on the north side, near the curious rocks of the Bishop and Clerk, hanging one over the other. There a coarse woollen cloth was made by the men, and afterwards manufactured into garments by the convict women of the Hobart Town Factory. Though suggested by Mr. Robinson, recommended by the chaplain, and hoped for by many, the design was not carried out. Apart from the loss in relinquishing the works of the penal settlement, it was contended that the island had no good harbour, and that its proximity to the eastern main, three miles, would render it no secure encampment, as the Natives could readily cross the water and renew their distressing ravages. The Aborigines' Committee reluctantly disallowed the proposition in February 1831.

When, however, the roving parties had collected some of the unfortunate Blacks, it became imperative to find an asylum. SWAN ISLAND was, therefore, selected. This lies between Clark Island and the mainland of Cape Portland, being only three miles from the parent island. It had little in its favour, as its water was brackish, its soil most hopeless, and its size but a mile and a half in length. It was asserted also that the imprisoned ones could easily swim the little strait, and gain their old quarters. But this would not have been easy, as a very rapid current passes between. The Bishop of Tasmania described it in 1854 as "little more than a succession of sand-heaps, covered here and there with tussock and stunted shrubs."

At any rate it would do for a depôt. Mr. Robinson placed twenty-three there on November 20th, 1830, and thirty-three more on December 13th. They were not unhealthy on this desolate granite rock. One little incident occurred there which

illustrates the melancholy condition of the captives. Among them was an intelligent and faithful female guide of Mr. Robinson's. When the second party of Blacks arrived on the island, the earlier transports were eager to learn the fate of their friends. Among the many sad tales rehearsed by the new-comers was the intelligence of the murder by the Whites of the two brothers of the guide. It were vain to picture the harrowing sorrow of the unfortunate woman, or to describe her regret at the part she had taken with the Mission, and the indignant reproaches she cast upon the enemies of her people.

The limited area of Swan Island soon compelled the Government to find another home. VANSITTART, or GUN CARRIAGE ISLAND, was then talked of.

The supposed resemblance of a hill there to the carriage of a gun procured it its name by the sealers. Lying half a mile on the north side of Cape Barren Island, and four miles south of Flinders, one is at a loss to know why the poor captives were to be taken to that miserable little place, which was only half a mile broad. It is nearly surrounded by dangerous rocks, and the surf rolls with tremendous fury on its granite shore. On the 4th of February, 1831, the Aborigines' Committee officially recommended it, and on the 3d of March the Chief Secretary, Mr. Burnett, directed Mr. Robinson to occupy it. He sailed in the brig *Charlotte* to execute the order.

But there lay an impediment in the way. Sealers had occupied the only suitable locality, and were living there with their families. In those days of despotic irresponsibility, such difficulties were but as cobwebs in the path. Mr. Robinson had authority to remove the Straitsmen; and he was not accused of refinement in his mode of executing the order. They were enjoined to leave immediately, and under no pretence to approach the island again.

Sulkily did these primeval settlers prepare for their departure. In the meanwhile, the impetuous Mr. Robinson brought his black charge from Swan Island to the Great Dog, a little islet between Flinders and Gun Carriage. One cannot but sympathise with the evicted sealers. Gathering up their little property, their goats, their household stuff, their children, they put off upon the stormy ocean in their whale-boats, to seek another home. The hut, the little garden, the potato plot, the scene of so many years' labour

and pleasure, were deserted, and no compensation was awarded. Bitterly, indeed, did they complain of their arch-enemy, and heavy were the charges made against him for unnecessary haste, and for the wanton destruction by fire of property left behind.

The settlement was formed in April 1831, in a little bay on the western side of Gun Carriage, and Dr. Maclachlan was left in charge of the sixty people. Sergeant Wight was ordered there in June, with a small military party, to take charge of the stores, to protect the females from ill-treatment, to keep off the sealers, and to govern in the absence of Mr. Robinson.

It was not long before the utter unsuitability of the location became intelligible to all. It is true that, though so small, the island was but half a mile from Cape Barren Island, in whose wooded retreats it was thought the men would find superior hunting-grounds. But the passage was too full of rocks, and too often boiling with contending currents, to tempt the swimmers. The unfortunate creatures, having no motive for exercise—for little game ran within those narrow boundaries—used to sit day after day on the beach, casting tearful glances across the stormy sea toward the mountains of their native land. Those denizens of the thicket and the forest, with no maritime tastes, with nothing at every turn but the ever-restless, hateful waters, pined in their rocky prison. Their officers were as dissatisfied with the dungeon-like residence. Strong representations were made as to the wretchedness of the climate, and the barrenness of the ground. No means existed for the arrest of the terrible *home sickness* which was carrying off so many of the Natives. An Old Hand assured me that they "died in the sulks, like so many bears." This was in allusion to the Kaola, or tailless opossum, which rarely survives its capture, but mopes at its chain, refuses its food, and dies.

This was the Elysium contemplated by Hobart Town in the distance, and described by the *Courier* as presenting "the most favourable openings for a safe receptacle," and possessing "much fine open tracts of rich and fertile soil." No kangaroos were there, and the whole colony of the place would have perished for want of supplies, had not a sealer's boat, laden with potatoes, most providentially called in for shelter in a storm.

This second refuge must be abandoned, and that after so short a trial. The sealers, whose huts and crops had been so cruelly

and unnecessarily destroyed, might soon return to their old quarters.

GREAT ISLAND, afterwards called FLINDERS ISLAND, was to be selected. Sergeant Wight was sent to report upon it on November 2d, 1831, upon the special recommendation of the site to Government by Captain Jackson, and named by the Aborigines' Committee before Colonel Arthur, September 28th, 1831. In October the *Launceston Independent* has this notice:—"The Natives, when caught, are to be placed upon an island in the immediate vicinity of the one at present occupied as a depôt for the Aborigines, known by the name of Great Island, being about fifty miles in length, Gun Carriage Island being too circumscribed to afford a livelihood for those placed thereon."

The island is forty miles long, and from twelve to eighteen broad. It rises boldly from the sea, and has some prominent mountain ranges. Strzelecki, to the south-west, is 2,550 feet high. Three peaks to the east are called the Patriarchs. They are near the Babel Isles, where Flinders was so confounded by the noise of sea-birds. A massive breastwork of hills opposes a defiant, abrupt front to the prevailing west wind. Like the rest of the Bass's Strait Isles, it is substantially of granite, though the sedimentary primary rocks are not wanting. The metamorphic, especially mica schist, is in great force. In this respect its conformation is similar to the northern coast of Tasmania. Precious stones have been reported, especially diamonds of good size; but the lapidary would not estimate them very highly. A magnificent crystal was discovered in the ancient days on the top of a mountain. It was two feet in height, and had the appearance of seven pillars. So great a curiosity was presented to Governor Sorell upon his departure from the colony in 1824.

But however attractive to the lover of the picturesque, or the student of geology, it had no charms to the farmer or grazier. Without rivers, it had vast morasses. Without fine forests, it was overrun with grass-tree (*Xanthorrhœa*) scrub and tea-tree thickets. Without alluvial deposits of good soil, the interior was rock, where it was not sand or swamp.

The place chosen for the settlement was called *The Lagoons*, as to the rear of a dreary tea-tree (*Melaleuca*) scrub, nearly bordering the sandy shore, was a salt lagoon, or shallow lake. Fresh

water was only to be found in the hollows of granite rock, or dug for in morasses, or in the white sea-sand.

Is it to be wondered at that the chilling aspect of the locality struck to the heart of the simple captives? Captain Bateman and others have described to me the despairing look of the people at their new home. A Government surveyor, engaged on the island at the time of the first arrivals,—the party from Gun Carriage,—informed me that when they saw from shipboard the *splendid* country which they were promised, they betrayed the greatest agitation, gazing with strained eyes at the sterile shore, uttering melancholy moans, and, with arms hanging beside them, trembling with convulsive feeling. They were not reconciled even when, upon landing, they found plenty of kangaroos in the interior, as the Straits' climate followed them. They were located on the south-western side, exposed to the ever-boisterous western breeze, unsheltered by forests, and unprotected by rising ground near. The winds were violent and cold; the rain and sleet were penetrating and miserable. With their health suffering from chills, rheumatism and consumption diminished their numbers, and thus added force to their forebodings that they were taken there *to die*.

The *Charlotte* carried thirteen females, twenty-six males, and one infant, from Gun Carriage, on January 25th, 1832, and landed them near the south-western point of Flinders, opposite the Green Island, at the Hummocky Point of the sealers. The east coast was more sheltered, but almost entirely unapproachable by reason of shoals. Some sheep, which had been presented to the Natives by Captain Dixon and other kind settlers, were taken to feed upon the Barilla, or Salt Bush, of Green Island.

Old Sergeant Wight reigned on the island. His soldiers had been directed to put up some long huts of wattle-and-daub (branches and mud), about twenty-five feet long each, leaving an entrance at one end, and a hole in the roof to let out the smoke of their fires. The Blacks were expected to keep these clean. But the commander, however fitted to govern military men, was ill able to control the contending elements around him. Though sixty-six years of age, it was said that he possessed considerable energy, with strength of will and passions.

Difficulties beset him at the outset in the hostility of the various tribes. Certain coalitions existed; but bitter quarrels,

proceeding to blows, were of daily occurrence. The Ben Lomond and Big River tribes were at open issue. The Western would side with either, according to caprice. The Cape Grim Mob, the most remote and barbarous of all, kept completely aloof from the rest. All was in chaos. The native women went about wholly naked, and the greatest disorder prevailed. To add to their trouble, fresh people kept landing, supplies were not flourishing, and the climate put all in bad temper.

A rebellion broke out. The old Sergeant adopted summary measures. He enlisted the services of the sealers, who mounted guard over the Natives. He seized fifteen of the most powerful, or quarrelsome, of the men, and put them upon a granite rock in the ocean, without food, water, or wood, although he had been directed to employ no restraint. Captain Bateman told me that, passing near in the *Tamar*, he descried the wretched people, and rescued them in an almost dying state, they having been exposed to rough weather, without shelter or rations, for five days. Their tale was a simple one. They declared they had been carried off that the soldiers might have no interruption in their criminal commerce with the women.

Mr. Wight's story was that he had discovered a rebellious attempt to upset his government, and to murder the Whites. The *Opossum* cutter had landed a dozen Aborigines on January 22d. These, with forty others on shore, were to come to the huts of the Europeans by night and kill them. Some native women betrayed the plan to their military friends. A search in some huts was made, and fresh-made spears and waddies were found concealed. Black Tom, the interpreter to the authorities, had informed the Sergeant that the *Opossum* men were *growling*. The Blacks were to have seized the boats, and taken their way back to their beloved native country.

The acting Commandant had made up his case. He had got up a statement, certified by Robert Gamble, Joseph Mason, and John Strange, his mark, purporting to be the evidence given on the 30th of January, by no less distinguished a person than Piucommiuminer, more commonly known as *Wild Mary*. It was as follows :—

"That Broom-teer-lang-en-er was the first who proposed taking the boat away that was on Green Island, belonging to the sealers. She, also, stated that Cantityer, her husband, meant to have put a fire-stick in the thatch of the hut where the surgeon

sleeps—that they intended to call at other islands, and to take the females from the sealers, as also the boat belonging to John Smith, and to kill two half-caste children belonging to this man —to take his woman also."

We may smile at this harmless manifestation of the great Rebellion of Flinders; but it is certain that the fright did good for the Natives, for the Governor immediately despatched a suitable officer to rule them. This was Lieutenant Darling, a brother of the late Governor of Victoria.

He was the first Commandant of Flinders. Attached to the 63d Regiment, he combined the firmness and discipline of a military officer, with the intelligence and urbanity of a gentleman, and the benevolence and sympathy of a Christian. He arrived in March 1832, and immediately adopted such measures as tranquillized the minds of the excited savages, and disposed them to listen to their first lessons in civilization.

The primary difficulty was the want of water; this he relieved by digging in the Lagoon, and in the white sand of the shore. His policy, with respect to the sealers, was very decided. He ordered their absolute withdrawal from every part of the island. and put written notices on posts around the coast, warning them, under penalty, from approaching the place. Great irregularities must have been known, when the *Launceston Advertiser*, in an article, before the advent of Mr. Darling, while noticing the disgraceful conduct of a boat's crew at Green Island, asks whether the Aborigines are really to be treated as prisoners of war, or have an opportunity of being schooled into habits of industry.

Now came the humanizing processes. The Commandant, by his kind, persuasive manner, succeeded in effecting some change in the rough habits of his charge; while, by his determined character, he kept the turbulent in check, and shielded the gentle and weak. He sought to engage the men in employment, and the women in domestic cares. His solicitude about the elevation of the *gins* testified to the intelligence of his plans. In one of his earliest official communications, he said: "Good motherly women who could instruct the aboriginal women would be very useful." The encouragement is indicated in the assertion that "the greatest part of the females are young, and are willing and anxious to learn." Would that the counsel of this worthy young officer had been adopted! With the means at

hand he greatly improved the comfort of the captured, and secured the approval of his chief. In a despatch home on April 6th, 1833, Colonel Arthur thus acknowledges the work :—

"The benevolent exertions of Ensign Darling of the 63d Regiment have accomplished more than I could have anticipated, in happily conciliating the poor creatures entrusted to his charge, and in developing many excellent qualities in their character, for which few persons are willing to give them credit. He has engaged in the duties which his appointment as Commandant rendered incumbent upon him, with an ardour bordering on enthusiasm, but tempered with much judgment and discretion."

It was during the period of his excellent government that the two Quaker missionaries, Messrs. Backhouse and Walker, paid their interesting visit to the island. We have in their narrative no exhibition of Rousseau sentimentality for savages, or Quixotic, whining philanthropy, but the genuine display of simple, fervid, Christian feeling, and matter-of-fact, practical benevolence. They were certainly disposed to look upon the aboriginal side of the picture; but, by the very expression of their sympathy, they got a readier access to the hearts of the Natives, and a clearer conception of their habits and condition.

They found the settlement removed from the Lagoons, a dozen miles further, to a spot called Civilization Point, or Wybalenna, the *Black Man's House*, and formerly known to the sealers as Pea Jacket Point. There were twenty cottages for the Blacks; but eleven were tenantless. They were of wattle and plastered clay, well whitewashed, with roofs of coarse grass thatch. They were extended in the form of a crescent, and placed about a quarter of a mile from the encampment of the Whites. There were there forty-seven male adults, forty-eight female adults, seven boys, four girls, one male little one, and four female children under five years. They were not only protected from sealers, but from a worse foe—*Strong Drink.*

In their published narrative of their religious visit to the Cape Colony, Mauritius, and the Australian colonies, the excellent "Friends" give us a humorous account of a tea-party on the island, which affords us an insight into the moral and elevating designs of the officer. The surveyor, Mr. Woodward, assured me that every Sunday Mr. Darling and the doctor would invite some of the Natives to dine with them. On this particular

occasion, a singular compliment was paid to the benevolent travellers; for they tell us: "A large party of the Native women took tea with us at the Commandant's. They conducted themselves in a very orderly manner; and, after washing up the tea-things, put them in their places." It would have been gratifying to have been present at the party of the Government official in his regal state, the two smiling Quaker gentlemen, and the ebon fair ones. One wonders what they talked about. If among themselves, over the scandal cup, the ladies might have been traducing the character of their absent lords, showing some waddy marks upon the skull, or detailing slights to one and favours to another. But before three such gentlemen, and in the palace of Flinders too, they must have "conducted themselves in a very orderly manner." It is not usual, however, to invite company, and then to leave them to *wash up*.

A formal Report of this visit was made to the Governor, at his request. From this a few extracts are given. "Little," said they, "can be said of the religious state of the establishment; yet there is reason to believe the pains that have been taken have been successful in producing attention to the most prominent points of morality." The good men had little belief in the machinery of religion, and even doubted the efficacy of knowing the Catechism and prayers by rote. One point of improvement they notice: "Nearly the whole of them are associated as married couples. No marriage ceremony is used among them; but when the parties agree to be united, they are thenceforth recognised as husband and wife, and are not allowed to change." The latter provision must have struck the aboriginal mind from being novel to their habits, and at variance with their traditions.

The moral work attracted much of their attention, and the Friends dilate upon it satisfactorily. "The Catechist," they write, "has taken great pains to inform the Aborigines of the existence and character of the Deity, and most of them now have some idea of these important truths. He has translated into one of the dialects a large portion of the first three chapters of Genesis. The Natives are daily instructed either in the house of the Catechist or in their own huts, amid the interruptions to which both of these places are subject."

Anyhow, sufficient was seen to satisfy one that the civilizing

agencies were at work under Lieutenant Darling, and not commenced, as supposed, under Mr. Robinson two years after. Appended to the Report were certain suggestions for the good of the people. They recommended a further supply of cows, of shoes for wet weather, of boxes for clothing, and of stools for seats. They urged the erection of a church or school-house, and thought the women should be provided with checked cotton bed-gowns, stuff petticoats, checked aprons, and neckerchiefs.

There is a pleasant notice in Dr. Ross's Almanack, written only a few months after, in which there is reference to the things suggested by the pious visitors: "Every little family has a hut, built by their own hands, with a fireplace and window. They have tables, chairs, and bedsteads, neatly manufactured of the timber of the island, imitating as closely as they can the customs of their White associates. The females attend to the domestic duties, keeping their little family parlours clean, and washing clothes. In their hunting excursions, they bring home the skins of the wallabies and kangaroos, which they stretch out with pegs on the grass to dry, and send to Launceston, to be exchanged for knives, handkerchiefs, and other useful little articles. They cultivate one large garden in common, moving the hoe to the tune of one of their wild melodies." Really, after reading this romantic account of the Flinders' residents, especially of the musical agriculturists, we quite fancy we are listening to the entranced Frenchman, and expect to behold the rosy cheeks of the innocent and modest Ourâ-ourâ.

Dr. Ross, the editor of the *Courier*, wished to see the sunny side of the Flinders' experiment, and dilated upon the happiness and security enjoyed by the favoured there. The Rev. Dr. Lang, of Sydney, took up his Hobart Town press friend rather smartly: "Happiness and security, Dr. Ross! The security of death, you mean!—the happiness of leaving their unburied bones to be bleached by the sun and rain in every nook and dell of that island, where they fell, unpitied, by the bullets of Europeans! In thirty years—the period which it required, under the iron rod of Spain, to exterminate all the native inhabitants of Hispaniola—the numerous tribes into which the Aborigines of Van Diemen's Land were divided have been reduced, under the *mild sway* of Britain, to 118 souls, imprisoned on an island in Bass's Strait! May the Lord long preserve this miserable remnant of

a race so nearly extinct! And, in the mild spirit of Christian charity, may they forget the wrongs of their nation, and exemplify in their own persons and characters the triumphs of Christianity!"

In 1834, Mr. Henry Nickolls was appointed Superintendent, at 182*l.* 10*s.* salary; Mr. Robert Clark, Catechist, at 120*l.*; Mr. Loftus Dickenson, Store-keeper; and Mr. Allen, (who subsequently married a daughter of Mr. Robinson's), the Surgeon of the establishment. In that year there were not less than 30 Whites to look after the 120 Blacks.

It is evident that Governor Arthur did not feel satisfied with his prisoners being kept in the Straits; for he made a proposition to the Home Government to let them loose on the southern shore of the continent of New Holland, on the site of the present colonies of Victoria and South Australia, founded directly after the suggestion made by Colonel Arthur. The Secretary for the Colonies, Lord Glenelg, objected on humane grounds. Varying his scheme, we find the Governor next proposing that Mr. Robinson, who had just brought in his last party of wanderers, should proceed to that opposite coast, with some of the Flinders Island Aborigines, to civilize the wild Australian Blacks. That idea being abandoned, he resolved to send Mr. Robinson to take charge of the island prison. He took command in November 1835.

Agreeably to his temperament, he came with a clash of trumpets. Nothing had been done before him, and he would and could do all that was necessary. With his accustomed energy, he threw himself into the work of reformation, and certainly revived the spirits of the decaying tribes.

At a public meeting, in 1838, held at Sydney, he is reported to have brought testimony to show the dreadful state on the island before he went there; showing that the place had more the appearance of a menagerie, than the habitation of human beings. He then gave the following narrative of his success on the island:—"Their present condition could best be described by reading some replications to certain queries which had been addressed to him by the Government. The tribes formerly most opposed to each other were now the most friendly. If excited to anger, a look was sufficient to allay their feelings. They were placed under no kind of restraint, but enjoyed every degree of

personal freedom consistent with a due regard to their health, and the formation of religious and civilized habits. They were instructed in the Christian religion. Their attendance was perfectly voluntary: all, however, attended, and their conduct would be a pattern to many congregations of civilized Europeans. In sacred melody they had displayed great proficiency.—He had established three schools on the settlement—a day-school for boys, a day-school for girls and women, an evening-school, and a Sunday-school. They had neat stone cottages, with gardens, in which they raised their own vegetables; with cooking utensils and other useful articles."

In 1861, reviewing the past, Mr. Robinson said: "I established at Flinders Island an Aboriginal Fund, which was raised from the proceeds of work performed, and the sale of various articles prepared by them; such as salted mutton-birds, birds' skins, &c. —which were generally sold at Launceston. I also formed an Aboriginal Police, to preserve order, and to decide all disagreements which might arise among them. I also established a circulating medium amongst them, which was attended with the happiest effects, as it gave them a knowledge of the rights of property; and lastly, and consequent upon the latter, I established a market, to which they brought their produce. Thus they acquired the habits of civilized life, and felt an interest in the acquisition of property, which rendered them industrious and cleanly."

Dr. Ross intimated, in his *Courier* of October 8th, 1836, that "Mr. Robinson has been the means of establishing a weekly newspaper among them. It is entirely written by the Aborigines, and is published under the name of the *Aboriginal Flinders Island Chronicle*, on half a sheet of foolscap, every Saturday, price twopence each, and the profits arising from the work are equally divided among the editors." Concerning this, the subsequent Superintendent, Dr. Jeanneret, writes: "I have no knowledge of the newspaper you refer to. None, in my time, were capable of such a work."

We cannot pause in this glorious career of civilization, and again introduce Mr. Robinson as the speaker:—

"At the periodical examination of the schools, some of the native youths were able to answer questions in the leading events of Scripture history, Christian doctrine and duty, arithmetic, the

principal facts of geography, and also on several points of useful information. Some very fair specimens of handwriting were exhibited on such occasions; one, in particular, was worthy of notice, being an original address from the writer—a native youth of fifteen years of age, who was employed by me in my office—to his countrymen. It was expressed in simple and tolerably correct language, and breathed a warm spirit of gratitude to myself. In the schools they were taught various handiwork, such as knitting in worsted, sewing, &c.; and they proved to be apt and industrious scholars." In his Progress Report, dated May 17th, 1837, he wrote: "The schools and religious services are still maintained, and the Natives are constant and regular in their attendance. They are rapidly acquiring industrious habits. The settlement is in a very powerful, tranquil state."

What more could be wanted? It was an age of steam. Flinders rose at once, under Mr. Robinson, to its highest development, like Athens, under Pericles; and it sank more rapidly into barbarism upon the departure of its master.

A little must be placed to that love of "high talk" which ever accompanied the declarations of the Commandant; as the examination, to be detailed hereafter, hardly indicates so lofty an intellect, or exhibits so marvellous a moral result.

The last passage of the celebrated Sydney speech is a painful commentary upon this work of progress: "*The only drawback on the establishment was the great mortality amongst them.*" But even then his exultant spirit hopefully cries: "But those who did survive were now happy, contented, and useful members of society." In 1861 he saw the non-fulfilment of his prophecy. This is his remarkable expression:—

"The most serious drawback to the success of the establishment was the great mortality among them, which has continued to so lamentable an extent, that at the present time there are but a small remnant living. Had the poor creatures survived to have become a numerous people, I am convinced they would have formed a contented and useful community."

Alas! it is the story of the Frenchman's horse, that died just when he had acquired the power of living without eating. In the process of regeneration they lost the life they had. Even the Committee of the Aborigines' Society were at last sensible of the folly of this over-legislation; for, in their Report for

1839, they regretted that "from the first a system had not been applied more suitable to the habits of a roving people, instead of the highly artificial one whose details have been referred to" (in Mr. Robinson's report).

A colonial writer of the period comments upon the system in 1838. "The Commandant," he writes, "has an establishment of thirty-two convicts to wait on the Aborigines, and supply the deficiency of their own labour, and is rewarded by a great deal of reading, writing, singing, rehearsal of the Catechism, tailoring, submission, attachment, decorum, tranquillity—everything, in a word, which gratifies superficial examination; and he persuades himself that he is eminently successful with them; but they have no free agency, are mere children at school, and they cannot escape from their prison. They cannot subsist at a distance from it; they must not break its rules; it must be a place of extensive *ennui* to them: as moral agents now, they are lower than when they were savages, and they die, I fear, the faster for this kindness. The Commandant imputes the mortality among them to the situation and climate, and wishes to transport them to the south coast of New Holland; but in six months, I am persuaded, they would be on this place happy savages in the Bush."

The more *civilized* they became, the more dependent were the Blacks upon their masters for supplies, and the less disposed were they to exert themselves. Listless and good, they wanted energy to pursue the bounding kangaroo, or clamber after an opossum. In Mr. Robinson's letter, March 8th, 1836, we have this announcement: "It has been intimated to the Natives that they are shortly to be supplied with fresh meat, which intelligence affords them much pleasure." It would, certainly; though it doubtless puzzled their unarithmetical heads what became of the several hundreds of sheep given to them by settlers in 1833, and increasing on Green Island, &c. Besides, the Government had sent cattle and more sheep. Before the receipt of the Commandant's letter, three hundred breeding sheep and ten cows were forwarded. And yet not once in six months did the Blacks eat of their own mutton! Some other people preferred fresh meat to salted rations. In 1838 there were still 1,800 sheep and 62 head of cattle.

Among the singular crotchets of Mr. Robinson's was that one of altering the names of the Natives. Certainly, surrounded as

he was, with a host of white servants who could not catch the long and liquid words of the native tongue, it might seem necessary to make a change, but hardly to form so absurd a catalogue as he did. It would be interesting to know whose philological and literary assistance he obtained; some one of his convict servants might have been an M.A. But he evidently imagined he had performed an important and useful service, making it the subject of a special report on September 14th, 1836. He presented two lists—his own nomenclature, classical and grand; and beside it, the aboriginal, or the absurd English, name. These are the males:—

Adolphus	*Tommy*
Alexander	*Long Billy*
Alphonso	*Big Jemmy*
Arthur	*Jemmy*
Albert	*Warnee*
Alpha	*Doctor*
Achilles	*Rowlebawna*
Augustus	*Ben*
Andrew	*Dray's Jerry*
Algernon	*Charley*
Ajax	*Moultchelargene*
Alfred	*Big Billy*
Bonaparte	*Little Jacky*
Benjamin	*Ben*
Columbus	*Lenerugirin*
Christopher	*Dick*
Constitution	*Big Jacky*
Daniel	*Goannah*
David	*David*
Edward	*Little Billy*
Edmund	*Tonee*
Eugene	*Nicominic*
Frederick	*Tommy*
Francis	*Big Mary's Jemmy*
King George	*Old Tom*
Henry	*Henry*
Hannibal	*Parley*
Hector	*Hector*
Isaac	*Problattener*
Joseph	*Rose's Jemmy*
James	*Jessy's Father*
Milton	*Penemeroic*
Matthew	*Jacky*
Nimrod	*Kangaroo Billy*
Napoleon	*Jacky*
Neptune	
Noemy	
Omega	*Ballywinny*
Peter Pindar	*Peter*
Philip	*Bung's Jacky*
Rodney	*Larmodrick*
Romeo	*Tomten*
Robert	*Big Tenry's Jemmy*
William Robinson	*Pennebricke*
George Robinson	*George*
Samuel	*Kit's Jemmy*
Tippoo Saib	*Jacky*
Thomas	*Heedeivick*
Washington	*Mackamee*
King William	*Governor*
Walter George Arthur	*Friday*

The others were with but one name each: George, Davey, Peter, Thomas Thompson, Peter, Charley, Manune, Teddy. These were the fifty-nine males. The females were as follow:—

Queen Adelaide	*Governor's Lubra*
Queen Andromache	*Larrentong*
Amelia	*Kittanah*
Agnes	*Blind Poll*
Ann	*Dinah*
Queen Charlotte	*Big Tenry*
Princess Clara	*Teddeburric*
Catherine	*Narrusker*
Princess Cleopatra	*Kyenrope*
Deborah	*Larmodrick*
Queen Evelene	*Wongeneep*
Queen Elizabeth	*Big Bet*

Emma	*Little Tenry*	Matilda	*Pyterunner*
Flora	*Bangham*	Maria first	*Maria*
Henrietta	*Big Mary*	Nancy	*Younah*
Harriet	*Watty*	Patty	*Goneannah*
Helen	*Twopence*	Pauline	*Little Sally*
Juliet	*John*	Eliza Robinson	*Charlotte's daughter*
Jemima	*Cranky Poll*	Rose	*Gooseberry*
Jane	*Boatswain*	Sarah	*Tibb*
Louisa	*Jumbo*	Sophia	*Dray*
Lucy	*Mytermoon*	Sabina	*Crook*
Princess Lalla Rookh	*Trugenanna*	Susan	*Lock Jaw Poll*
Margaret	*Bung*	Semiramis	*Jenny*

The one-named females were Daphne, Fanny, Jessy, Wild Mary, Maria the Second, Petuck, Tingenoop, Tidderap, Tarehamenneve, Tinedeburric, Maryann, Bessy, Cowlim, Mary Thompson, Wyree, Puepedar, Pillah, Moicrune, and Nomyuncric. Why the latter of the fifty-seven should not be supplied with more manageable, if not queenly, names, may be subject of inquiry. Perhaps the philological conclave became exhausted at this juncture.

The following is a list of some of the names of the men on the island in 1834. They are given as spelt in the original document, as Mr. Robinson would also spell them, though subsequently changes have been made—as *a* for *er*. There were Worethetitatilargener and Moullteerlargener, chiefs of the Ben Lomond tribe; Calamaroweyne, the supposed murderer of Captain Thomas; Marenerlarger, Teelapana, Walentirloona, Panacoona, Wowee, Mackamee, Paropa, Nicamenie, Tymethie, Preropa, Pyntharyne, Toinchonc, Peey, Boobyinthie, Toindeburic, Rowlapana, Toby Langta, Lamaima, Conapanny, Packabanny, Wymeric. Three of them were husbands of Wild Mary, and who all died in a fortnight.

Because of the difference of dialects, there naturally grew upon the island a sort of *Lingua Franca*,—a commingling of tongues, native and English. There was a difficulty in pronouncing our *d* and *s*.

The man who entered most into the feelings and sympathies of the Aborigines of Flinders, was the well-known catechist, Mr. Robert Clark—the Father Clark of the Natives.

My first acquaintance with this devoted man was in the beginning of 1842, when he brought to my house several of his juvenile pupils, well clothed, with smiling faces, who read to me, with correct intonation, several verses from the New Testament.

They looked up to him with the same filial regard which his own children felt for him.

Appointed to his position of schoolmaster and catechist in 1834, he, for a little time, gave place to the Rev. T. Dove, Presbyterian clergyman, and assumed a secular office, without diminishing his efforts for the moral good of his dark-coloured friends. He was obliged to resign, from the adoption of schemes he considered opposed to the welfare of the Aborigines. On his coming to Hobart Town I became intimately acquainted with him, and attached to his person. After a year or two, to the joy of his old friends, he was restored to his situation as catechist, which he retained until his departure for a better world, in 1850. Often have I listened with deep emotion to his sad stories of the sufferings of his charge, while his tremulous voice and moistened eyes declared the depth and sincerity of his sympathy.

He gained the confidence of all. He would sit down on the ground with the men, and smoke his pipe with them, while listening to their yarns of hunting and war, when he would appeal to them, in their own soft tones, about Him who loved the dark-skinned race, and yearned over them for good. With the *gins* he was ever a favourite; having the ready kind word and smile for each, with a bit of ribbon for one, a piece of tobacco for another, a joke for a third, and good counsel for all. Mrs. Clark was a helpmate to her husband, and their children were schoolmates and playmates with the Natives.

Mr. Robinson appreciated his help. When, in April 1838, the Rev. T. Dove was appointed catechist—a regular clergyman being supposed essential to the importance of the establishment—Mr. Clark acknowledged the kindness of Government in bestowing on him the position of storekeeper, and thus expresses his sentiments to the Colonial Secretary: "Its value is doubly enhanced by our continuance among our dear black friends, in whose welfare and instruction we are so deeply interested, and for whose moral and physical improvement our energies will continue, with God's blessing, to be exercised."

It was of him that Mr. Robinson wrote on the 2d of May: "I have found him a faithful, zealous, and efficient officer, amply qualified for the duties he had to perform, and one willing to render services that had for their object the amelioration and

improvement of the Natives." He added a word, also, for Mrs. Clark: "She has been instrumental in initiating the female Aborigines in the first principles of the Christian religion. The marked results attendant thereupon have been mainly attributed to her personal exertions." Captain Stokes, the explorer, when visiting Flinders in 1842, refers to the lasting effects produced by Mr. Clark upon the Aborigines, "for whom," he says, "they all continue to feel great veneration, and to exhibit that respect which is due to a parent." Elsewhere he remarks: "We heard all the Natives of both sexes, old and young, sing several hymns taught them by this excellent person."

Mr. Dove, though without the susceptible and genial nature of my Irish friend, was an earnest, faithful man. The restraint of his ecclesiastical habits, perhaps, prevented him fraternizing, so to speak, with the people; and not even the orthodoxy and sincerity of his discourses could save them from a certain amount of dryness and doctrinal rigidity, which, however agreeable to a Scotch congregation, was scarcely to be appreciated by his ignorant, fickle, and child-like audience in the Straits. He was better fitted for the charge at Swanport, to which he retired, and where he has resided for so many years. A pleasing story is told of the good man attending the death-bed of King George, *alias* Old Tom, and taking such real interest in the poor fellow, that the last effort of the dying man was affectionately to smile at the pastor, and squeeze his hand.

I have now before me a manuscript book, presented to me by the widow of the venerated Rev. Frederick Miller, of Hobart Town, which had been prepared by my old friend Mr. Robert Clark, giving full particulars of an examination held in February 1838, when the Rev. T. Dove, chaplain, presided, and Mr. George Augustus Robinson, Mr. Dickenson, storekeeper, and Dr. Walsh, were spectators.

Young Mr. William Robinson's class first came forward, under the monitorship of Thomas Thompson, and consisting of the following remarkable characters:—Isaac, Edward, Washington, Albert, and Leonidas. Edward is pronounced imperfect in the alphabet, and goes down. Washington attempts to spell; but brave Leonidas, more ambitious, makes a trial of reading from the spelling-book. Leonidas, the hero of the class, repeats the Lord's Prayer, the Collect, the names of the months and days of

the week, in addition to counting up to one hundred. His theological knowledge was sounded. I copy a few of the questions and answers:—

"Do you like the Devil?"—"No."

"Do you like God?"—"Yes."

"Can you see God?"—"No."

"What is the Devil?"—"The father of lies."

"What did God do with Adam's rib?"—"Make a woman of it."

"Who did God take the woman to?"—"To Adam."

"Do you pray to God?"—"Yes."

In Mr. Charles Robinson's class, Neptune attempts to read, and Peter Pindar is pronounced perfect in the alphabet. Neptune is fluent upon early Scripture history, and his creed may be taken as the orthodox of the period. A few of the questions are appended:—

"What will God do to this world by and by?"—"Burn it."

"What did God make us for?"—"His own purpose."

"Who are in heaven?"—"God, angels, good men, and Jesus Christ."

"What sort of a country is heaven?"—"A fine place."

"What sort of a place is hell?"—"A place of torment."

"What do you mean by a 'place of torment?'"—"Burning for ever and ever."

"What is the seventh day called?"—"Sunday." (?)

"What do you love God for?"—"God gives me everything."

Though apt in the general catechism, he fails to count beyond ten. His memory was not mathematical.

Peter Pindar again came before the gentlemen. Of him it is said in the Report: "Similar questions were put to Peter Pindar as to Neptune, which he answered in a similar manner. He named the days of the week. *This individual has family worship every evening.*" Though only knowing his letters, he was superior to others in morals.

Albert was not examined in detail; but his teacher answered for his being as perfect in all the answers as Washington or Leonidas. Noemy, Albert, and Eugene did as the foregoing. Alexander, I regret to say, attempted to read; but, like his ambitious namesake, did not succeed in all his ventures. Tippoo Saib sought to spell a little, while Arthur struggled through the

alphabet. Tippoo went over the approved questions, giving the approved answers according to rote. Most of the class could repeat the Lord's Prayer, and the Collect for the Second Sunday after Advent. Alexander reckoned up to sixteen, but Tippoo and Arthur only got to ten. The organ of number was always deficient in that poor race.

The junior class then appeared. Frederick attempts to spell, and Bonaparte to read, while Rodney and Adolphus attempted nothing, and King Alfred was too sick to exhibit. The Report adds: "At this stage of the examination, Mr. G. A. Robinson referred to the former notes for questions to find the class." Then follows the same series of "Who made you?" "Who was the first man?" "What is heaven?" &c. &c. Young "White fellows," who smile at reading this account, may know that the *Poll Parrot* system is not quite extinct in their day.

Bonaparte answered eight questions, and appeared to have a more decided and satisfactory faith than the Emperor. Being asked, "Do you like God?" he promptly answered, "Yes." A man named Augustus was able to read a little in the New Testament, and counted up to one hundred. It is furthermore mentioned concerning him, "can add a little." This was the *Dux* of the class. In another class, two were perfect in the alphabet, and one was ill.

The boys' class taught by the catechist formed, of course, the prominent feature of the examination. Bruni, Thompson, and Walter could read, write, and even cipher a little. The two first died soon afterwards. The last was subsequently known to me. He was far above the average of the Aborigines. He could converse with intelligence, and reason with ability. I saw his Bible on the side-table, when I took tea with him and his wife, in their own neat little hut.

Walter and Bruni having read the first chapter of the Hebrews, the Rev. Mr. Dove questioned them upon it. According to the Report, one man "spelled and attempted to read in a part he had committed to memory at the Orphan School for the purpose." Such an effort ought to have been successful, but was not. Although there is a reflection upon the professional ability of another teacher, it must be admitted that much of the learning paraded on Flinders Island was obtained at the Government Orphan School, near Hobart Town.

The following are some of the questions put to the Upper Form :—

"Where was Jesus Christ before He came on earth?"—"In heaven with His Father."

"What should Cain have done when he knew he was wrong?"—"He should have prayed to God."

"Did God make man in His own image?"—"Yes."

"How did they lose His image?"—"By eating the forbidden fruit."

"What was the text Mr. Dove preached from last Sunday?"—"The Parable of the Ten Virgins."

"What happened to the Five Foolish Virgins?"—"They were kept out of the Bridegroom's Chamber." (?)

"Do you remember the Prodigal Son?"—"Yes, sir."

They answered well upon the life and death of Jesus Christ.

The examination of the males—thirty being present—terminated in two days.

The female intellect was now to be exhibited, and twenty-three candidates for honours were found. Mrs. Dickenson's class was the first. I regret to say that the report, though brief, is not commendatory: "Clara reads—Daphne attempts to read—Emma attempts to read—Rose attempts to spell—Sophia attempts to spell—Sabina imperfect in the alphabet—Henrietta imperfect in the alphabet—Lucy imperfect in the alphabet—and Wild Mary imperfect in the alphabet." It may be presumed that Wild Mary was a step above Queen Adelaide, as that lady, though present, did not enter the lists. My particular friend, Lalla Rookh or Truganina, was not examined in literature.

In the course of questions a slight variation once appeared, evidencing the superior originality of the feminine mind, as the sable lords never altered their replies. When it was asked, "Will you die?" Caroline cried out, "I will;" while Lalla Rookh contented herself with "Yes." Again, "Have you a soul?" Daphne said, "I have;" and Wild Mary uttered "Yes." All the questions on Scripture History were very simple. Several of the pupils repeated the Lord's Prayer and the approved Collect.

The senior women's class, under Mrs. Clark, distinguished themselves. Bessy reads the whole of No. 1 Spelling-book. Patty attempts to read. Paulina spells words of three letters.

Juliet reads four easy pages. Semiramis knows her English letters—a feat the Assyrian queen could not have performed.

Some of the interrogations were more advanced.

"What was Jesus Christ for us?"—"Our righteousness."

"What is the Devil?"—"A roaring lion seeking whom he may devour."

"Who is the Devil?"—"The enemy of souls."

"How did sin enter into this world?"—"By Adam."

"What did Jesus Christ do for you?"—"He died for our sins, according to the Scriptures."

"Who is in heaven?"—"God, angels, Jesus Christ, good men and women."

"What did God make beside the light?"—"He made everything."

"What is an ark?"—"A *bigmee* ship."

"How long did Jesus stay in the grave?"—"Three days and three nights."

"What must you get before you go to heaven?"—"A new heart and a right spirit."

"What was Jesus made for us?"—"Sin for us."

"Who crucified Jesus Christ?"—"The Jews."

"Who were the Jews?"—"The people of God."

"Do you love God and wish to pray to Him?"—"I do, sir."

"Did you know anything of God before you came to this settlement?"—"No, sir."

"Did the sealing men tell you anything about God?"—"No, sir."

"Did you know anything about God before Mrs. Clark taught you?"—"No, sir."

The last three questions were, perhaps, impromptu ones. How far the women comprehended some of the questions and answers cannot be known. How Jesus was made sin for them might have puzzled them, and they might have wondered how the people of God could be so bad as to crucify the Saviour. But it is more probable that they did not trouble their faculties to inquire. It is enough that the examiners were satisfied.

Then follows a singular passage in the Report: "School adjourned at 3 o'clock. On the resuming of the examination of Mrs. Clark's class, they appeared very sulky, and it was with some difficulty they were induced to answer the questions pro-

posed to them; several questions they would not, which are omitted here." What could have been the matter? What had been done to put the dark beauties out of temper? Did some get more praise and pudding than others? One thing we do know—the gentler sex won the day, for the young men had to come to the rescue, and take up the questions.

After more Scripture, the lads were taken to the secular. They were examined in addition, and information was volunteered to the chairman that some could write large hand.

The examination ought to have proceeded next day, but for circumstances mentioned in the story: "Reassembled this morning at 10 o'clock. Maryann (afterwards the half-caste wife of Walter) did not attend with her class, and information was received that the females were washing their clothes, and the native men were at a distance from the settlement, where they had remained all night, making a road. Adjourned till to-morrow."

It may be that some officials thought the catechism, after lasting three or four days, was too much for the men, and had sent them off to work; while the women, obeying the laws of feminine civilized nature, had embraced the opportunity of attending to their linen, which important personal duty could not give place to literature.

A crowd of sovereigns appeared on the following day. The truth must be told that they least distinguished themselves. King Alfred, however, was perfect in his alphabet, and could tell who made him. King George knew the first man, and who made the trees and tall mountain, but was not troubled with more questions. King Alpha was content with playing ditto to his royal brother George, and said that God made the tall mountain. But Napoleon rushed boldly forth to the front, with ready replies, after attempting to spell. It is very unsatisfactory, however, to quote a remark upon this conqueror: "This native attends school but very seldom, and is not improving. Mr. Dove addressed him very feelingly on his neglect of instruction." Poor fellow! he lived but little time to profit by the White man's teaching.

One Andrew is made to say that he likes to be a good man, that he loves to go to heaven, and that he prays in his house every night. He counts to eighteen, and repeats the Lord's

Prayer, Collect, and General Confession. Several were brought up to answer one question only—"Who made you?"—"God." Among those not examined were Eliza, Helen, Eve, Tidderup, and old Maria.

This is the closing certificate :—

"I have carefully perused the foregoing report of the late examination of the Aboriginal School in this place, and can attest it to be as faithful as it is minute.

"THOMAS DOVE,
"Chaplain of Flinders."

The history of the last few years of Flinders is soon told. It is chiefly the story of death. Captain Stokes found that, of 200 that had been captured, 150 had perished. Governor Arthur wrote home, on January 27th, 1835, deploring the rapid decline, and adding, "Their number has been reduced to only 100." To save the younger ones, fourteen were sent from the island to the Orphan School of Hobart Town. One of the earliest victims was Mungo, the guide to the parties of Messrs. Robertson, Jorgenson, and Batman. Poor Manalagana, the noble chief, died in March 1836. Surgeon Allen officially reported, Sept. 20th, 1837: "On my arrival I found one-fourth of the Natives on the sick list, and since then more than one-half have been ill." Dr. Story gives it as his opinion to me, that "the deaths at Flinders Island and the attempt at civilizing the Natives were consequent on each other."

No wonder that Mr. Robinson was anxious to remove the people from the island, when he was appointed Protector in Port Phillip, and that his suggestion was received with acclamation by the pent-up islanders. A petition, signed by the twenty-nine living men, was addressed to Governor Sir John Franklin, on Aug. 12th, 1838, begging for translation to Port Phillip. His Excellency's heart was moved, and he directed Mr. Montague, then Colonial Secretary, to open up a correspondence with the Government of New South Wales about their reception. Some opposition being presented, the question was referred home, when Lord Glenelg objected to their removal. The Rev. Dr. Lang thus comments upon the circumstance: "But even this miserable boon has been refused them, on the ground of their not being sufficiently civilized and christianized yet, by a com-

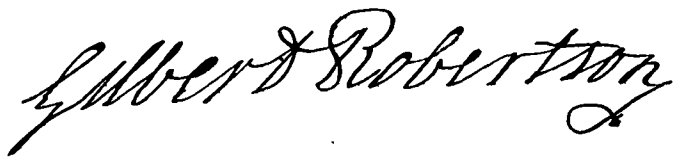
mittee of the Legislative Council of New South Wales, with a Protestant Bishop for their chairman."

After the departure of Mr. Robinson, and the failure of their hopes of transmission to Port Phillip, the Aborigines sank into an apathy from which they never emerged. Captain Smith officiated for a time, and then Mr. Fisher; but Dr. Jeanneret received the appointment of Superintendent in 1842, at the hands of Governor Sir John Franklin, who, like his benevolent and learned lady, was ever interested in the condition of the Blacks.

Dr. Jeanneret was much shocked at the island affairs. He found the rations inadequate for his charge, and even tampered with by the small military party still esteemed necessary for the safety of the settlement. Of an impulsive, energetic nature, and highly sensitive in his conscientiousness, he was led from the rebuke of wrong-doing to active denunciation, and was early involved in personal collision with the soldiers, whom he accused of malpractices with the Natives; he, also, engaged in voluminous correspondence with Government. The officials, long tired of the Native question, and never appreciating the pertinacious exhibition of abuses in any of their departments, preferred to get rid of the difficulty by the suspension of the Superintendent, in 1844.

Not made of yielding material, the Doctor fought out the battle in England, and was reinstated by Lord Derby in 1846. His triumph over the local authorities did not lessen the spleen of his enemies, nor silence the voice of calumny and reproach. Almost immediately upon his return to Flinders, a petition against him was got up by somebody, and signed by eight of the Natives. He was charged with frivolous offences against their personal comfort. The poor men afterwards repudiated their own act, and attributed it to bad counsel. Inflexible in justice, the Doctor needed suavity to soothe. Earnest in the discovery of a wrong, he may have lacked that judicious prudence which refuses to see everything, or which perceives extenuating and ameliorating circumstances. His very integrity dissociated him from the sympathies of his subordinates, and the rigidity of his righteous rule perhaps increased the restlessness and discontent of his little state. Yet, knowing him well, and honouring him much, I am sure he misrepresented himself; for, of all

(The Conciliator of the Tasmanians.)

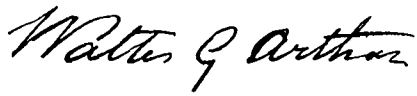


(Leader of a Roving Party.)

Friend of the Natives, and Founder of the Colony of Victoria.)

(Catechist of Flinders Island and Oyster Cove.)

(The first Commandant of Flinders Island.)



(The civilized Tasmanian.)

men, I know of few with more real kindliness of nature, or more profound regard for duty to his God. For his pious and gentle lady the Natives cherished tender feelings Dr. Nixon, Bishop of Tasmania, was ever a friend to both.

The Catechist he accused of cruel treatment and neglect of the children under his care, and he therefore removed the young people from his roof, and suspended the officer from service. Mr. Clark did not deny his having flogged the girls, but declared he had done so in religious anger at their moral offences. One in particular had been seduced into improper society, and was long kept in rigid seclusion. With all my admiration for the Catechist, I regret that his excitable temperament should have led him to such excess of discipline. It is not a solitary instance of benevolence held in abeyance through respect to Solomon's counsel of using the rod.

The Superintendent was right in principle, though the Government failed properly to support his authority. He was zealous in the performance of his duties to the Natives, but was aware of the hostility rising against him. In a letter, answering some inquiries of mine about the Blacks, he wrote, in the bitterness of his disappointment, on March 10th, 1847: "The *official* directions of the Government provide amply for their handsome provision, though hitherto a faction has often interfered with the instructions furnished. I think, so far from being neglected, they are, and have been, plagued by too much interference." Elsewhere he assigns a reason for the non-progression of the people—"the withering uncertainty of the principles of their superiors."

It was a month after the date of that letter that the following communication was addressed to Dr. Jeanneret: "His Excellency has it in contemplation to break up the aboriginal establishment at Flinders Island at an early period, and that, should his intention be carried into effect, your appointment as Superintendent would probably cease, as your services would not be required." No charges are here named, no reference is made to maladministration. On May 4th he was directed to replace the children with Mr. Clark. On the following day a letter was sent, intimating the appointment of a successor—Dr. Milligan —"for the express purpose," added the document, "of effecting the removal of the Aborigines to the mainland. As this is to

be accomplished without any unnecessary delay, Mr. Milligan's arrival will take place on or about the first proximo, when you will have the goodness to hand over the charge to that gentleman, and be prepared to return to Van Diemen's Land by the same vessel which conveys him to the settlement."

In vain ever since has Dr. Jeanneret sought compensation for the harshness of his treatment. It may be some satisfaction for him to know that, when I was at Oyster Cove a dozen years after, his name was spoken of with respect by the Natives. Even one of them, who had before opposed him, declared him to be a just and good man; and another asserted that he kept the bad men from troubling them there, and that they were far happier on Flinders than ever they had been since. But the easy, jovial, rotund Irishman, with his laughing wit, his demonstrative sympathy, his affectionate language, his companionable nature, was naturally preferred to the more scholarly, upright, but externally colder, Superintendent.

Dr. Jeanneret was virtually the last Superintendent of Flinders Island. He remained to see the embarkation of the Natives under his successor, Dr. Milligan, all bound for Oyster Cove, in D'Entrecasteaux Channel.

After the departure of the people, the island was let with the stock to Captain Smith, at a rental of 100*l.* a year. The Bishop in 1854 thus moralized over the past: "Nearly eleven years have passed since I landed on the self-same rocks with Sir John Franklin. How changed the scene! Then, the beach was covered with the Aborigines, who greeted their kind and loved benefactor with yells of delight; capering and gesticulating with movements more indicative of exuberant, wild joy, than of elegance or propriety. Now all this is still. It was painful to witness the scene of ruin in the once neat and well-ordered settlement. Desolation stared me in the face, wherever the eye was turned: the comfortable house of the Superintendent rapidly falling to decay; the gardens well-nigh rooted up; the range of buildings in which the Aborigines were formerly hutted, untenanted, broken, and tumbling down."

But a more indignant letter was published in 1862, describing the visit of Mr. Nantes. Arriving at Settlement Point, he exclaims: "This is the spot that was chosen by the Van Diemen's Land Government for the settlement of the Natives when

banished from Van Diemen's Land. It bore traces of having been at one time a large settlement, but now exhibited only neglect, dilapidation, and decay; the roofs fallen in; doors and windows without existence, or fallen down; the chapel, once dedicated to the service of the Almighty, used as a barn and a store for farm implements; and the fences torn down and disappearing, evidently for firewood; the cemetery, where lay the remains of our uncivilized but still brethren, trodden down, and turned into a stockyard and sheepfold. The whole bore such a pitiable sign of wanton neglect and destruction, that it was hard to conceive that some few years before life, numerous life, had in its active state been busy and employed, and now so silent and desolate. Although foreign to the purpose of these notes, I cannot but remark on the shameful neglect that could allow a building dedicated under God, and the last resting-place of these poor exiles, to be thus desecrated."

Such is the last sad scene of the Flinders' drama. Since the departure of the Aborigines, I have passed by the island some half a dozen times; and not many weeks ago from the moment of writing this passage, I sailed along the western and northern shores for forty miles. As I gazed upon its storm-torn coast, and my eyes rested upon its bleak and fantastic hills, the whole story, in all its varied and stirring phases, came before me, and I felt quickened in my resolution to tell my countrymen the sorrows of the Tasmanians.

CHAPTER IX.

OYSTER COVE.

THE terrible mortality of the Natives on Flinders Island excited the sympathy of their friends in Hobart Town. Several times had Mr. George Washington Walker and I conversed upon the subject, and wished that the remnant could be brought nearer town. We knew that this was the desire of the Blacks themselves, who said if they could only live in their own country again, they would all be healthy and happy. One Hobart Town paper had a violent leader upon the subject, expatiating upon the outrages of 1831, and predicting a bloody renewal of them, should the Natives be allowed to leave the Flinders' asylum. As if twelve men, the number then alive, could light up the fires of country homesteads, and resume the spear of slaughter, in a colony of eighty thousand Whites!

The Natives obtained their wish. In October 1847, forty-four of the Tasmanian race were removed from Flinders Island to Oyster Cove. There were twelve men, twenty-two women, and ten children, or non-adults. Some of these, the latter particularly, were half-castes. The boys ranged from the age of four to fourteen years; the girls, from seven to thirteen. When Mr. Clark wrote to me in August 1849, he had then with him but one child, six others being placed at the Orphan School—*to die.*

OYSTER COVE is but a few miles' distance from Hobart Town. Leaving the park-like South Arm to the left, and Mount Louis, 680 feet high, to the right, the junction of the Derwent with the ocean is gained. There the Storm Bay opens to the south-east, and the narrow D'Entrecasteaux Channel to the south-west; these waters being separated by Bruni Island. Entering the channel, Mount Louis is on one side, and the old aboriginal settlement of North Bruni on the other. The first little harbour

gained, after crossing the mouth of North-west Bay, is Oyster Cove, nearly opposite Barnes Bay, of North Bruni.

The French expedition had called it the Bay of Oysters. The water is so shallow that the little pier can only be reached at high tide. Mr. John Helder Wedge told me that he had a saw-mill there in 1830. A very expensive and profitless Probation penal settlement was existing there for seven years. A reserve of 1,700 acres was proclaimed, though the native reserve is 1,000 acres.

It is not a very attractive place for farmers, the soil being heartlessly barren, though, a few miles further, the traveller passes valleys of surpassing richness. The timber, however, is of gigantic growth. Eucalypti, of the gum-tree kind, run up to 300 feet. I have measured sixty feet round the butt of a tree in the forest near. To the westward of the Cove is the track to the Huon, where a clergyman discovered a gum-tree which was 330 feet to the summit, and 106 feet in circumference at a height of six feet from the ground. Myrtles towered there 150 feet. The Banksia contended with the Xanthorrhœa, or grass-tree, for the possession of desolate spots, while the Epacris and Kennedia sought the humbler levels. The Tasmanian lily (*Blandifordia*) hung out its bells of orange and scarlet in cool and moistened nooks. The Waratah, or Telopea, threw out its gorgeous crimson blossoms from the mountain heights overlooking the Cove, and attracting the Aborigines to the charming gullies beneath, where sparkling waters trickled by the stems of romantic fern-trees.

The *Geology* of the Cove may be briefly described. Immediately round the station the rocks are the argillaceous contemporaries of the palæozoic limestones of Hobart Town, and abound in pectens, spirifers, terebratulæ, &c. A slaty porphyry transmutes this bed in the neighbourhood. In the north and south the basalt encroaches, having upon it the soil so dear to the eye of an agriculturist. Southward of the cove, along the channel, bituminous coal deposits are bordered by greenstone floors, and lie upon ancient slates. Greenstone and basalt are opposite the cove upon the shore of Bruni Island, where, also, the coal reappears. To the rear of the cove rises the massive Wellington range, a monument of past igneous action, on whose sides respectively the basalt and greenstone tower as columnar pillars, or repose as Titanic blocks.

For a time the new settlement prospered, or seemed to prosper. Mr. Clark wrote to me cheerfully: "They are now comfortable," said he; "have a full supply of provisions; are able to till their gardens, sow peas, beans, and potatoes; anxious to earn money, of which they know to a certain extent the value. They are thankful to the Lieutenant-Governor and the Colonial Secretary for removing them from Flinders Island, and to Dr. Milligan for all the trouble he has taken. The women can all make their own clothes, and cook their food by either boiling or roasting. Their houses are comfortable and clean. They are as contented as possible." So far this is all satisfactory.

But the Hobart Town people began to doubt the wisdom of the plans pursued at the Cove, particularly when Mr. and Mrs. Clark had gone to their rest. At the end of 1854, there remained of the original forty-four, only three men, eleven women, and two boys at the station. But the colonists found themselves charged with the following little bill for the establishment that was rent free, with wood and water allowance: the expenses for that year stood at 2,006*l.* 8*s.* 8*d.* Curious folks divided this by fourteen, omitting the two boys, and got as a result nearly three pounds a week for each. The Protectorate was then pronounced too extravagant, and a more suitable outlay was ordained.

When I visited Oyster Cove in 1859, a sad spectacle met my eyes. I simply now record what I stated to Dr. Nixon, Bishop of Tasmania, on my return to Hobart Town. I went to him, knowing him to be really interested in the Aborigines, and aware that a long and painful illness, which subsequently led to his resignation of the episcopate, had prevented his attention to their claims. Blame might naturally be attached to somebody. The blight had fallen upon the Natives, and produced the disorders, doubtless, which appeared in their midst. Mr. Dandridge, located with them, seemed kindly disposed toward them, but evidently regarded himself as a sort of ration-distributor only, being, as he told me himself, convinced that he could do nothing to arrest their progress to the grave. He and his wife were then keeping a school for the children of the farmers and labourers outside of the Reserve. Instruction was considered hopeless for the Blacks. But might not a little more have been done?

I saw a miserable collection of huts and out-buildings, the ruins of the old penal establishment, profoundly dirty, and

swarming with fleas, as I found to my cost. The Superintendent could not clean all the places himself; he had no man-servant, and the Blacks had no inclination to do the work. So it was not done. The buildings formed the sides of a square, enclosing a large courtyard. The officer's family were not luxuriously housed. The Natives were in several contiguous huts or offices. The earthen floor of these was in a sad state. Some had parts of wooden planking remaining. The sides of the huts were in a ruinous condition. The roofs were not all waterproof. Many of the windows were broken, and the doors of some closed imperfectly. The furniture was gone. Here and there a stool was seen, or a log, though the women preferred squatting on the ground or floor, and that not always in the most decent attitude. The apology for bedsteads and beds was the most deplorable of all. I turned round to the Superintendent, and expressed my concern at the frightfully filthy state of the bedclothes. In some places I noticed but one blanket as the only article on the shelf, and remarked the insufficiency of bedclothing for old people, and at that cold season of the year. Mr. Dandridge appeared as surprised as chagrined, and, calling the women, commanded them to tell where all the blankets had gone to. One of them quite coolly answered: "Bad white fellow—him steal 'em all." The Superintendent's explanation was, that they were so given up to drink as to sell for liquor the Government blankets, and even their very clothing, to the low population about. But could no protection be afforded them?

The gardens, so praised by Mr. Clark, had all gone. There was no sign of reading in those wretched abodes. The cooking was managed, apparently, by boiling, judging by the big round pot I saw in each hut, and generally in the middle of the floor. Several times I saw the dogs licking out the vessel, for both brutes and human beings seemed to have common bed and board. The weekly rations then were 14 lbs. meat, 10 lbs. flour, 3 ozs. tea, 14 ozs. sugar, 3 ozs. soap, 2 ozs. salt, and 3 ozs. tobacco. For clothing, an allowance of blue serge, 3½ yds. by 1½, was made, which they rudely made into a loose garment. A flannel petticoat, red cap, handkerchief, comforter, cotton frock and jumper, were supposed to be provided, and some I saw in stock at the store. Handkerchiefs, at any rate, were not required, judging from appearances. When expecting company, they were

decked out suitably. Calico for chemises was once issued, and, doubtless, made up by some of them in olden days. The polka jacket was gaily got up, though only worn on festive occasions. When I made a remark as to the paucity of clothes, and their miserable appearance in such weather, there was the repetition of the complaint of their selling for drink the dresses, even though all had been stamped with the Government mark.

In the time of Governor Denison they were happier, according to their own account, as that gentleman often paid them a visit, bringing some of his family with him, and having a packet of toys, marbles and balls. He would spread out the treasure, join in their games, play even at leapfrog with them, and finish off with merry laughter and good feed. Lady Denison would sometimes ride down with a party of ladies, and bring a lot of them up to town in cabs for a change. His Excellency has sent down a stage-coach to fetch some to Government House for a dinner, and afterwards give them a laugh at the theatre. Dr. Nixon, the learned and kind-hearted bishop, often paid them a visit, giving them ghostly counsel, but never omitting, according to their version, to bring them some *tucker*. A basket of apples, and a genial smile, brought attentive listeners to his devotional exercises. The removal of the Governor, and the lengthened indisposition of the Bishop, had darkened their latter days.

They spoke freely of their friends, but could not forbear a word about the past Black War and its troubles. The "bad white fellows" often came up in their talk. The "bad white fellows" haunted them still, stealing their clothes, and making them drunk. Little or no restraint was laid upon their movements. No fence enclosed their ground, and the wide Bush was theirs for wanderings. Occasionally they indulged in a ramble for days, and returned improved in health by their absence. The diseases troubling them were those arising from neglected colds. I was taken to a bit of ground enclosed by Walter, which was the cemetery of the departed. There was nothing romantic about it, though much that was painfully suggestive.

The moral condition of the station was the subject of indignant complaint from Maryann, the half-caste wife of Walter: "We had souls in Flinders," said she, "but we have none here. There we were looked after, and the bad Whites were kept from annoying us. Here we are thrown upon the scum of society.

They have brought us among the offscouring of the earth (alluding to the convict population about). Here are bad of all sorts. We should be a great deal better if some one would read and pray to us. We are tempted to drink, and all bad practices, but there is neither reading nor prayer. While they give us food for the body, they might give us food for the soul. They might think of the remnant of us poor creatures, and make us happy. Nobody cares for us." These are the expressions I find recorded in my note-book.

Mr. Dandridge informed me that the Bishop had made some provision for their religious instruction, by requesting a neighbouring clergyman to give them an occasional service. But the gentleman was unpopular; and, whenever his horse was seen on the hill, it was a signal for general dispersion. There being no congregation, the service was not held.

It was from Maryann that I obtained an account of the last hours of my friend Robert Clark.

Removing from Flinders Island, with his beloved Blacks, he hoped to spend some happy years with them at Oyster Cove, and enjoy some of the sweets of Christian fellowship, as he said, by being only a few miles from Hobart Town. His kind-hearted wife, whose benevolent exertions for the good of the Aborigines were so appreciated by Mr. Robinson, was pleased with the prospect of removal, not merely because she hoped it would be for the happiness of her dark charge, but for a mother's natural anxiety about her own large family, whom she wished to see placed once more with the civilized community.

He arrived with sanguine expectations. He had forty-five Natives remaining. He would do his best for them. He would get gentlemen of Hobart Town interested in their welfare. He would ask friends to visit them. He would have books, pictures, toys, and other amusements. He would excite their ardour to raise provisions for the Hobart Town market. He would establish them in a good dairy farm. He would make them live on the fat of the land, and save money beside. He would so employ them, so keep them interested, that they should not die at that terrible rate they had died in the Straits. He would live long as the father of a happy family.

Alas! there could be no arrest of the fatal disease. They still sickened and died. The rest began to lose heart. They had

believed their decline caused by the climate and confinement of Flinders Island, and were so sure that they could not die so in the new home on their own native land. When they discovered the delusion, they were chilled and disheartened. Yes—they were to die—they must die—they would all die soon. Then why should they till the ground? For whom would the potatoes be grown? What would be the use of a dairy? Why need they trouble about dress—they, the dying ones? Pictures lost their interest. Books were left unopened, or looked at with glazed eyes. They read their fate. In such a mood, they cared for nothing. They lost interest in all about them. Everything seemed to remind them of their end. Was it strange, then, that when temptation came near they fell? When the drink was brought secretly, was it strange that they took it as the Aryans their divine Soma, the drink of the gods, the reliever of sorrow, the life-giver, the joy-friend?

Mr. Clark was spared the grief of seeing the worst. His wife's health was affected by the ill-conditioned quarters allotted to her family. She was removed to Hobart Town for a change, and died there. Her tender-hearted husband returned to Oyster Cove a changed man. He had lost a partner indeed. He strove at first to forget the past, and live for his future. But his future had been bound up with the life of his wife, and the life of his Natives. The first had gone, the second was going. Why should he stay? In a few weeks the melancholy of the Aborigines seemed to fall heavily upon him. He took to his bed of death.

At this stage of the story, Maryann pointed to a ruined hut near which we had walked. It was of slab timber, roughly hewn, and roughly placed, but now falling to decay. The paling sides had gaped open. The brick-nogged enclosure had given way. The windows and doors had been stolen. A luxuriant Macquarie Harbour vine had spread itself over the roof, seeking, but in vain, to bind the ruin together. Native flowers crept into the vine, sheltering their weak stems beneath the strong and hardy climber. "Here," said my weeping companion, "here poor Father died."

After a little silence, the sad story was resumed. "I attended him," said she, "along with his daughter, night and day. But all the people wanted to do something for him, for all so loved

PATTY, THE RING-TAILED OPOSSUM.

(*Photographed by* Mr. C. A. Woolley, 1866.)

WAPPERTY A TASMANIAN WOMAN

(*Photographed by* Mr. C. A. Woolley, 1866.)

him. And then he would talk to us, and pray with us. He would tell me what to read to him from the Bible, when too weak to hold the book himself. How he would talk to us! When he thought he was going to die, he got the room full, and bade us 'Good-bye.' He held up his hands and prayed for us. He did love us. And then he said, while he was crying, 'Mind you be sure and all meet me in heaven!'"

The poor creature could not tell me any more, but fairly sobbed aloud. I tried to comfort her, saying that God had kindly allowed him to go to his wife in heaven, and to the good Blacks who had died before him, and who would be so glad to see her there. If only Walter and she would keep his counsels, they might yet see him again. She shook her head, and mournfully, and yet with bitterness, replied, "No one cares for the Natives' souls now that Father Clark is gone."

'And now she has gone, and Walter has gone, and the Blacks are all gone but an old woman. Father Clark had gone to his rest before such blighting sorrow came. It is good to read of such a man as he. It is a relief to the harshness and selfishness of life to know such a man as he. It would be a blessing to the world if more would live his life and die his death, even should clouds dim the horizon of hope.

I proceed now with a brief notice of the Natives on the station at my visit in 1859.

Old Sophia, then apparently over sixty years of age, had white hair, and the most monkey-like face I ever saw upon a human being. The projection of the lower jaw and the low cast of countenance denoted an inferior *physique*. She was born on Bruni Island, and had given birth to two children. A troop of mangy dogs accompanied their aged mistress, who held forth long harangues to the curs, that answered in snapping barks of recognition. Two of them lay in her wretched bed with her, to keep her back warm, as she told me.

Ragged Wapperty was not a desirable-looking old lady. Her country was near Patrick's Head, to the north-east. Her native name was known formerly as Woonoteah coota mena—"Thunder and lightning." There was nothing brilliant about her then. Her countrywoman Flora seemed about forty to forty-five years old. Her mouth was the most demonstrative part of her person. As I was being shown through the store by the Superintendent,

and receiving explanation of the dresses worn by the ladies, Flora appeared at the door. She was called in to give me an illustration of the charms of a holiday attire, such as may be seen in the photograph taken by the Bishop of Tasmania. Without a judicious regard for the proprieties, or from an antiquated piece of coquetry, she suddenly untied a string, and let fall to the ground her only serge garment. Then she proceeded leisurely to enrobe herself in the finery, and was evidently gratified at my expressed satisfaction.

Patty, *alias* Cooneana, the Ring-tailed Opossum, might have been from fifty to fifty-five; though, in the account of her death at the Hobart Town Hospital, in July 1867, she was said to be seventy. She left but two women behind her. She was the wife of Leonidas, of whose literary acquirements notice is given in the chapter on Flinders Island. Patty belonged to the Kangaroo Point tribe, of the Derwent. Her distinguishing feature was a very broad nose. Emma, rather younger than Patty, was of the Patrick Head tribe, and had been married to Albert. Caroline, commonly called Queen Caroline, was the relict of the renowned chieftain of the Big River Natives, Roumetewah, or the Wombat. Her native name was Ganganinnanah. She appeared one of the most aged among the party, and sat away from the others crying in an imbecile manner. The Coal River tribe had been her childhood's friends.

Bessy Clark, called after the wife of the Catechist, was then under forty years of age, and was the best-looking of the sisterhood. There was no projection of the lower jaw, and her good-humour gave a pleasant expression to her swarthy features. Her native name was Pinnano bathæ, the Kangaroo head. She had not led a forest life with her people, having been rescued in early childhood. When Mr. G. A. Robinson was out with his son and others seeking after the Macquarie Harbour tribe, a family was disturbed at their roaring fire so suddenly, that a mother in her fright forgot her little girl whom she had left near the warm embers. The deserted infant was placed on the back of young Robinson, and ultimately confided to the care of a country-woman on Flinders Island. When old enough, she was sent for education and training to the Orphan School at Newtown, near Hobart Town. It was thought she would there be removed from the temptations of aboriginal life. Subse-

PATTY IN OYSTER COVE HOLIDAY COSTUME.

(*Photographed by* Dr. Nixon, Lord Bishop of Tasmania.)

BESSY CLARK, OF OYSTER COVE.

(*Photographed by* MR. C. WOOLLEY, 1866.)

quently she was removed to Flinders, and married to Augustus the magnificent.

This lady indulged me with full particulars of her courting days. "He," said she (meaning Augustus), "tell me plenty times he love me, then he make love, then he ask me be his wife. I tell him go ask Father (Mr.) Clark. Father and Mother say, 'You marry him.' So I did." She then confided to me some of her conjugal troubles. Like many more of his sex, he had relaxed in his attentions to his partner; though, having the youngest and most beautiful, he might be supposed out of the reach of more attractive influences. Anyhow, he was tired of home delights, and was seriously contemplating leaving her for a whaling cruise, as William Lanné, the last man, had done. "And now," added she, "he want to leave me." Some of the old ladies near commenced in rude English to declaim upon the evil propensities of men in general, and Augustus in particular. Of course I expressed my sympathy, and declared that if he dared carry out his wicked intentions, I would come and take her back with me to Port Phillip. This caused shouts of laughter from the aboriginal ladies. Bessy wished to give me a parting gift. Not knowing what to bestow, I suggested it should be something of her own manufacture. After thinking a while, she darted off into the swamp near, and reappeared with a handful of native flax. Squatting down on the ground, she turned up her garment, exposed her thigh, and began diligently rubbing the fibres on her bared leg, until she had made a length of string for me. She spoke very feelingly of Mr. Clark, and repeatedly uttered, as if half to herself, "Very good man! All the Black fellows love him."

Laughing little Lalla Rookh, or Truganina, was my especial favourite of the party. She acted among the rest as if she were indeed the sultana. She was then much over fifty years of age, and preserved some of those graces which made her beauty a snare in olden days, and sadly tried the patience of respective husbands. Her coquetry reminded me of the faded loveliness of French courts; and, as she stood smirking and smiling beside me, I thought of the septuagenarian admirer of Voltaire. Her features, in spite of her bridgeless nose, were decidedly pleasing, when lighted up by her sparkling black eye in animated conversation. Her nose was of the genuine saucy *retroussé* order.

She was further adorned with a fair moustache, and well developed, curly whiskers, that were just beginning to turn with advancing years. She was in 1829 the wife of the bold Wooreddy, the chief of the Bruni tribe. Her appreciation of English society was a sore trial to her more solemn-looking native companion. As her name so often appears in this work, it is needless to say more of this sylvan goddess of Tasmania. *She is the last of the race.*

Maryann, the half-caste, was the wife of Walter, King Walter, or George Arthur Walter. She had the appearance of her mixed race. Her delicate hand, her dark eyes, her nose and mouth, declared the native mother; but her broad and lofty forehead indicated the European descent of the father. She was unquestionably a woman of weight in the country, bringing down upon the floor as she walked a pressure of some seventeen or eighteen stone. There was not only vigour of intellect, but a strength and independence of will, stamped upon her expansive features. The base of her brain represented the portentous character of animal appetites, while the loftiness and breadth elsewhere exhibited the force of moral sentiments. She was a woman who, placed in happier circumstances, could have been the Czarina of Russia, and would have emulated the intellectual prowess of a Catharine, though she might have betrayed an equal intensity of passions.

Her mother, Sarah, had been stolen from her forest home by one of the early sealers of the Straits, whose name was Cottrel Cochrane. He had not proved a cruel husband, nor a wholly neglectful father. When, however, Mr. Robinson made his raid upon the Straitsmen, and carried off their dark-skinned partners, Maryann found a new home on Flinders Island. There she was cared for as the daughter of a black woman rather than the child of an Englishman. Her associates were her mother's race, and she felt her degradation in the presence of her whiter female acquaintance. With such extraordinary powers, had she been received into a respectable family, and treated in a proper manner, she might have been a happier and more useful woman. As it was, she became the wife of Walter. She never had a child.

The masculine element of Oyster Cove was not in the ascendant. There was poor Tippoo Saib, no longer a terrible

WALTER GEORGE ARTHUR, AND HIS WIFE MARY ANN THE HALF-CASTE.

warrior, like his Hindoo namesake, of tiger celebrity, but old, feeble, and nearly blind. He was of the Coal River tribe, and claimed Flora for his bride. Augustus, the husband of Bessy Clark, has already been presented. Willie, of whom the women seemed never tired of talking, was the youngest living of the Tasmanians, and had just before reached his majority. He was declared to be "fine young man—plenty beard—plenty laugh—very good, that fellow." As he was absent on a whaling voyage, I had not the opportunity of seeing him then; though, as William Lanné, the last of the Tasmanian men, he was in Hobart Town at the time of another visit, in 1867.

Black Allen, Jackey, the Leonidas of Flinders Island, was the husband of the *Ring-tailed 'Possum*, Patty. He had associated with Whites from a boy, and had accompanied Mr. John Batman in his expedition after the Blacks in 1830. I regret to say that Jackey was much advanced in one civilized habit—that of indulgence in strong drink. This was ultimately the cause of his death—being drowned when returning drunk from Hobart Town, in May 1861.

Walter was far above the rest of the people. He was of royal blood, being the son of King George; and he was named George Arthur, after the Governor of the colony. His face presented no aggravation of the Native features, though sufficiently betraying the Black man. If standing on the steps of the Piazza di Spagna in Rome, he would have been often selected as a model for his magnificent head. His nose was depressed, a characteristic of his tribe; but his eye was of even unusual expressiveness. His general aspect was one of seriousness and melancholy.

I am not ashamed to confess that, when I have sometimes stood silently and thoughtfully before an Aborigine, and looked, though but for a moment, into that dark and dreamy eye of his, catching the expression of its melancholy gaze, I have been oppressed with the feeling that there lay something behind that glance I so wanted to know, but never could know, a something he might dimly conceive, but not accurately realize. Once, when so I looked, and so I felt, before my friend Walter, he answered my silent speech with such a look and start as I shall never forget, and even now remember with moistened eyes. Involuntarily he held out his hand, grasped mine, and walked

quietly away. The extremes of colour had met, and both knew, without being ever known. When after a few moments we walked together again, and spoke upon indifferent subjects, there was such a gentleness of manner in him, so subdued a tone, that I knew I had gained his heart, and developed his nature. But for what?—for whom? Going afterwards into his hut, he re-appeared with some pebbles in a bit of rag. They were diamonds, so called, which he had gathered on Flinders Island. He put them in my hand. It was his treasure. He had no child and no brother. I understood him, and accepted of his gift. He has gone to his fathers, and his present is one of my most cherished mementoes.

He was then employed to take passengers to and from the steamer, on its way from the Huon to Hobart Town. He received one shilling a day for attention to the mail-bags, and earned money by the execution of various business commissions. He cultivated at his leisure a part of his own little farm of twenty acres. Having been able to learn more than his countrymen, he had quite a civilized appearance, spoke English with fluency, and even wrote with moderate accuracy. His Majesty took me into particular favour, and invited me to a banquet in the palace—or tea in the hut.

Arrived at the door of a neat three-roomed Bush cottage, I was received with many smiles by the buxom Maryann, who introduced me within. There I found my royal host conversing with a Sydney half-caste, who had come on a friendly visit. The room into which I was brought had many tokens of civilization and gentility wanting in most of the country cottages of England. The furniture, though homely, was suitable and comfortable. A carpet covered the floor. Not a particle of dust could be seen. A few prints adorned the walls, and books lay on a side-table. The Bible occupied a conspicuous position. The daily newspaper was there, as Walter was a regular subscriber for the press. The table was laid with quite a tempting appearance, and a thorough good cup of tea was handed round by the jovial-looking hostess. It was about the last evidence of civilization to be witnessed in connexion with the interesting race of Tasmanians.

Our conversation was an interesting and a merry one. The Sydney half-caste, out of respect for the white visitor, soon

quietly retired, and left me alone with the proprietors of the neat little hut. I have elsewhere described the gift of some Flinders Island diamonds from poor Walter. I was to receive a parting remembrance from his wife. He had given me what was most valuable in his eyes. She presented me with what was pleasing in hers. It was a charming necklace of the smallest and most brilliantly-polished shells I have ever seen. Even then I felt the delicacy of her nature, as she said, putting the glittering object in my hand: "Give that to your daughter." I thanked her, and inquired if my lassie should wear it as a necklace. "No," replied my poor friend, "let her wear it on her back hair as the Indian women do." Ten years have passed; but I never see my daughter adorned with this pretty wreath without thinking of Maryann the half-caste.

When I parted with them, a thorough cordiality of feeling had been established between us. Knowing the moral danger of their position, I earnestly warned them of the evils of intemperance: for what seemed so friendly to them in their weary lives of objectless effort, and so companionless of sympathy, as the cup that elevates and cheers, although it blights and it intoxicates! It was needful warning. The curse had already been felt in their little homestead, for Walter had already fallen to the drunkard's stage. One evening, in May 1861, he and Jack Allen went on board their boat at the Hobart Town wharf, on their way to Oyster Cove. They had been to the public-house, and were seen in a state unfit for the voyage. After proceeding three miles, when off Sandy Bay, the boat was upset, and both Walter and his mate sank to the bottom of the Derwent.

CHAPTER X.

THE SEALERS.

THE rough sealers of the stormy Bass's Straits would form an interesting chapter in the early history of the colonies, apart from their association with the Aborigines of Van Diemen's Land, and the part they took in the Black War.

The primitive *Straitsmen* were runaway convicts, of a seafaring turn. On shore they would have been Bushrangers, and defied the law. On the waters, at the onset, these bold spirits, in their little whale-boats, waylaid vessels, and levied black-mail upon the cargo. Occasionally they hovered near some coast settlement, and dashed upon a solitary settler for supplies. They seemed the veritable descendants of the ancient sea-kings. But though the latter were honoured in their day as heroes, and are respected for their poetical exploits by our living men of song, the others earned a disreputable character, and were chased as piratical vagabonds.

Either the force of circumstances, or the development of latent honesty, led them to change their mode of life, and confine their operations to more legitimate pursuits. The growth of commerce converted them into producers. The love of roving, the restless energy, the dislike of restraint, the thirst for independence, and a sort of morbid passion for the wild solitudes of nature, were alike gratified in their selection of employment. The granite islands which form a kind of Giant's Causeway from Victoria to Tasmania, afforded them at once a home and a field of labour. In sheltered nooks they raised a cabin, enclosed a garden plot, obtained some goats, and sometimes had no other companion than man's own faithful friend—a dog. But they lacked the contemplative enjoyment of a Robinson Crusoe, and sought pleasure in the screaming of wild birds, the roar of billows, and great muscular exertion in the midst of danger. Armed with a

rude lance or the mighty club, they rowed to a rock whereon the seals were basking in the sun, and furiously attacked the huge blubbery masses; or they pursued the monsters into their caverned retreats, and fought like knights-errant of olden chivalry. The tripod was raised on the blazing fire, the fatty carcases were melted in the pot, the oil was poured into the barrel, and home came the man toiling with the oar on a tempestuous sea, with his dearly-purchased pleasure.

Success did not always reward their efforts. Many a mile was rowed, and no prey seen. Often would their natural foe, the raging waters, defy their return, imprison them on a sandy strand, unsheltered and unprovisioned, until, starved into resolution, they put off into the surge, and were buried in the sea. At times, imprudent from courage, they were seized by the teeth of the seal, or crushed beneath the ponderous body of the animal. The boat, driven from its moorings by the tempest, might leave the mariner to perish alone on the ocean-girt rock. Even when associated with others, the violence so characteristic of the race would lead to hasty quarrel, and sudden, fatal retribution. Lawless themselves, bound by no ties but convenience and self-interest, conflicts were not uncommon, and the community sought no protection but their own strong arms, their own swift and certain revenge.

Captain Flinders applauded the enterprise and daring of the sealers, as qualities his own nature could well appreciate. But their wild energy led them into such crimes as to call forth the denunciations of Government, and the horror of tranquil citizens. Fifty years ago a colonial paper exclaims: "Are then these men, thus strangers to religion, strangers to principle, among whom rapine of every kind, and even murder, is not unfrequent—are they to be suffered thus to debase human nature?" Again and again were the authorities entreated to disallow any boats in the Straits, and to check, under the cover of sealing, the perpetration of infamous deeds.

M. Peron met with a party on King's Island in 1802. Six of them had been thirteen months on that inhospitable coast, and were waiting for a vessel to convey their skins to port. Their rude generosity and attention were admired by the Frenchmen.

But so long as their crimes were confined to themselves, and they only were plagued by their own boisterous passions, they

would not have been introduced to the reader of these pages. But their cruelty to the Aborigines, their intercourse with the Tasmanian *gins*, and their connexion with the Isle of Exile, force them into this history. The gratification of lustful impulses, the satisfaction of savage instincts, and the desire of gain in the abduction of slaves, brought them to the pursuit of the weaker sex, and the destruction of the stronger. The unfortunate Natives, when flying from the stern Bushmen of the interior, found themselves confronted by the still more cruel coasters; like the miserable flying-fish, which are chased by the monster of the deep into the voracious jaws of the bird of prey.

Their ravages were as extensive as they were remorseless. Some carried on their operations beyond the limits of civilization, for the security of their persons, and for the greater harvest of their gains. But wherever they roamed, their Sabine propensities exposed them alike to the reproach of Christians and the revenge of barbarians. Even as far as the western limit of the continent of New Holland was their name a terror. Major Lockyer, being sent from Sydney, in 1827, to attempt a convict settlement at King George's Sound, thus accounts for some outrages of the Blacks:—

"It is but too certain that they were driven to it by acts of cruelty committed on them by some gang or gangs of sealers, who have lately visited this place. The fact of these miscreants having left four Natives on Michaelmas Island, who must have inevitably perished if they had not been taken off by the boat sent by the *Amity*, that brought them to this harbour, when one of them exhibited three deep scars on his neck and back that had been inflicted by some sharp instrument, sufficiently proves that they have suffered injuries from white men; and it is not to be wondered at that they should, as people in a state of nature, seek revenge."

Explorers have lost their lives through the awakened hostility of wild tribes. The death of the excellent Captain Barker, at the mouth of the Murray in 1836, excited much surprise at the time, from the apparent absence of motive in the act. But Mr. Windsor Earle declares that he was "murdered on the south coast of Australia, by a party of runaway convicts from Van Diemen's Land, who resided on an island near the coast, and who were in the habit of visiting the mainland for the purpose

of carrying off the native women, and of shooting the men who endeavoured to defend them." This refers to the iniquitous band of Kangaroo Island. There was a settlement of forty persons, of both colours and sexes, indulging in vices to an extent only limited by their passions and means. Major Lockyer may well report: "At Kangaroo Island a dreadful scene of villany is going on, where, to use their own words, 'there are a great many deaths.'" He describes them as a regular set of pirates, traversing from island to island along the coast, from Rottnest Island, Swan River, to Bass's Strait, but having their chief den in Kangaroo Island. When the sealing season was over, the party retired to a sheltered valley of the interior to their gardens and fields, surrounded by a landscape of loveliness, and enjoying a climate of almost unequalled attractiveness.

There is an amusing tale given in an early number of the *Adelaide Miscellany*, relating to one of these Kangaroo Island sealers, who removed with his worldly goods to Flinders Island.

"A native of the Emerald Isle, named Brien, made a descent on the mainland and carried off a native female to share with him the sway of Flinders Island; for of that island he had constituted himself sole monarch. The woman had with her a son, then about twelve months old. Brien was, according to custom, about to kill the boy; but the entreaties of the mother on this occasion prevailed, and he said, 'As he had stolen the dam he would keep the cub.' In a few years, Bill (for that was the name conferred on him by his abducer) became very useful to Brien. 'He could handle an oar, help to capture a seal, discharge a rifle with precision, and execute any manual labour with the efficiency of a European youth. His habits became those of his teacher, and the few ideas he managed to acquire were derived from the same source. In the occasional absence of the old sealer, he was not a bad hand at bartering skins and melons for garments, tobacco, or spirits, with the crew of some whale ship cruising in the neighbourhood. His own language he never knew, after a few years he forgot it; but instead, he imbibed the rich brogue of old Brien. His first interview with his own countrymen amused me excessively. I introduced him as a brother native, but they denied the soft impeachment. I asked, 'Is he then a white man?' To which they replied, in a patois consisting of about equal portions of European and native,

'Why not, since he lives with you, speaks your tongue, wears your dress, and uses your implements?' Then with scornful expressions of countenance and angry intonation, they summed up all by declaring that he was neither a white man nor a black man, and added, in pure English, 'He is no good.' Bill, on the other hand, being asked, after the interview, what he thought of his countrymen, replied, 'Oh! they are dirty brutes;' and added, 'I don't like Black fellows, they are a dirty, lazy set.'"

The occupation of sealers and their aboriginal companions would lead one to the natural history of the seal, chased by the men, and the mutton-bird, caught by the women.

The *seal* of the Straits early excited the acquisitiveness of the new settlers of New South Wales and Van Diemen's Land. Mr. Flinders, when in those waters in 1798, describes the creatures as "thousands of timid animals." Of his disturbance of one community, near the Furneaux group, he thus speaks: "Those who have seen a farmyard, well stocked with pigs, calves, sheep, oxen, and with two or three litters of puppies, with their mothers, in it, may form a good idea of the confused noise of the seals at Cove Point. The sailors killed as many of these harmless, and not unamiable creatures, as they were able to skin during the time necessary for me to take the requisite angles; and we then left the poor affrighted multitude to recover from the effects of our inauspicious visit." It is somewhat singular that the discoverer, so to speak, of the Straits' seals, and the discoverer of Flinders Island, should have been thus indirectly associated with the extinction of the furred animal and the dark-skinned man.

Mr. Flinders also led the sealers to Kangaroo Island. When he discovered the place in 1801, he found the kangaroos and seals had passed so undisturbed an existence in this paradise of theirs, that, upon the approach of the sailors, the seals gazed upon them with complacency, from the probable likeness to the kangaroo, and the hopping animal confronted them without fear, from the supposed resemblance they bore to the crawling seal. Both parties were, unfortunately, soon made aware of the difference, and of the termination of their golden age, by the advent of a cruel iron one.

Captain Collins, who had the story of the Straits discovery from Mr. Bass, tells us: "The males, who possessed a rock to

themselves, where they sat, surrounded by their numerous wives and progeny, on his (Bass) drawing near them, hobbled up with a menacing roar, and fairly commenced the attack, while the wives seemed to rest their security upon the superior courage and address of their lords; for, instead of retreating into the water in the utmost consternation, they only raised themselves upon their fore fins, as if ready for a march, keeping their eyes upon the males, and watching the movements of the enemy."

M. Peron, the naturalist to the French expedition of 1802, was much interested in the seal of Bass's Straits. He speaks of sea elephants there thirty feet in length, and more than half that extent in girth. They were of a greyish blue colour. He sympathised with them, in his remark, "The English have invaded these long-protected retreats. They have their organized massacres throughout." The sealers, with their lances fifteen feet in length, seized the time when the animal raised its left fore fin, and plunged the weapon to the heart. "As soon," says the Frenchman, "as they see themselves attacked, they seek to fly. If their retreat is cut off, they are violently agitated; their looks carry the expression of despair; they shed tears. I have myself seen one of these young females shed them abundantly, whilst one of our sailors, a cruel, wicked man, amused himself, every time she opened her mouth, with striking her teeth with the thick end of one of the boat-hooks: this poor animal inspired pity: all its mouth was bloody, and tears ran from its eyes."

From the observing M. Peron and others, the following particulars of this interesting marine creature are obtained. The dam is led by instinct, toward the end of her term of nine months, to the distant shore; that is, in November and December. After giving birth, she is said to have little or no food during the period of lactation, which lasts seven or eight weeks. Should one seek to desert her young one for a plunge into the sea, she is immediately driven backward by the males, with cries, with thrusts, and even with the teeth. The young grow rapidly, increasing in eight days from seventy to one hundred pounds. The first teeth appear in a fortnight. After weaning, the females spend a month in freedom, engaged in active sport to renew exhausted nature. At the end of that month they return to land for the purpose of reproduction. Then comes the

great struggle—the rivalry of love. Fully appreciating the sentiment of "None but the brave deserve the fair," the contest for possession commences. It is a bloody and terrific tournament, the females gathering in a trembling group to watch the issue of the combat that is to decide their fate. The rocks are dyed with blood, and strewn with slain. The victors approach the weaker sex, triumphantly make their selection, and adopt their partners for the season.

A rich harvest rewarded the early sealers. Of the two species, the black is preferred for its finer and longer fur, the skin fetching double the price. Captain Flinders speaks of the crew of the *Nautilus* getting 9,000 skins in a very short time. Captain Fawthrop informed me that he knew a party of 35 men collect 36,000 skins in eighteen months. Then the skins sold at the rate of eight to a dozen for a gallon of rum, valued at five shillings. The oil in the early times fetched six shillings a gallon. The profit of the merchants was enormous by exportation. It was an uncertain fishery. A large number of seals having been observed on Macquarie Island, a strong party was fitted out at Sydney for their capture. Arriving at evening, the sealers declared there were 50,000 of them; but in the morning not one was to be seen. From a perusal of old *Sydney Gazettes*, the following is taken:—The schooner *Endeavour*, from March 9, 1803, to May 28, 1804, got 9,514 skins and 200 gallons of seal oil. The *Surprise*, from March 11 to September 15, 1803, 15,480 skins and 610 gallons; the *Governor King*, 3,288 skins. In September 1803 a vessel brought to Sydney 11,000 skins.

The numbers rapidly diminished in the Straits owing to the fishery being improperly conducted. Legislation should have restricted the period of the chase; as the slaughter of mothers during the time of suckling caused the death of the young ones. It is related that, at the South Shetland Islands, off the Horn, 300,000 seals were captured in two years, and that 100,000 young were supposed to have died from want of maternal support. They are now nearly extinct there. Even in 1826, the *Hobart Town Gazette* urged Government to protect the breeding season. In March of that year it is written, "Young Scott, who has been an inhabitant of the Straits, and has cohabited with a black woman, by whom he has three children, declares that he has known 300 pups to have perished on one bank, owing to the

premature desertion of the mothers, driven away by unseasonable disturbance of the sealers."

The animals were persistently followed. When retreating to caverns, they were frightened out by explosions of powder, to meet the lance or the club. The adventurers would descend cliffs and caves by ropes to reach their victims. It is no wonder then that they became so soon extinct on the Australian and Tasmanian shores. We cannot say of the Straits, with Sir Walter Scott—

> "Rude Heiskar's seals, through surges dark,
> Will long pursue the minstrel's bark."

The MUTTON-BIRD, the sorrow of the aboriginal captive slave of the sealer, is so called from its supposed taste. It is the sooty petrel of naturalists. Web-footed, it skims, with its long wings, over the ocean for its food, the floating spawn, or a green slimy substance. This gelatinous material it gathers from the waves to feed its young. Captain Flinders was so struck with one vast cloud of these birds, that he entered upon a calculation of their numbers, and estimated them approximately at one hundred millions!! Smaller than a duck, but somewhat larger than a pigeon, it accumulates fat to an enormous extent, and furnishes by pressure alone a considerable amount of oil.

The time of incubation is toward the end of the year. The female comes to land, burrows in the sand of the shore, or the decomposed granite of the islands, often to the depth of four feet, and deposits its eggs. These were diligently procured by the black women, and carried by the sealers to Launceston and other markets. The egg is nearly the size of that laid by a goose, with the taste of a raw onion about it. The male bird would sit in the hole by day, and the female by night. When the young appeared, the *gins* permitted them to get in good condition, and then captured them. This was done by stopping up the entrance, and then digging down to the birds with a stick. Thrusting the arm in the hole was not always safe, as snakes often took shelter there. The capture made, the burrow was left in order, that the next season might bring an occupant.

King Walter gave me an account of their Straits' hunting for these birds. He said they ate well if kept for a day in brine, or if broiled after smoking them. They were, after preparation, put into casks containing each some three or four hundred birds.

The feathers were plucked and dried, being used for beds, and other purposes. In warm weather the organ of scent is rather disturbed, as I have experienced, when one rests upon a bed of ill-prepared mutton-bird feathers. It would take about five-and-twenty birds to produce a pound of feathers, which used to sell for sixpence.

The sealers' women had an ingenious mode of catching the birds to procure their feathers. They selected the very early morning, when the birds that had stayed on the island by night were not yet stirring. Having previously got a large pit made, with a brush fence on one side, they would rouse the birds from their slumbers, and drive them, like a flock of sheep, toward the hole; as, with their long wings, the creatures could not take flight without a fall first, so as to expand their pinions. On coming to the edge of the pit, the birds would readily find their wings, but would strike against the obstructing fence, fall downward, and be rapidly covered by the advancing throng. At their leisure, the *gins* would then descend, seize, and pluck their prize.

A narrative is given by a person voyaging to Sydney in 1816, which illustrates the perils of the craft. In the Straits a boat was overtaken containing a sealing party, evidently in distress. The captain lowered a boat, and heard what they had to say. They had stayed so long on one of the islands as to be out of provisions. In making their way to port, the weather was tempestuous and their progress slow. Exhausted by hunger, having nothing but seal-skins to devour, they were quite unable even to trim the sail to the changing wind. Supplying their immediate necessities, the English skipper would willingly have taken them in tow; but being only a day's run from the harbour, they declined the offer. The ship stayed six months at Sydney, but nothing was ever heard of the struggling crew, who were supposed to have perished in the gale.

A sealer left on a reef between Cape Grim and King's Island to collect skins was not called for in time; impelled by want, he constructed a boat of seal-skins, and managed to get to the island. Another, anxious to get to a cave in a rock, and unprovided with a boat, fastened some skins together, and floated over with the tide. He succeeded in killing a number of fat cubs, when a huge mother seal returned. Raging at a cry of her

young one, she attacked the rude craft, bit a hole in it, and obliged the terrified man to swim for his life. An old sealer told me of a mate of his who had been landed on a rock with a cave in it. The little vessel could not return in time, and the man perished with thirst. His body was discovered in the cave, encrusted with salt from the droppings of water from the roof.

The life of the sealer at home has been variously estimated. That the animal nature was gratified thereby cannot be denied. Most of the sealers continued such a life to the end of their days. Unable to secure their own civilized countrywomen, they were compelled to adopt the society of savages. Occasionally their women were procured by special treaty and judicious purchase. The presentation of European luxuries would obtain the transfer of a partner, whose consent was neither solicited nor expected. In most cases, however, it cost less, and saved troublesome negotiation, to steal the matron or the maid. This might be done after the approved classical mode of inviting the tribe to a festival, and then proceeding to the abduction of the moveable property of their guests; or a stealthy march inland would lead to the discovery and capture of a black charmer.

The poor creatures were literally the slaves of the sealers. They were no "Lights of the Harem," reposing on soft cushions of happy indolence, beguiling the leisure hours of their guardian lords. They were removed to the rocky islets of the Straits, and made to till the land, collect sea-birds and feathers, hunt after and preserve the skins of the wallaby, pick up the nautilus shell driven on the sands by the storm, and take their turn at the oar.

That the connexion was not absolute misery may be believed, and that the course of existence was relieved by some sunny scenes, if shaded by darker memories. The men had doubtless a rough humour of their own, which would be expressed in the peculiar gibberish of the pair; and few men, however abandoned, are continually cruel. It is hard to credit that they would habitually ill-treat their paramours, or subject the mothers of their children to continued neglect. The treatment of the women was doubtless subject to the moral status of their masters, and alleviated by their possession of offspring. These pledges of union, if not of affection, would tend to bridge over, so to speak, the social chasm between the parents. As the question of

Half-castes is treated of elsewhere, it is sufficient to state here that family attractions might well secure the gins' continued residence with the sealer, even when brutalities and want of congeniality of ideas would have driven them to attempt an escape from slavery.

The reader may form a more definite notion of their condition by the presentation of the two features of the case. There are not wanting those who had a good word for the sealer.

All were not runaway convicts; though, perhaps, all were of a type belonging to no high order of civilization. Even those who had in early age been notorious for infamies, might with advancing years have sown wild oats, and become perhaps moral in degree. I have heard of some instances of men holding family prayer with their half-caste children, and of others who obtained a Bible, and instructed the young in their duties. The mother, under such circumstances, would, at least, be comfortable. The Bishop of Tasmania found more than one instance of healthy moral progress in the Straits.

Captain Fawthrop, an ancient colonial mariner, informed me that the aboriginal halves had no great objection to the life, and in many cases much preferred it and its comforts to the forest rule. He knew of men permitting their gins to go with a boat on a visit to their native tribe, and carry presents to friends at home, yet always calculating upon their prompt return. Mr. Godwin, in 1823, ventures upon an explanation why they should even prefer the island home. He speaks as a witness: "They say they find their situation greatly improved by so connecting themselves with the sealing gangs, for their native husbands make them carry all the lumber, and perform all kinds of hard work. They have always proved faithful and affectionate to their new husbands, and seem extremely jealous of a rival."

The last authority takes a strong view of the case. Poor things! though "jealous of a rival," they had to submit to the indignity, for some men had four such helpmeets, and two and three were by no means uncommon.

The chivalrous admirer of half-castes, Lieutenant Jeffreys, is anxious to believe the best of the union. He pathetically relates something about an ode sung, to a wild and sorrowful cadence, by one of the stolen brides of the sea, as if appealing to God for His protective power on behalf of an absent cruiser.

Captain Stokes, while condemning cruelty in some men, is ready to acknowledge a better feature when it came before him. He met with two women on King's Island, clothed in great-coats of kangaroo skins, who "seemed quite contented with their condition;" though he affords a sure clue to the motive, in adding, "their offspring appeared sharp and intelligent." Both wives worked the boat for their common lord. He has quite a sailor conception of one scene, when referring to the purchase of three gins by the gift of three fat seals to the tribe near St. George's Rocks.

"Man," he affirms, "was never born to be satisfied with his own society; and the Straitsmen, of course, found beauties suitable to their taste in the natives of the shores of Bass's Strait. The sealers took their new-bought sweethearts to an island in Banks' Strait, and there left them to go on another sealing excursion. Returning one day, they were surprised to find their huts well supplied with wallaby by the native women. Interest cemented a love that might otherwise have been temporary. Visions of fortunes accumulated by the sale of wallaby skins flashed across the minds of the sealers; who, however, to their credit be it spoken, generally treated their savage spouses with anything but unkindness."

The history of old Munro, the "King of the Sealers," is a favourable one for the times. For a quarter of a century he lived on Preservation Island, near the main, and in Banks' Strait; it was so called from the preservation of a crew there in a shipwreck. There he held sway over his wild neighbours, who were accustomed to go to the "Governor of the Straits," and refer to his judgment and decision their small subjects of litigation; although an Old Hand declared to me that the secret of his superiority lay less in the strength of his intellect and the astuteness of his counsels, than upon the use of "a lot of crack-jaw dictionary words and wise looks." There he had at one time three female Tasmanians and a half-caste family. This patriarchal group were much esteemed by the sealers, and acknowledged with respect by some of higher pretensions. Yet of this very man, the Quakers, Messrs. Backhouse and Walker, have not a favourable report to make. After talking with Munro about his wives, Jumbo and three others,

they sought to convince him and a mate of the impropriety of their conduct. But the conclusion of the conference is thus told:—

"From the admission of these men, we learned that their reasons for not choosing to marry the women with whom they cohabit is, that, in the event of leaving the Straits, they would feel them an encumbrance; hence unequivocally intimating that they hold themselves bound to these poor women by no other ties than those of convenience or caprice."

The darker side of the picture came before the public at the close of the Black War, when arrangements were being made to exile the Aborigines to an island in the Straits, and when Mr. Robinson, armed with the Governor's authority, sailed among the islands for investigation of sealers' doings, and the rescue of the native women from their captivity. Still other evidence than that of the officers of Flinders Island tends to affix a stigma upon the name of "sealer."

The earlier the period the more disgraceful the stories. Thus, we hear of wretches who boasted of shooting their women. A poor creature was being beaten, when, by struggling, she released herself from her tormentor, and fled. The fellow coolly took up his gun and shot her. Being afterwards asked why he beat her in the first instance, he simply replied, "Because she wouldn't clean the mutton-birds."

In 1826 the *Hobart Town Gazette* exclaims, in relation to the Straits, "How truly appalling to the contemplative mind was the renewed and alarming accounts of those miserable hordes, compared with whose conduct we consider the ignorant and wild natives of the mountains of Van Diemen's Land innocent and happy!"

We have Mr. Robinson's authority for the statement that a wretched man, named Harrington, had stolen a dozen women and placed them on different islands to work for him. Upon finding insufficient labour done, he would, upon his return, tie them to trees for twenty-four hours in succession, flogging them from time to time. He has been known to kill them in cool blood when stubborn to his will. Captain Stokes tells us of a brutal sealer who volunteered a passage of his autobiography:—"He confessed," says the Captain, "that he kept the poor creature chained up like a wild beast, and whenever he wanted

her to do anything, applied a burning stick, a firebrand from the hearth, to her skin."

Lieut. Darling gives them no good character, saying, "As to the sealers themselves, they are, with very few exceptions, a drunken, lying, lazy, and lawless lot." As to the effect of their intercourse with the women, he assures the Governor that these poor Natives, "instead of being in any degree civilized or enlightened by the sealers, rather became corrupted and depraved. They were made to dance naked, and encouraged in many of their savage propensities; and, by being united to them by marriage, they would be left entirely in the power of these men, and be for ever shut out from the chance of civilization." In his official letter, May 20th, 1832, dated "Flinders Island," he says: "I regret to say that I have every reason to believe that the reports respecting the sealers are, in most cases, but too true. There are several women here who have lived with them for years, and yet there is not one, though I have frequently questioned them upon the subject, who wishes to go back again. On the contrary, they express abhorrence at the thought, and have frequently told me that the sealers are in the habit of beating them severely, and otherwise ill-treating them." He gave an account of a man named Woolley, who was married to a half-caste, but who cohabited with a Black called Boatswain. Upon Mr. Darling's visit to the island, the Aborigine left and went off to Flinders. She had once been the wife of a chief, and had great force of character. She told him the reason of the hesitancy of some women to leave the sealers, and he wrote to Colonel Arthur: "I learned from her that many other women were anxious to join their friends and relations (at Flinders), but that the sealers were constantly telling them that if they came here they would starve, they would get no tobacco, no biscuit; in fact, they would be miserable." Curiously enough, however, old Sergeant Whyte wrote from Flinders: "I had no reason to believe that these women had received any ill-treatment from the sealers, on account of their being so anxious to return."

When the Government craft, belonging to Flinders Island, was lying off Circular Head, on the northern side of the island, a sealer's boat came off to it. In the stern was seated a young Aborigine of an interesting appearance, of mild features, but with a brow clouded by sadness. Neatly dressed, she was evidently

better treated than most of her class; but the low tones in which she spoke, and the furtive glances she threw at the sealers, sufficiently indicated the terror under which she lived. A Black fellow from the ship began conversing with her, and urged her to fly from the Whites, and go to Flinders. Jackey, as she was called, was excited, but declined leaving the whale-boat. Lieutenant Darling was on board, and, guessing the reason of her refusal, gave her to understand that he had power from the Governor to take her from the sealers. As soon as she understood this, she bounded upon deck with a burst of joy. Another woman strongly censured her conduct, and went ashore with the sealers. But in the night she ran off, and came to the cutter with her little child.

Mr. Darling was acting in obedience to Government directions. Upon the advice tendered his Excellency, that the women be taken from the bad sealers, a note was forwarded that "this measure be carried into effect, with all the discretion Mr. Darling can apply to it, and he will, as far as possible, ascertain the treatment which the native women receive from the sealers."

Mr. Robinson's campaign in the Straits was carried on with all the resolution of his nature, and with little refinement of manner, or hesitancy of action. He was the *bête noir* of the sealers. Armed with required powers, and sufficiently attended, he cruised among the islands, compelling men to give up the women, and not very careful about the consequences of the abrupt order, either to the husband or the family.

He gave a sad recital of his first capture, the women of which he carried to Gun Carriage Island, and who told their tales of the past to him. One spoke of having been stolen by the veteran Munro, another of being bought for some skins, while a third detailed her sufferings from the lash. Jock, or Ploic-ner-noop-per-ner, spoke of the way the sealers tied her up and beat her. Smoker was given up to the sealers by her husband, and that after she had given birth to several of his children. She had run away, was chased, taken, and severely flogged. It was with much difficulty Mr. Robinson succeeded in procuring some of them, as the sealers, aware of his errand, concealed them. Among those thus taken were Kit, Sall, Judy, Mother Brown, Little Mary, Little Buck, &c.

Although his instructions were to employ force where the

women wished to leave and the sealers did not consent, he was particularly warned not to interfere should the females object to go. The sealers declared, and with some show of reason, that these orders were not strictly obeyed. Some of the more intelligent and determined, as Munro, memorialised the Government upon the question, and made out a strong case. Mr. Robinson replied to the charges on May 9th, 1831, saying, "I then required of them, in the name of his Majesty's Colonial Government, to deliver up all such native women then in their possession, and assured them that, unless they complied with my demand, compulsory measures would be resorted to to accomplish this purpose."

This was taking a lofty position. But the Colonial Secretary notified "the women were not to have been taken from the sealers against their will, which Mr. Robinson in his notices seems to have overlooked." Mr. Robinson charged some of his crew with complicity in these affairs, and with giving notice to the sealers of his intended visit. He was very bitter against the sealing race, declaring that they had rendered themselves more obnoxious to the Blacks than any other white persons.

The sealers return to the charge, and certain demands are made for women taken violently from their roofs. They complain of the loss to themselves in being deprived of their helpers in the fishery, and of the cruel wrong to their children in tearing the mothers from their embrace, and depriving their tender infancy of maternal care. The list is sent back to Mr. Robinson. But he is not the man to yield. He wishes to know if he is to free women against their own free-will and consent. He tells the Governor that the applicants seek their object "with a view to reinstate them in the same state of slavish and licentious concubinage." He then particularises and selects one name, showing that the man's treatment was cruel, and the female averse to return. He goes further, and looks at the demand from another point of view. "The feelings of the male Aborigines," says he, "would be materially excited on beholding their female partners thus taken away, and associated with men whom they regard as common enemies of their race."

The end of the discussion was an order from Colonel Arthur, on June 18th, that "until we have more certain information of

the conduct of the sealers, the women had better be detained at the asylum provided for them by the Government."

That very month, however, there is a new and extraordinary phase. Mr. Robinson appears triumphant in an official sense, but is compelled to adopt a compromise with these pertinacious rovers of the sea. The two irreconcilable foes are seen on terms of agreeable amity. The shrewd, crafty, and energetic Munro directs the tactics of his subjects. Policy succeeds where force is of no avail. Mr. Robinson wants to catch the Blacks, and the sealers want their women. Who could be of such service to the hunter as the enterprising and not too scrupulous fishermen? They knew the coast and the haunts of the tribes. They had boats, and could carry off small parties to the depôt. This is laid by the logic of Munro before the leader of the mission. It is very true, and very clear. He is informed that the men are prepared to help him, and that they can, and would, bring him lots of glory and substantial recompense as the prince of capturers.

The bait is skilfully laid. It received approval. But why this sudden change,—this conversion of implacable resentment into proposed coalition? What is the price? The noble sealers disclaim selfish principles; they want to serve Mr. Robinson and the Government. But they gently submit that, though thus willing and ready, they need one necessary auxiliary,—the presence of their faithful and affectionate spouses for *guides!* Negotiations are completed. The *guides* are allowed.

Few things more amused me in tracing the course of Mr. Robinson through his scarcely-to-be-distinguished manuscript correspondence, than the official announcement of the terms of this positive treaty, and his chuckling over the clever bargain he had made; though, in fact, he had shown his hand and lost the game. This passage occurs in his letter of June:—

"As a further inducement for the sealers to act energetically in the enterprise that they are about to be engaged in, I allowed them the *privilege of their native women in its widest sense;* in doing which I found it expedient to use much finesse, in order to cope with the different characters of these peculiar people." He adds naïvely enough, "The sealers are perfectly satisfied with the arrangements." Certainly.

The "slavish and licentious concubinage" is permitted for reasons of State!

As may be supposed, the partners soon quarrelled. Mr. Robinson got little aid from the sealers, except where a handsome cash return could be obtained for labour done. One cause of disagreement was the female question again. The rough sealers went beyond the bond. Not content with the liberal terms they had secured as to women, they dared lay claim to some agreeable young captured *gin*. Mr. Robinson demanded her of them, and they, as partners, refused to yield her. An open rupture followed, the sealers gained the day, and the leader saw his mistake.

Again we plunge into his ready-letter writing. The "peculiar people" are now "decided enemies to the cause of humanity." He has rediscovered "the impolicy of employing them in the present important work." He will have no more of them. They are traitors to the Government, and to *himself*. He uses rough language in his anger, and is vehement in his desire to deprive them of their mates. Thus he says:—

"I trust that the circumstances of these ruffians perambulating the main with their deadly weapons, and associating an important public duty with the consummation of their unwarrantable designs, will at once convince the Government not only of the utter worthlessness of such characters, but of the staunch necessity which exists of immediately depriving them of those unhappy females whom they have succeeded in obtaining from the Government."

The Quakers must now appear in evidence. They relate what they saw and heard, though, perhaps, they saw and heard with some slight though unconscious bias. Intimately acquainted with the late excellent George Washington Walker, I recently received a copy of his journal, left in the hands of his pious widow. This work of friendship and literary aid was performed by one of his sons. It will please the numerous friends of those two estimable missionaries to know, that the children of the late Mr. Walker, so well trained by the father and mother, are all following in the footsteps of their honoured parents, being diligent in all benevolent offices in Hobart Town. From this journal, I make an extract:—

"From conversation with several sealers in the Straits, twelve of whom we have seen, and from the testimony of other persons, confirmed by that of native women who once lived with the

sealers, but are now at the settlement (Flinders), we cannot regard the situation of the aboriginal females amongst that class of men as differing materially from slavery, unless the circumstance of one man having only one woman and living with her in a state of concubinage, and holding himself at liberty to abandon her when it may suit his own convenience, constitute the difference. The object of these men in retaining the women, most of whom, it is asserted, were originally kidnapped, is obviously for the gratification of their lust, and for the sake of the labour they can exact from them. In resorting to coercion in order to extort the services of these poor defenceless women, great cruelty appears to have been used by their unfeeling masters, with a few exceptions.

"At our request, a woman, named Boatswain by the sealers, with whom she lived some years, gave us some particulars relative to the treatment of the women amongst them. This she did partly by words, and partly by expressive signs, that could not be misunderstood; and her statements were fully confirmed by other women who were present, and who had been similarly dealt with. She was requested to show in what manner they beat them. She then made signs of being stripped, stretched her hands up against the wall, in the attitude of a prisoner tied up to be flogged, making at the same time a doleful cry, and personating a flagellator in the exercise of his duty. After this she described a different scene. She represented a person striking another over the back and legs, and then herself as sinking down on the ground, while she repeatedly exclaimed, in a piteous tone, 'Oh, I will clean the mutton-birds better,' until at last her voice seemed to fail through exhaustion. She said the men beat them with great sticks. When asked if certain men beat their women, she excepted four, the woman of one of whom was weakly, and would have died if he had beaten her. On her observing of one of the men that 'he beat his woman,' it was remarked, with surprise, that she had an infant. To this she replied, 'Yes, he beat her when the child was in her.' On inquiry being made, if she would go back to the sealers, she replied, in strong terms, that she would not, and the other women joined with her in making the same declaration.

"They appear to have made little or no progress in civilization, or in anything but what contributed to the pecuniary

advantage or gratification of their masters. They have even been encouraged to perpetuate their barbarous customs. What, indeed, can be expected at the hands of men who, though nominally Christians, live in open violation of the principles of the Gospel, and have little claim to the appellation of Christians?"

It is not to be expected that the sealers in their course could avoid collisions with the Natives, and come off victorious on all occasions. Revenge for their wrongs the tribes would have. A party of sealers came to steal some women. Unguardedly they moored their boat for the night, and slept on the shore. The Natives, aware of the intention of their enemies, came stealthily upon them as they slept, and murdered them all. Tucker and five others were killed in an attempt to get off some gins, their former women, from Flinders; but, betrayed by a girl, they were similarly caught napping by indignant fathers and brothers.

Often were these rough boatmen the cause of outrages on the main. For injuries received from them, others and innocent ones of their countrymen suffered. One, who was among the most vindictive of the Blacks—the chief Montilangana—acknowledged, when on Flinders, having speared to death four females and seven men of the Europeans. But he had a strong motive for vengeance: he had seen, when a lad, his mother and his two sisters carried off with cruel violence by the sealers.

From a Sydney newspaper of 1824, the particulars of the following tragedy were learned. One Duncan Bell, the leader of a sealing crew, had two or three years before stolen a Tasmanian Native girl, with whom he continued to cohabit. In the month of October 1824, he endeavoured, through the medium of this young woman, to obtain temporary wives for his mates. She seemed perfectly agreeable to the scheme, and engaged to decoy some females of her tribe. Leaving their island home, therefore, the sealers rowed to that part of the main from which the girl had been stolen, and which, from prudent motives, they had since avoided. The captured beauty was with them in the boat, carrying her little child with her. She was landed upon the hunting-grounds of her tribe, and she proceeded in search of her people. After an absence of three days, she returned with the intelligence that she had succeeded in drawing some women near the spot, and that the next day they could be caught. That night she managed to secrete the only musket the Europeans

possessed. In the morning, following her suggestion, Bell remained in charge of the boat while she proceeded with the rest of the men. Leaving them concealed in the Bush while she went to entice the forest maidens towards the ambush, she kept an appointment with her armed and angry tribe, and led their warriors to the appointed spot, where the defenceless Whites were slaughtered. In the meantime it is thought she gave the father of her child some warning, for, by the time the Blacks got down to the shore, he had an intimation of danger, and so escaped. It is singular that the father of one of the murdered sealers had been despatched some years before by the enraged Natives.

CHAPTER XI.

HALF-CASTES.

THE subject of Half-castes is one of the saddest of the many dark stories in the history of the Tasmanians.

Some travellers have expressed themselves so strongly upon the repulsive characteristics of our Southern races, that it might occasion surprise to hear of association between their females and the stranger son from Europe. But, after the French portraiture of an Ourâ Ourâ, and the romancings of even some graver Englishmen, we may be prepared for the manifestation of some sympathy between the opposing colours. The rougher class of our people would be the first attracted, and the presentation of food, a fig of tobacco, or a gaudy dress would occasionally melt the chaste bosom of a dark beauty.

In all parts of the world such alliances may be found, though more abundant and stable in proportion to the agreement of hue. The lighter the complexion, the greater the antipathy to union with black people; but the Southern men of Europe—the Spaniard, Portuguese, Italian, and Turk—have no such refinement of scruples. The connexion would be either of a lasting character, almost approaching the condition of formal marriage, or one of simple convenience and the impulse of the hour.

The chastity of the dark races has been much, and most unjustly, impugned. We have incontrovertible evidence that many Blacks, especially among the Papuans, illustrate that virtue quite as much as the lighter and more civilized peoples. Even in Africa, in many parts, travellers assure us of the propriety of women, and the extreme difficulty of procuring a return of love, unless upon a basis recognised by the laws of the tribe. In all countries where a form of marriage existed, the European has had to go through certain legal ceremonies

before being permitted freedom by the females. A payment has elsewhere been enforced, as a recognition of the principle. It has been said with derision that the formality was of so trifling a nature that the virtue must be weak indeed. To this it may be replied, that the Scotch law of marriage, at least, is not very formidable in provisions, and yet satisfies an otherwise particular people. It is neither safe nor kind to pronounce upon the relative chastity of countries, until we know the principles upon which they form their moral code. That which was quite correct in the days of the patriarchs would subject one to legal penalties in Europe. The debasement of the fair sex, in all periods and climes, has made the question of chastity one of grave difficulty. In almost all places and times it is only a question of agreement between parents, and the rate of barter.

As the Tasmanians had no elaborate ceremonies before marriage, and as their women were, as in Europe, the property of the men, we must be discreet in our judgment of their acts. The Frenchmen of 1792 and 1802 found them proof against their seductions, and deaf to their voice of love. In this respect they were, as the Papuan race generally upon first acquaintance with the Whites, different in their grade of virtue to the more civilized South Sea Islanders. The shyness of the tribes, their early suspicion of the colonists, their speedy experience of the heartless cruelty and selfishness of such associations, tended to discourage contact and diminish vice. But as some, by the force of circumstances, were brought in proximity with settlers, the barrier was occasionally broken down.

In the chapters of "Cruelties" and "Sealers," some details may be read proving force to have been one prominent means, employed by unscrupulous men to overcome the virtue of the women of the forest. But desire for the curious and palatable food of the new-comers, or for the bright and pretty things they possessed, exercised a charm over feminine fancy in Van Diemen's Land as similar temptations do elsewhere. A third and more humiliating cause of these alliances may be found in the enforcement of the rights of property; for husbands, after the degradation of a pseudo-civilization, are sometimes found ready to barter the virtue of a wife for a piece of tobacco, a morsel of bread, or a silver sixpence. This is well known to residents even now in the vicinity of European settlements in

Australia, Cape Colony, and America. The laws of civilized and Christian nations acknowledge the abstract principle; as in England, a husband cannot punish a man who has desecrated his domestic hearth, and cursed him and his children with a life-long sorrow, otherwise than by charging the villain with injuring his property, and so procuring damages for loss in his goods! When woman has her real rights in Britain, men may speak more freely in condemnation of customs elsewhere.

The character of the union between the two races influenced the morals of the parties in question. A *mésalliance* without respect to residence is never one calculated to do otherwise than deteriorate; but that attending habitual companionship, though for no determined period, is deprived of much of its wrong, at least; and in certain instances may be the occasion of even the moral elevation of a person. But it is not merely a question of the moral state of the individuals, but of effect upon the offspring. The fruits of concubinage are not to be envied anywhere. The experience and poems of Savage illustrate the sad tale. The sins of the fathers have been bitterly visited upon the children. The unknown author of the apocryphal "Wisdom of Solomon" declares that "the imperfect branches shall be broken off, their fruit unprofitable, not ripe to eat, yea, meet for nothing. For children begotten of unlawful beds are witnesses of wickedness against their parents in their trial." Elsewhere he refers to such seed, and exclaims, "Horrible is the end of the unrighteous generation." Alas! this is the cry of the historian when he speaks of the Tasmanian half-castes.

These unhappy products of intercourse in the Bush, the marriage of the hour, if permitted to see the light, seldom lived long in the tribe. The mother, to conceal her shame, or repenting of her act, would often prevent the birth by abortion; or, if unsuccessful, would destroy the infant upon its entrance into the world. If the philoprogenitive instinct led her to spare her child, the husband or brother might avenge the family wrongs by a fatal blow.

Dr. Broca is mistaken in thinking that "the murder of the Australian mulattoes is a vulgar tale," and that the destruction of half-castes by the Natives is unnatural. Dr. Story tells me that he never knew a half-caste in the tribe with which he was acquainted in Tasmania. So others have said of the wandering

tribes. Even in Australia it was exceedingly rare to see a half-caste, at a time when children's laughter rang through the encampment. Then, as Mr. Schmidt, the Queensland missionary, found, "it was the rule to destroy the half-caste immediately after birth." Mr. G. A. Robinson and other Protectors said the same thing of Port Phillip. In more modern times, since a birth of any kind has become so uncommon a circumstance, the half-castes have been occasionally suffered to live, and have been even cherished with pride by the tribe. I have been several times pleased with the exultant satisfaction of the miserable remnant of a once mighty tribe at the yellow baby. Once, while admiring a very pretty specimen of the mixture in Victoria, a fine-bearded young fellow strode up smiling to me, saying, "That me picaninny—you gib it tixpence." He then burst into a roar of laughter at his assumption of paternity. But even these, as Mr. Protector Parker observed, disappear mysteriously at the age of puberty, if suffered to last so long.

To the honour of the Government of Van Diemen's Land, efforts were made to save the offspring of such connexions. We read of a sawyer, one Smith, and his black friend, Mrs. Fanny Cochrane Smith, receiving twenty-five pounds a year for their half-caste child. Grants of land have been made to reputed parents, subject to the life of the offspring in some cases, and in others contingent upon the orthodox marriage of the mother. But the tribe have repeatedly avenged their honour by murdering the little one, whom they decoyed to their secluded haunts.

That which has excited most astonishment and disgust has been the indifference of English fathers to the future being of their progeny. Dr. Carl Vogt, in his work on Man, thus calls attention to the charge:—"Even if it were true that the Australians (or *Tasmanians*) killed the bastards who with their mothers return to their tribe, it might at the same time be fairly assumed that all European fathers, who produce children with Australian women, were not such monsters as to expose them to certain death. We cannot suppose such an abnegation of every human feeling to have existed, even among the first criminal population of Australia." Yet such was the case. It can scarcely be pleaded in extenuation of their brutality, that gentlemen at home, admitted into the best circles, have been quite as heedless as to the future existence, or otherwise, of the fruits

of their illicit intercourse with their own but poorer country-women.

It is not upon the *first* convicts only of these settlements, but upon those of all subsequent periods, that the sad charge can be laid; and not of convicts only, but those of higher position, free from legal restraint. It is not often, however, that such a narrative can be written as that by Mr. G. A. Murray, Police Magistrate on the river Murrumbidgee. He was officially informed that eleven half-caste boys had been decoyed, murdered, and afterwards their bodies consumed to ashes in separate fires. He rode to the spot, saw the remains of the fires, and, in raking about the ashes, discovered fragments of human bones. In his evidence he averred that, though female half-castes were sometimes permitted to live, the males were invariably destroyed in his district. Even the former were tolerated only as ministering to the lustful appetites of the tribe, and an additional means of obtaining supplies from lascivious white men. The mother of one of the slaughtered infants sought to deprecate the anger of the gentleman by this: "Cawbawn me sorry; cawbawn me sorry; Black fellow always do like that."

How strange is it, then, to meet with such a passage as this in the medical works of Dr. Carpenter: "There is strong reason to believe that these hybrid races, the parents of whom are Europeans on the one side and the aborigines of any country on the other, are generally destined to become the dominant population of those countries!" Before the half-castes existed in any number, or when mostly confined to the sealers of the Straits, the Surveyor-General of Van Diemen's Land in 1823, Mr. Evans, in common with some other benevolent individuals, had a dim hope, amidst the rising horrors of the Black War, of the future utility of the half-castes. Alluding to the massacre of 1803, he continues: "The inimical impression will doubtless wear off, and the mixed race, now arising from the British seamen and the native females, will essentially contribute to bring about so desirable a reconciliation." Such a mission never was fulfilled. The Eurastians of India, the Griquas of the Cape, the Mulattoes of America, have hardly produced such a result.

It may be questioned whether more could be expected from the half-castes of the little island than from those of other parts of the world. It has been observed with pain, that, while in intellect

they have been superior to the dark race, they have been, perhaps, even inferior to them in morals. How far this has arisen from unfavourable circumstances may appear in subsequent narratives. The Rev. George Taplin, Missionary to the Australian Natives, once gave me this description of the half-castes: "They are generally very bad and low, especially the women." Professor Agassiz has some melancholy reflections upon this subject. "Let any one," he says, "who doubts the evil of this mixture of races, and is inclined from a mistaken philanthropy to break down all barriers between them, come to Brazil. He cannot deny the deterioration consequent upon an amalgamation of races, more wide-spread than in any other country in the world, and which is rapidly effacing the best qualities of the white race, the Negro, and the Indian, leaving the mongrel nondescript type deficient in physical and mental energy."

Although it is said that there are used in Peru twenty-three appellations for varieties of humanity from the three stocks of White, Negro, and Indian, we may cite the following from Dr. Wilson's "Prehistoric Man," as known in Mexico:—

White and Negro	produce a	Mulatto.
White and Indian	,,	Mestizo.
Indian and Negro	,,	Chino or Zambo.
White and Mulatto	,,	Cuarteron.
White and Mestiza	,,	Creole.
White and Cuarterona	,,	Quintero.
White and Quintera	,,	White.
Negro and Mulatto	,,	Cubra.
Negro and Mestiza	,,	Mulatto—Oscuro.
Mulatto and Zambo	,,	Zambo.
Mulatto and Mestiza	,,	Chino.

An interesting question has been raised as to the fecundity of the mixed races. Dr. Broca, of Paris, is correct in saying, "We may assume it as a fact that cross-breeds of Europeans and native Australian men are very rare." Some reasons have been already mentioned. It should, however, be borne in mind that while intercourse between Whites and Tasmanian gins was not unfrequent, the latter were almost uniformly found among the besotted and degraded creatures near the townships, subsisting upon the food of the strangers, and given up to drunkenness and indiscriminate licentiousness. To suppose such women

capable of having offspring by either White or Black, is to credit public prostitutes with fecundity.

But to the abstract question of the fertility of mixed races the learned have directed our attention. Mr. Brace, in his "Races of the Old World," sees no objection, and instances the families of Mulattoes and Indian half-breeds, and adduces the fact of the Mohawk tribe having only two of the original stock. Dr. E. Dally says, "If cross-breeding in families is necessary, the same thing among races is also necessary; and if crossed families are superior to pure blood, why refuse the same superiority to crossed races?" M. Pouchet adheres to the law that a half type cannot exist by itself. Senor Pacheco declares that there are not eight thousand pure Spanish in the eight million population of Mexico. Dr. Nott, the distinguished ethnologist of the United States, assures us that the Mulattoes are the most short-lived race in the world, and are less capable of fatigue than the present races; that the women are bad breeders, extremely delicate, and very subject to abortions; and that many children die young. Dr. Broca takes a more hopeful view; and, after mentioning the rarity of cross-breeds in Australia, adds: "The fact is so much opposed to the usual theory of interbreeding of human races, that it is worth while to examine whether there may not be other than physiological causes for it." In the elaborate work of Messrs. Hombron and Jacquinot, alluding to the few half-castes of our Southern coloured people, it is written: "This absence of the mixed race between two peoples, living in contact upon the same country, proves very incontestably the difference of species."

With the advocates of non-fertility there is the learned Dr. Knox. Mr. Hyde Clarke believes in the utter extinction of the Turk before long from intermarriage, and says, "It was very rare to see a Mulatto in Turkey, though there were many black children." Professor Agassiz, after telling us of the Mamelucos of Brazil, the offspring of Indian and White, and of the Cafuzo, the children of the Indian and the Negro, proceeds: "My observations upon the cross-breeds in South America have convinced me that the varieties arising from contact between these human species, or so-called races, differ from true species, and that they retain the same liability to revert to the original stock, as is observed among all so-called varieties or breeds."

Mr. Warren wrote: "The half-caste of India comes to a premature end, generally without reproduction; and if there are any offspring, they are always wretched and miserable." Volney was struck with the paucity of remains in Egypt of the light Mameluke blood, though those brave warriors held concubines of the country. Graf Gortz, cited by Professor Waitz, declares the cross of Dutch and Malay to be weak both in body and mind. The same has been said of the offspring of Arabs and Negresses. Kohl records the deficiency of vitality in the cross of French and Indians. Boudin agrees with Dr. Yvan that Mulattoes are not productive after the third generation. The same thing has been said of the Mulattoes of Java. At the third stage, girls only are produced, who are almost always sterile. The Lipplappen race of Java, a cross of Dutch and Malay, form a distinct class in Batavia, but are remarked as dying out. Dr. Gutzlaff, referring to Cambodia, observes: "The marriages of native females with the Chinese are productive at the first generation, but gradually become sterile, and completely so at the fifth generation."

Some other authorities are more hopeful. Professor Quatrefages contends that weakness is not such a quality of the mixed races. The Paulistras of Brazil, from the union of Portuguese and Indian, though much condemned by the Jesuits, are thought by others a powerful and energetic race. Dr. Rufz asserts, "We are warranted in concluding that the interbreeding of the White and the Black races has exercised a favourable rather than unfavourable influence upon the resultant race." M. Thevenôt, in his enthusiasm, exclaims, "The Mulatto may be all that the white man is. His intelligence is equal to ours." M. de Gobineau regards the crossing as a cause of degradation; but Quatrefages triumphantly holds up the European, "the hybrid crossed a thousand times from the Allophyllic and the Aryan races."

There are, however, some remarkable evidences of the persistency of race, a subject ably treated by Sir William Denison. It is observed that in four generations Mulattoes will become white, or black in five, according to the character of marriage. Many are of opinion that the intermarriage of Mulattoes produces a sickly offspring, and that hence the women of that race prefer a connexion with the Whites. The Indian stiff hair is preserved in the mixed people to the third generation. Castelnau

found the child of a white man and Indian female more of its mother's type; that of an Indian and Negress had stiff hair and oblique eyes; and that of a white man and Mestiza having a light copper colour, with oblique eyes and stiff hair. A dark-skinned woman has been often noticed with lighter coloured children by her own race after bearing offspring with a white man. The Griquas of South Africa by continued crossing have become almost pure Africans. It is singular that while the union of a white man and a Negress is fecund, that of a black man with a white woman should be often sterile. Professor Waitz ascertained that while Mulattoes were not very fertile among their own people, they were sufficiently so with the original races, and more so with the darker than lighter partners.

A remarkable case of tendency to return to the parent stock is narrated by Sir W. Denison, formerly Governor of Tasmania and of New South Wales. Norfolk Island was then one of his dependencies, and the Pitcairn islanders had been lately removed to that lovely and fertile home. "But," says the Governor, "they are gradually getting darker, and reverting to the Tahitian type; not on account of the climate, for they are in lat. 33° S., but, probably, I should say possibly, owing to some quality of skin handed down by their Tahitian mothers."

It may, perhaps, be admitted that to some extent, at least, mixed races are of transitory duration, and of varied character. The distinguished Parisian anthropologist, Dr. Paul Broca, contends for the principle of changing and unequal degrees of eugenesic hybridity. He describes the differences thus:—the hybridity of fertility; the agenesic, or unfertile; the dysgenesic, or nearly sterile; the paragenesic, or of partial fecundity. Dr. Peter Browne, of Philadelphia, in his learned treatise on Hair, perceived no tendency in half-breeds to produce a new and separate form of hair, but only to perpetuate one kind of *pile*, or more commonly to possess the character of the hair of both parents on the head at the same time. But he was led by his examination to assert—"When the progeny hold an intermediate place, and they *breed together only*, they gradually become less and less capable of reproduction, and after a few generations the race runs out."

Although one of the American Indian protectors has lately

inserted in his report, "A visible increase is discerned among the half-breeds" of one tribe, yet the contrary is the rule. In 1858 there were but three half-castes in the powerful tribe of the Ngatowhauroa of New Zealand. Mr. Consul Pritchard deplored the rapid decay of that beautiful race in Samoa and other South Sea Islands, pronouncing their intermarriages as less prolific than the parent stock, and by no means so robust, or so easy to rear.

In Tasmania the half-castes were certainly never numerous under the most favourable circumstances. This induced Dr. Gliddon to announce:—"Even a convict population of athletic and unscrupulous English males failed, in their intercourse with Tasmanian females, not merely to produce an intermediate race, but to leave more than one or two adult specimens of their repugnant unions." The French author Jacquinot wrote:—"When the ancient inhabitants of Van Diemen's Land, reduced to the number of 210, were taken to Flinders Island, not only had the union of the women with the unscrupulous convicts been unable to form a distinct race, but only two adults were found who were the produce of these unions." And yet Mr. Robinson, when depriving the sealers of their black companions, acknowledges that a large number of children remained behind, few coming off with their mothers. One woman had thirteen children by a sealer. Maryann, the wife of King Walter, assured me that her black mother had five by her white father. Captain Stokes counted twenty-five on Preservation Island and neighbourhood. But Dr. Jeanneret reported on Flinders Island, in 1846, forty-seven Natives of pure blood, and five of half-caste.

I have endeavoured to ascertain the number living, both of the first and second degree. The best reply to my inquiries came from Mr. Surveyor-General Calder, of Hobart Town. In November 1868, he sent me word that the total number then amounted to eighty or ninety. "This statement," he adds, "I make upon faith of a letter lately received by me from Captain Malcolm Laing Smith, formerly of the 78th regiment, I think, who interests himself much about them. They are stationed on some of the smaller islands of Furneaux' group, between, or about, Flinders and Cape Barren Islands."

My half-caste friend Maryann gave a pleasing account of her father and mother in their island homestead. Before removal to

Flinders Island she had resided at Launceston, being conveyed there by her father to the care of a friend. Although she was of superior ability to most white children, and would, if more happily situated, have become a truly distinguished woman, she was thrown by officials among the degraded Blacks of the island, to her own serious moral and intellectual loss. Repelled in cold disdain by her father's blood, she clung to her mother's kind, and ultimately contracted a childless marriage with Walter George Arthur, the most intelligent and educated of the Native race. Her sister Fanny, many years younger than herself, married a European, after some vicissitudes of virtue. After a marriage of five years, she gave birth to a child. The Government had made the pair a grant of one hundred acres of land, though not to be sold. Maryann had, at the time of her conversation with me, recently received a letter from her sister, stating that she was then living perfectly happy with her husband in Hobart Town.

A friend lately gave the melancholy account of a family of half-caste girls, all of whom but one had turned out badly, and died early from dissipation. Another instance was more favourable. A lady had taken a boy and girl under her care. They had not been related, but were ultimately married, went on a farm, and did well. There was lately a Tasmanian half-caste couple living on the Victorian diggings.

Dr. Nixon, first Bishop of Tasmania, undertook a voyage to the islands of the Straits, on an episcopal tour, but with particular reference to the condition of the half-castes there. His notices of them possess much interest. He baptized many of them and their children, besides having the pleasure of uniting some in marriage who had long cohabited unlawfully. Full of sympathy for the mixed race, he was ready to see, if possible, a favourable side to their character, and foster in their minds a love for the truthful and good. In his interesting narrative of "The Cruise of the Beacon," he bestows a compliment upon one whom he describes as "the greatest lady" of his acquaintance. It is another corroborative testimony to the care exerted by some white fathers of this interesting race, who acted as old Adams of the Pitcairn islanders. His lordship says, "Lucy Beadon, a noble-looking half-caste, of some twenty-five years of age, bears the burden of twenty-three stone. Good-humoured, and kind-

hearted, she is every one's friend upon the island. High-minded and earnest in her Christian profession, she has set herself to work to do good in her generation. From the pure love of those around her, she daily gathers together the children of the sealers, and does her best to impart to them the rudiments both of secular and religious knowledge."

A Launceston newspaper of January 1867 adds some further information concerning the family of the worthy Lucy. Her father, it would appear, assumed the name of Beadon, but was connected with a highly respectable family in England, and for a number of years was in the receipt of a handsome allowance, transmitted through a colonial firm. His early career was doubtless a wild and unsatisfactory one. Circumstances led him to adopt the sealer's life about the year 1827. An aboriginal woman bore him several children besides Lucy. Whatever his habits when young, he evidently adopted a better course, and endeavoured to promote the real welfare of his family. Although possessed of means with which he could have comfortably resided in civilized society, he preferred his rocky, storm-girt home on Badger's Island. His wife and most of his children died before him, and were buried on Gun Carriage Island. In January 1867, he expired at the ripe age of sixty-nine, and was laid, at his own request, beside the remains of the Tasmanian mother of his offspring.

Having to christen a child at one place, the Bishop has given us a notice of the juvenile half-caste. "One of them," he says, "a boy of two years of age, was as magnificent a little fellow as I ever saw. His large, full black eyes, and finely-formed features, would have done honour to any parentage."

He writes with much feeling of his astonishment and pleasure at finding in most of these regions of storm, and among so rough a class, the observances of religion, and those of his own Church. In that ramble of 1854 he visited Gun Carriage Island, from which the sealers were originally driven by Mr. Robinson for a temporary home of his gathered exiles, and to which, upon the transfer to Flinders, they were permitted to return. There he conducted service, and afterwards tells his tale :—

"It was with a solemn sense of the privilege conferred upon me, that there, in that storm-girt hut, the winds and the waves roaring around me, I, as the first minister of God that had set

foot upon the island, from the dawn of creation until then, commenced the humble offering of prayer and praise to that creation's Lord. . . . . These simple half-castes, the last relics of the union of aboriginal women with the sealers, had taken the Prayer-book as their guide, and did not set up their own rebellious wills against its plain injunctions. They were not too proud to kneel; their psalmody, too, was correct, and touching in its expressiveness. There was a deep earnestness with which my half-caste congregation joined in the several parts of the service, that I should be glad to witness in the more educated and polished gatherings of Christian worshippers."

Visiting their simple burial-ground with gratification, he observes: "I endeavoured, and I hope not without success, to impress upon them the true Christian reason for this feeling; reminding them, that as the body is the temple of the Holy Ghost, so each corpse must be reverently handled and dealt with, as a something which God himself has vouchsafed to honour and to sanctify for his own dwelling."

Quite another scene is now presented by his pen: "I united an old sealer, named Edward Mansell, to Judy Thomas, an aboriginal woman. Upon investigating the facts of the case, I was glad to find that the best motives induced the man to repair past sin and folly by a union with this woman, aged as she was. She, poor creature, could with difficulty repeat the necessary words of the service. Indeed, her English, if such it might be called, was such as to elicit a violent explosion of mirth on the part of the bridegroom, an unseemliness which was promptly repressed and rebuked by Captain King, who acted as father upon the occasion."

Some of the half-castes have been noticed as possessing uncommon beauty, and travellers, like Lieutenant Jeffreys and Captain Stokes, have been eloquent in their praises. The distinction between them and the real aboriginal girls has been thus indicated by the latter: "One was half European and half Tasmanian, and by no means ill-looking. She spoke very good English, and appeared to take more care of her person than her two companions, who were Aborigines of pure blood. A few wild flowers were tastefully entwined with her hair, which was dressed with some pretensions to elegance." The very beauty of the little things has, without doubt, been the means of sparing their

lives awhile, even with the wild tribe. A writer of the year 1815 had a funny tale to tell of a pretty half-caste child, whom he observed in company with one of the Natives. Turning toward the man, he jocularly exclaimed, "That not your child —too white." The savage, ready at a joke, and willing to give a laughable turn to his partner's frailty, claimed the little one as his own, but excused its pale colour because "my gin (wife) eat too much white bread."

In the early days, a sealer of King's Island was drowned, leaving behind two pretty little half-caste girls and a boy. Some benevolent person, pitying the state of the children, made some representations to the Governor, and the *Gazette* appealed to the public on their behalf. Mr. Fairfax Fenwick took the boy, who soon, however, ran away from his guardian. Two maiden ladies, Miss Newcombe and Miss Drysdale, afterwards historical characters in the annals of Port Phillip, accepted the charge of the girls, and conscientiously performed their duty toward them. They were well instructed and religiously trained. Kitty was remarkably attractive in person; and, being taken by her friends to the new colony across the Straits, obtained a husband, and lived there respectably. I heard of her last removing with her husband to Ballarat. Her sister, the much-admired Mary, was more erratic than Kitty. After some changes, she settled down as the wife of an Englishman, and became the mother of a fine family. Few troubled themselves about the parental feelings of the sealer's partner, the black mother of these half-castes. Soon after her children had been forcibly removed from her, she fretted so much as to die of a broken heart.

The wayward and passionate nature of the half-caste race may be illustrated in the following story: When on a visit to an aboriginal station in Victoria, I saw a fine, fat, rosy, jolly-looking girl, about eighteen years of age, whose sparkling, mischief-loving eyes would readily attract the gaze of the visitor. She was a half-caste, and, like the rest of her people, had more of the instincts of her ebon mother than of her European father. The superintendent gave me her curious history. A few months before, she was missed from the school. After police inquiries, he traced her to the hut of an old man near the Murray, and compelled her to return with him. The day after, she eluded his observation, and was lost again. Another search,

another capture, brought her in safety to the station. The matron, as well as the excellent superintendent, endeavoured by suitable homilies to teach her her duty; but the spirit of the woods was too strong for moral suasion. That same night, by the aid of a young man, she gained liberty through the window, and was once more a wild tenant of the Bush.

A patriarch of the tribe was shocked at these *mésalliances*, and resolved for the honour of savage domesticities to capture the truant. Many a mile he traversed in tracking her course, till he secured the naughty maiden. The old man returned with his unabashed captive. What was to be done with such a self-willed lady? What would reform such erratic tendencies? She must be married. Among the dark skins she selected her future mate, who informed me that when he had finished his hut on the aboriginal station, he would lead to the altar this his blushing bride.

The romantic story connected with this subject remains to be told. It is the history of Miss Dolly Dalrymple, the first known half-caste of the colony, and so called from being born near Port Dalrymple, the port of the River Tamar.

Dolly was born in 1808. She was seen by Lieutenant Jeffreys in 1820, and described as "remarkably handsome, of a light colour, with rosy cheeks, large black eyes, the whites of which were tinged with blue, and long, well-formed eyelashes, with teeth uncommonly white, and the limbs admirably formed." She was then living with a lady and gentleman in Launceston who had undertaken her education and care.

Her mother, Bong, a genuine Tasmanian beauty, had been attracted to the side of a young sailor of the Straits. He is said to have been of respectable connexions at home, but of "a wild and volatile disposition." Dolly was not her only child; and it is in relation to another that she experienced a remarkable adventure. As may be conjectured, the men of the tribe were angry with the Whites who had stolen their gins, but especially indignant against those of the female members who preferred the society of the opposite colour. Several instances are recorded of murders on this account. The known attachment of Bong to the father of her children marked her out as an especial object of their jealous rage.

One evening, the sealers' party having been to Launceston for

the sale of skins and the purchase of supplies, and Bong to revisit her eldest child, the boat had been anchored about ten miles from town, and Bong took a stroll in the Bush with an infant at her breast. Unfortunately, she was seen and tracked by a bloodthirsty company of Aborigines. The child, the mark of her tribal crime, was dragged from her, and pitched remorselessly into a native fire. The mother, in a fury of parental feeling, tore herself from her murderous countrymen, rushed to the fire, extricated her darling from the flames, and darted off into the obscurity of the forest for safety. Loud were the yells of the pursuers, and eager the search for their victim. Aware of her inability to outrun the men, she very adroitly sought the covert of a dense shade, and lay down breathless with fear and anxiety. Unable to find her track in the dark, the fellows gradually returned growling to the camp-fire, and after threats of revenge disposed themselves to sleep. The watchful mother keenly marked their reclining, and hastened to renew her flight, arriving at Launceston by the morning dawn. Her little one died in a few days from the burning.

It may be remarked, before leaving poor Bong, that, when the Conciliatory Mission was formed, she attached herself to the party, and proved of valuable service. Her vengeance for the loss of her baby was found in her labour of love for the redemption of her race from their forest miseries. Instead of recognising the claims of family, when the Black War was over, Mr. Robinson harshly ordered her to be sent to Flinders Island, with the other Blacks, instead of permitting her to live with Dolly Dalrymple, or with another daughter whom she had in Launceston.

The handsome Dolly, as usual, was exposed to many temptations. We have no record of her Launceston career after twelve years of age, but may fear the effect of her beauty in a colonial period not celebrated for the virtues. History brings her before us in the midst of the Black War, when living at the Dairy Plains, as the companion of a stock-keeper named Johnson.

A man, called Cupid, having been speared by the Quamby Bluff tribe, ran for shelter to Dolly's hut. She had no sooner extracted the spears from the body of the wounded man, than the mob surrounded the place. Seizing a double-barrelled gun, she gallantly defended her fortress, and compelled her assailants

to retreat with heavy loss of life. Particulars of the conflict are given elsewhere. It is sufficient to say that, in addition to other testimonials, she received a grant of ten acres in the township of Perth, and the governor promised Johnson other ten acres, and a free pardon, he being then a convict, if he became legally married to the brave woman.

This was done, and the beautiful children she had were legitimized. She lived to bring up a family of girls, celebrated all over the country for their loveliness. One of them had perfectly white hair.

CHAPTER XII.

NATIVE RIGHTS.

THE apostolic Bishop Selwyn, the lover of the coloured race, had been deeply affected with the story of the Tasmanians, and, upon his appointment as Missionary Pastor of the Maories, resolved to contend for their freedom as far as possible. In 1847 he uttered these memorable words :—

"I am resolved, God being my helper, to use all legal and constitutional measures, befitting my station, to inform the Natives of New Zealand of their rights and privileges as British subjects, and to assist them in asserting and maintaining them."

It is undeniable that the British Government converted the island of Van Diemen's Land into what has been called a *dust-hole*, for the reception of the moral rubbish and turpitude of Europe, without the least consideration of the question of the Aborigines. The authorities were pleased not only to seize and hold the island, without consultation of the will of the inhabitants, but actually, without their knowledge, and most certainly against their wishes, constituted them British subjects. As will be seen in the course of this book, the several Governors of the colony have declared that the Natives were entitled to all the rights and privileges of British subjects. What that means will be understood.

What is the opinion of European jurisconsults, statesmen, and others, relative to aboriginal rights?

When Dr. Wardell, of Sydney, defended an Englishman charged with the murder of a Black, he argued from Lord Bacon, Puffendorff, and Barbeyrac, that savages who fed upon human flesh (as the Australians were by him assumed to do), were proscribed by the law of nature; consequently it was no offence to slay them.

Dr. Arnold observes: "So much does the right of property go along with labour, that civilized nations have never scrupled to take possession of countries inhabited only by tribes of savages, countries which have been hunted over, but never subdued or cultivated." Vattel, the greatest authority upon international law, is adduced as favourable to the same side from the fact that, while condemning the occupation of land already inhabited, he mildly observes: "One does not, then, exceed the views of nature, in restricting savages to *narrower limits*." These words are interpreted into seizure in full.

Mr. Hepworth Dixon discusses the question of the Indian right to the soil thus: "The soil! they have no soil. The soil was no more to them than the sea and the sky are to us. A right to go over it they claimed; but to own it and preserve it against the intrusion of all other men, is a claim which the Red man has never made, and which, if they should learn to make it, should never be allowed by civilized men. No hunting tribe has any such right; perhaps no hunting tribe *can* have such right, for, in strict political philosophy, the only exclusive right which any man can acquire in land, the gift of nature, is that which he creates for himself, by what he puts into it by way of labour and investment, alike for his own and for the common good."

This argument has been applied in two other ways. The holding of great quantities of land, kept only for park or hunting purposes, has been regarded by others as opposed to the law of nature, and a revolution has furnished the occasion of confiscating some of this waste land, that it may be applied to more productive utilitarian ways. So long as this law was made applicable to savages it was held legitimate, but denied when pressed into the service of either English or French reformers. But, in Australia, the argument has been directed to the displacement of squatters, as the pressure of population has rendered necessary. They have had their *runs* in part or whole taken from them, and cut up into farms for cultivation by another class. The squatter has resented the application of the argument as unjust in principle.

Turning to the other side—the right of the Aborigines to their land—we find some good authorities.

Grotius, the learned jurist, denies the right of one people to seize the uncultivated lands of another. Lord Bacon wrote: "I

like a plantation in a pure soil; that is, where people are not displanted to the end to plant in others, for else it is rather an extirpation than a plantation."

Vattel gives this opinion: "When a Native finds a country uninhabited, and without a master, he may lawfully seize upon the same. The law of nations, then, will recognise the proprietary right and the sovereignty of a Native over only uninhabited countries, which it shall have occupied really, and, in fact, in which it shall have formed a settlement." Then, as concerning the Aborigines, he goes on to say: "Since men are naturally equal, and that their rights and obligations are the same, as coming equally from nature, nations composed of men, and considered as so many free persons who live together in a state of nature, are naturally equal, and hold from nature the same obligations and the same rights. Neither strength nor weakness produces, in this respect, any difference."

Voltaire, when speaking of the struggle in America for supremacy between the French and English, sarcastically concludes: "They had quite made up their minds in one point, viz. that the Natives had no right at all to the land in question." Thus Buchan declares that "the colonists and the Natives are necessarily brought into painful collision at the very outset; the one seeks to obtain possession of the lands secured to them by Act of Parliament, the other to keep possession of those very lands which are theirs by a prior right."

William Penn, who purchased a right from the Indians, was able to add these memorable words in his treaty: "And if anything shall offend you or your people, you shall have a full and speedy satisfaction for the same by an equal number of just men on both sides, that by no means you may have just occasion of being offended against them." He who had treated them as men, equal in natural rights, when dealing for land, could afford to recognise their citizen rights under a common government.

An old Delaware Indian Sachem spoke conclusively in relation to the quarrel between the English and French: "The French claim all the land on one side of the Ohio, the English claim all the land on the other side,—now where does the Indians' land lie?" Another chief thus addressed the French envoys: "The land belongs to neither of you. The Great Being allotted it to us as a residence. So, fathers, I desire you, as I have desired

our brothers, the English, to withdraw, for I will keep you both at arms' length."

Count Strzelecki has pointed out the consequences to the poor Native of this disregard of their rights to the soil. "Since the time," he says, "that the Aborigines have been declared by law, or rather, sophistry of law, to be illegitimate possessors of any land which they do not cultivate, the Australian has been looked upon, *ipso facto*, as a sort of brute intruder, and, in the transactions which ended in the taking possession of New Holland by the English, has been allowed no more voice than the kangaroo."

This is a truth of which colonization furnishes us with many examples. When, notwithstanding the fact of the tribes having specific boundaries to their respective grounds, and across which it were trespass to pass, we see their land privileges wholly ignored, it can excite no surprise that their personal rights should receive little respect. And, in spite of the exhortations of Secretaries of State, and the Proclamations of Governors, to treat Aborigines as equal with the Whites in the sight of the law, it is notorious that their claims have been rarely admitted, and still more seldom acted upon. If poverty alone be held a sufficient plea in England for subjecting a man to the virtual deprivation of civic rights, and the rejection of his share in the government of his country, it follows with more force that the landless Native would, while acknowledged a British subject, be denied the franchise. Even universal suffrage in a colony could never reach his position. But he is not permitted the exercise of that common right of all other British subjects—trial by his peers. Worse still, he is made amenable to laws of which he is totally ignorant, and the correction of which is beyond his power, while the customs of his own people are utterly dishonoured in the eyes of his foreign rulers. To complete his sense of degradation, he discovers that his testimony against a White, a fellow-subject, is absolutely valueless; and that no amount of counter Native evidence can shake the stability of the unsupported word of one European against him.

The Peruvian Government of the Spaniards humanely treated the Indians as minors, and protected them by special laws as such. "But," says the traveller Mr. Markham, "the opposite plan, which has been adopted in some of the English colonies,

of making Natives equal to Europeans in the eye of the law, is a mere mockery, and cannot by any possibility exist in reality." And, as Lord Goderich remarked, "they are brought into acquaintance with civilized life, not to partake its blessings, but only to feel the severity of its penal sanctions." Count Strzelecki affirms of their naturalization, that it "excludes them from sitting on a jury, or appearing as witnesses, and entails a most confused form of judicial proceedings; all which, taken together, has made of the Aborigines of Australia a nondescript caste, who, to use their own phraseology, are neither white nor black."

Mr. Bannister, once Attorney-General of New South Wales, sought to further the ends of justice when he said, "We ought forthwith to begin, at least, to reduce the laws and usages of the aboriginal tribes to language, print them, and direct the courts of justice to respect those laws in proper cases." We have paid that respect to written codes of the conquered in India, while the unwritten laws of the hunters of Tasmania were definite in object, binding in obligation, and suitable to their condition. Our own modes of thought and action are so different to theirs, that some respect to their tribal customs would have been as humane as politic.

New South Wales stands forth proudly as the only one of our southern colonies seeking to do tardy justice to the Native. An Act was passed by the Sydney Legislature, October 8, 1839, allowing the Dark subjects, under certain circumstances, to be admitted as witnesses in court. But the majesty of England could not sanction the innovation. Governor Grey tells us, "I have been a personal witness to a case in which a Native was most undeservedly punished, from the circumstance of the Natives, who were the only persons who could speak as to certain exculpatory facts, not being permitted to give their evidence." Mr. Powlett, P.M. of Victoria, would have native evidence received for what it is worth. Mr. Protector Robinson always maintained that the legal disqualification to give evidence was not only the cause of many outrages, but accelerated the destruction of Blacks by the Whites; adding, "They consider any injury they can inflict upon white men as an act of duty and patriotism; and, however much they dread the punishment which our laws inflict upon them, they consider the sufferers under those punishments as martyrs in the cause of their country."

Dr. Jeanneret refers to the treatment of the Aborigines' wives as "evils aggravated by their entire inability to comprehend how to obtain redress and protection."

It was a remarkable acknowledgment of Governor Arthur's, in a despatch home in 1835: "On the first occupation of the colony, it seems a great oversight that a treaty was not, at that time, made with the Natives, and such compensation given to the chiefs as they would have deemed a fair equivalent for what they surrendered."

A few illustrations of the practical working of the law may be cited. When Jack Congo was tried in 1836 for the murder of Jabengi, the plea was entered, "An Aborigine, and not subject to law, as not recognising law or king." The Chief Justice turned to the Attorney-General, and asked what he would do. The other replied that he did not know, and must consider of it. When Mr. Martin Montgomery, the distinguished writer, spoke of the execution of Black Tommy at Sydney, in 1827, he said, "I believed the man to be innocent, and I, therefore, attended his trial to aid in the defence of a man who knew not a word of our language, and owed no obedience to our laws." Several Blacks, known to be murderers of parties in Van Diemen's Land, were not tried for their crimes when captured, and removed to Flinders Island. It was felt, rather than declared, that the crime was not murder in our accepted sense of that word.

The Report of the Colonization Commissions in 1840 to the House of Commons contains this sentence: "To subject savage tribes to the penalties of laws with which they are unacquainted, for offences which they, very possibly, regard as acts of justifiable retaliation for invaded rights, is a proceeding indefensible, except under circumstances of urgent and extreme necessity." The strong language from the pen of Mr. Howitt would have lost its sting had this act of justice been performed. "We have actually turned out the inhabitants of Van Diemen's Land," quoth he, "because we saw that it was a 'goodly heritage,' and have comfortably sate down in it ourselves; and the best justification that we can set up is, that if we did not pass one general sentence of transportation upon them, we must burn them up with our liquid fire, poison them with the diseases with which our vices and gluttony have covered us, thick as the quills on a porcupine,

or knock them down with our bullets, or the axes of our wood-cutters."

Two Tasmanian Natives, Robert Jimmey Smallboy and Jack Napoleon Tarraparrara or Timininaparena, had been induced by their friend, Mr. G. A. Robinson, to go with him, from Flinders Island to Port Phillip, upon that gentlemen being appointed Protector of the Aborigines in the latter place. He thought the presence of some civilized Tasmanians might be of service to him with the wilder Australians. These two men were accompanied by three female islanders; viz. Truganina or Lalla Rookh, Fanny Waterfordia, and Maria Matilda Natopolina. Truganina was the special companion of Mr. Robinson in his successful mission to capture the Blacks of the island. The other two women had been sealers' gins, and had also rendered important service to the Government. The two men, Bob and Jack, were two useful Tasmanians, who had accompanied Mr. Robinson for a dozen years, and were well known in Hobart Town.

It is not necessary to our story to say why they left the service of their Protector in Melbourne. In November 1841, they were down in Western Port District, where they formed acquaintance with some runaway sailors, or whalers. To supply their *civilized* necessities, they robbed the huts of some settlers. After a quarrel, the Blacks charged their European sailor friends with having fired at them; and, ultimately, the assault ended in the murder of William Cooke and Yankee, two of the whalers.

The police were soon on the track of the murderers. The women showed Mr. Powlett, Chief Commissioner of Police, the graves of the dead. All five were captured, and brought up for trial in Melbourne. The case was clearly proved against them. I was in Hobart Town at the time of the trial, and took much interest in the proceedings, because my artistic friend, Mr. Duterreau, was so attached to those Aborigines of the island. The old gentleman shed many tears at their fate. Judge Willis saw the difficulties connected with their position as Natives, and much excitement prevailed about the question of legality. The women were set free, and sent back to Flinders Island, but the men were condemned.

Their friend, Mr. Robinson, bore honourable testimony at the trial. Of Bob, who had been with him for eleven years, he declared, "I never knew him guilty of any dishonest act." He

said Jack had been his companion for thirteen years, and that during all that time, his conduct has been most satisfactory. Regarding the case as one of great provocation on the part of the sailors, he told the judge, respecting the two Natives, "I have never found these persons wanting in humanity." Mr. Barry, now Sir Redmond Barry, the real founder of the noble Melbourne Public Library, and the Chancellor of the University, pleaded feelingly for the poor creatures.

But though the lives of these Tasmanians, who had rendered such good service to the State in the Black War, were sacrificed to the demands of the law, justice was not so inexorable when that same year three men were charged with shooting three three native women and a child at Port Fairy, and afterwards burning their bodies. The prisoners were *acquitted* by the jury. But the Governor, Sir George Gipps, has this remark in his despatch home: "It seems to be established beyond any rational doubt, that the three aboriginal women and the child were murdered by a party of white men, who left Mr. Osprey's hut with fire-arms, and returned to it after about an hour's absence, on the 23d of February, 1842; that two at least of the persons who have been acquitted accompanied the party."

In May 1826, the trial of Jack and Dick took place in Hobart Town. The excellent Governor was resolved to give the accused every supposed chance of fair play, although he had, like previous governors, neglected to place at the bar of justice such white men as had murdered black fellows. The two were charged with committing a murder, and were condemned only upon the evidence of convict stock-keepers, who were thought by some to have been concerned in the death for which the others suffered. Colonel Arthur nominated counsel to defend the Natives, and had interpreters to aid on the occasion. Old Dick, a miserable victim to disease, was carried screaming to the gallows. In his struggles he loosened his arms, and reached upward to his neck, a deluge of blood pouring from his mouth. The hangman laid hold of his legs, and so hastened the strangulation. The other man walked quietly to the scaffold, protesting to the last that he was not even present at the melancholy affair. They were thus launched into eternity; "there," says the historian of the event, the Rev. Mr. West, "to discover whether a warfare in defending their soil from the spoilers, and their

females and children from outrage and destruction, were or were not crimes in the estimation of the almighty Creator of all men."

The criticism of the anti-Government paper, the *Hobart Town Colonial Times*, of that date, brings out the leading principles of law as applicable to the Aborigines:—

"By reference to our report of the proceedings of the Supreme Court, it will be seen that the two Aborigines, named Jack and Dick, have been tried and found guilty of murder. We are aware of the legal dogma that all persons on English land become subjected to English laws. Good! But as far as these poor wretches are concerned, it is not quite clear that as relates to them it is English ground. It is true that formal possession has been taken of this country by the hoisting of the English flag, and by other mummeries of the same description. But what do these poor creatures know of this?" After the citation of cases, the editor proceeds: "We hope there are those here who will use their influence to prevent these poor creatures becoming victims to a breach of law which they understood not, and their responsibility to which is questionable by the very highest authority. As examples, their execution will be worse than useless."

The civil position of the Aborigine is thus pointed out by Judge Willis: "As a British subject, he is presumed to know the laws, for the infraction of which he is held accountable, and yet he is shut out from the advantage of its protection when brought to the test of responsibility. As a British subject, he is entitled to be tried by his *peers*. Who are the peers of the black man?" Governor Hutt, of Western Australia, in a despatch to Lord Glenelg, said: "Here is one class of Her Majesty's subjects, who are debarred a true and fair trial by jury, whose evidence is inadmissible in a court of justice, and who consequently may be the victims of any of the most outrageous cruelty and violence, and yet be unable, from the forms and requirements of the law, to obtain redress, and whose quarrels, ending sometimes in bloodshed and death, it is unjust, as well as inexpedient, to interfere with." Lord Stanley sympathised in the wish to do something for the Natives' relief, writing, in a despatch to Governor Gipps, "agreeing, as I do, in the general opinion that their evidence should, to a certain extent at least, be received in the courts of law."

Mr. Protector Robinson often felt the want of a code suited to the Aborigines. In 1843, he asserted that "the destruction of the aboriginal native has been accelerated from the known fact of his being incapacitated to give evidence in our courts of law. I have frequently had to deplore, when appealed to by the Aborigines for justice in cases of aggression committed on them by white men, or by those of their own race, my inability to do so in consequence of their legal incapacity to give evidence."

Among other expressions of opinion this is that from Mr. Eyre, afterwards Governor of New Zealand, and lately Governor of Jamaica:—

"It is true that they do not cultivate the ground; but have they, therefore, no interest in its productions? Does it not supply grass for the sustenance of the wild animals upon which in a great measure they are dependent for their subsistence? Does it not afford roots and vegetables to appease their hunger, water to satisfy their thirst, and wood to make their fire? or are these necessaries left to them by the white man when he comes to take possession of the soil? Alas! it is not so. All are in turn taken away from the original possessors."

To show that the Native has no home, let the judgment of Judge Willis, of Melbourne, be cited: "I have," said he, "on a recent trial stated my opinion, which I still maintain, that the proprietor of a run, or, in other words, one who holds a lease or licence from the Crown to depasture certain crown-lands, may take all lawful means to prevent either Natives or others from entering or remaining upon it."

The Aborigines, therefore, are pronounced by the laws of civilized England to be without right or title to the land they have first occupied, and occupied as a people for some thousands of years; they are forced into the condition of subjects to the Crown, without the recognition of civil rights; and they are, furthermore, admitted to have no claim to rest their foot upon the soil which they had supposed their own. It was reserved for modern Christian civilization to advance, and act upon, a theory, which ancient heathen philosophy would have declared inhuman and unjust.

CHAPTER XIII.

CIVILIZATION.

An interesting discussion has occupied the minds of the learned. Archbishop Whately gave utterance to the opinion, entertained by most of the so-called religious world, that barbarism was merely the result of lost civilization, and that no instance had occurred of unassisted elevation.

Certainly Australia has given little evidence of self-exaltation; simply preserving, as far as we can discern, that measure of civilization brought by the dark people from the parent-home of India, or wherever else it may have been. It has been usual to allow that the ingeniously constructed boomerang was a remnant of previously existing civilization, or, at least, copied from the Egyptians when their fathers were their neighbours; but Sir John Lubbock regards it as a step in advance, and urges, "We cannot look upon it as a relic of primeval civilization." Sir Thomas Mitchell once said of the Australians, "Perhaps the iron tomahawk is the only important addition made to their implements during the last three or four thousand years." Mr. Tylor favours the idea of gradual progression from within. He sees the evidence of this in some of the lowest tribes, and talks of "a growth in man's power over nature, which no degrading influences have been able permanently to check." Mr. George Roberts, the geologist, assumes something of the same, when he writes, "A small amount of anthropological data accumulated already by travellers, shows that the manners, customs, and other features of the Stone Age are still existent, and that a separate scheme of progress throughout time must be drawn for every people in every land."

The "Degradation Theory" of Archbishop Whately has been contested by Sir John Lubbock, one of the ablest ethnologists

of the day. He cannot see reason in the argument presented on the other side that climatic circumstances influence men, as Abbé Domenech represents in his work on the Deserts of North America, where he says: "A country rich in the beauties of nature, possessing a mild climate and a fertile soil, abounding in natural resources, influences the moral character of its inhabitants to a considerable extent, by diminishing their physical wants, and the labour necessary to supply them, and by leaving more leisure and more strength for the development of their intellectual faculties." Sir John replies that the Tasmanians, &c., were "living in countries eminently suited to our domestic animals and to the cultivation of cereals, and were yet entirely ignorant both of the one and the other."

He then turns to the pre-civilization doctrine, remarking, "It is, I think, improbable that any race of men who had once been agriculturists and herdsmen should entirely abandon pursuits so easy and so advantageous; and it is still more improbable that, if we accept Usher's very limited chronology, all tradition of such a change shall be lost." He instances the fact that no fragment of pottery has ever been found belonging to Australia before the occupation by Europeans. He sees five stages of civilization: 1st, Omnivorous; 2d, the Hunting condition; 3d, the Pastoral; 4th, the Agricultural; 5th, when Letters and Coins were used. Sir John Lubbock, at the British Association at Dundee, carries out hopefully his views. "We shall not," said he, "be the less inclined to adopt them on account of the cheering prospect which they hold out to the future. If the past history of man has been one of deterioration, we have but a groundless hope of future improvement; but if, on the other hand, the past has been one of progress, we may fairly hope that the future will be so too."

Captain Grey, the explorer of Western Australia, saw the same result. "We cannot argue," said the traveller, "that this race was originally in a state of civilization, and that from the introduction of certain laws among them, the tendency of which was to reduce them to a state of barbarism, or, from some other cause, they had gradually sunk to their present condition; for, in that case, how would those laws, which provide solely for the necessities of a people in their present state, have been introduced amongst them?"

Being desirous of learning the opinion of that excellent missionary and judicious scholar, the Rev. Mr. Ridley, upon the question, I wrote to ask him if he knew anything in the condition of the Australian natives that would sanction Archbishop Whately's argument. In his reply he says: "It is difficult to reconcile their actual ignorance of the use of clothes and houses, and no tribes that I ever saw had any idea when first discovered by white men of the use of either, with the supposition of pre-existing civilization." And yet he thought the highly developed language afforded a clue to another and higher condition formerly.

Dr. Von Martius, the Brazilian traveller, rather favoured the degeneration theory. Mr. Tylor, a philosophical writer, says: "I do not think that I have ever met with a single fact which seems to me to justify the theory." He could rather, with Sir John Lubbock, look forward hopefully to the rise of the race. "The course of development," said he, "of the lower civilization has been on the whole in a forward direction, though interfered with occasionally and locally by the results of degrading and destroying influences."

The idea of a previously existing civilization known to the Australians and Tasmanians receives some support from the inquiry into their superstitions. Although that subject will be treated *in extenso* in a subsequent work upon the ethnology of those two races, it is sufficient to say that customs were retained, and traditions were taught, which evidently were fragments of knowledge belonging to other climes. The language, from its beauty and grammar, has been long regarded as the chief argument. The Rev. Dr. Lang says of it: "There is an adaptation for the expression of shades of thought decidedly indicative of a mental power and accuracy far beyond what the present habits of the people would lead one to suppose." But he cannot be so readily followed when he speaks of them as "originally a comparatively civilized people, strongly addicted to maritime pursuits, &c." He esteems them a race driven from "their own happy home," and "forced to become wild men," adopting as a matter of choice a mode of life originally one of necessity. Then he exclaims in wonder—"How has he completely lost his superior skill in navigation? How has he ceased entirely to be a cultivator of the soil?"

The non-progression of some races has been accounted for on geological grounds. Mr. C. S. Wake contends that the Asiatics are inferior to the Europeans, as inhabiting an older formation; while the Africans are still more degraded, because dwelling in a region so long undisturbed by geological changes. On this supposition he places the Australians lowest in the scale, because he has been informed that New Holland is the oldest country, geologically considered, on the face of the earth. He assumes, too, that our southern races were, in the infancy of their career, placed most unfortunately as to climate and soil; that this retarded their progress when they might have grown, until they became so stunted in intellect as to transmit ever since a low and enfeebled condition. Once it was supposed that nothing but primary and tertiary rocks existed, the secondary being absolutely unknown in Australia. But recently a sufficiency of the last formation has been discovered to place that continent on a level with the civilized world of Europe. There is nothing so lithologically *sui generis* as to put the Australians and Tasmanians out of court. Do the Laurentian rocks of Scotland presuppose the existence there of the primitive people of the world?

But Sir Samuel Baker, the author of one of the most interesting books of travel ever published, has contended for the uncivilization of his very rude equatorial Blacks on a geological plea. He first claims for them a lofty antiquity, upon the idea of their country—mostly of secondary rocks—having been undisturbed while other regions were convulsed with change. He finds them so ignorant of a Supreme Being, so lost in brutishness, that he regards them as being "cut off from that world, lost in the mysterious distance that shrouded the origin of the Egyptian Nile." Assuming that "the historical origin of man, or Adam, commences with a knowledge of God," he proceeds: "Historic man believes in a Divinity; the tribes of Central Africa know no God. Are they of our Adamic race?"

The same argument can be applied to our Tasmanians with even greater force. Mr. Logan says: "The ultra-Indian and Indian races, whose migrations gave the earliest known population to the Eastern Isles, had not advanced beyond the Australian grade of culture when these migrations commenced." As they were, so they remained. Disconnected, we may say, as the

equatorial negroes, they never advanced, as they could not raise themselves. There is this difference, however, between them: the Tasmanian had no way of contact with higher cultivation, while the African, with the great Nile highway, must have had the shadow of old Ethiopian culture, although he failed to be impressed with its value. The latter never tamed the elephant; the former never improved native fruits by culture. Both simply belong to the unadvancing races.

On the aptitude of the Tasmanians and Australians, Dr. Davis has some observations, after an inspection of some of their skulls. He assumes that they were "rendered by nature utterly devoid of the power to receive that which is designated *civilization* by the Europeans—*i.e.* an extraneous and heterogeneous cultivation, for which they have no taste or fitness, but which has to be thrust upon them by the high hand of presumed philanthropy, and under the influences of which their own proper endowments are constantly injured, and they themselves are inevitably destroyed."

When lately examining the splendid collection of crania in the *Jardin des Plantes* of Paris, I took up a skull of a Tasmanian, and requested the opinion of an eminent French anthropologist upon it. He was pleased to describe it as equal to that of most civilized people of Europe, and superior to many crania of the educated. No phrenologist could object to its development, or doubt the civilization of the man on whose shoulders it once rested. Van der Hoeven had noticed that the skulls of Tasmania and New Caledonia equalled those of Europe in size, though they were different in shape. This induced a writer in the *Anthropological Review* to say: "Have we not in this fact a key to the psychological peculiarities which discriminate the two races? Is it not the different conformation of brain, running through all its organization, that lies at the basis of the great essential diversities of the two peoples?—one of which may be called the civilizable, or ceaselessly and almost endlessly progressive; the other, savage and stationary—if moved, moved only to destruction."

The American Indians were of old placed with the Tasmanians among the unimprovable races. Both roamed the forests, clad in skins of beasts, and subsisting upon the produce of the chase. The wigwam was preferable to the gunyah; but the seasons of

the beaver-land were sterner than the soft airs of Tasmania. The cultivation of the ground and the tending of cattle were despised by both peoples. The settlers believed both of them incapable of labour, and unqualified for improvement. And yet nations of refinement have arisen in the depths of the forest, and left vast memorials of intellectual greatness. The conformation of mummy skulls in Peru, and the crania of ancient Mexico, alike indicate the identity of the past with the present Indians. How then did these barbarians of so low a physical type become raised to such a social eminence?

It is said in their legends that white and bearded men from the mountain lake Titicaca, and the pale-faced Quetzalcoatl from the plateau of Central America, brought the general blessings of civilization to the Red man. The savages were humanized by a few strangers of a superior order and benevolent character, and not by the inroad of an extensive emigration, like that of the English in Australia. Numbers, unless governed by good motives, rather repel than attract the barbarian.

Something has been done in more modern days to raise the rude Indian. Some Christian boys in white surplices, led by a venerable monk, walked quietly through an Indian encampment, sweetly chanting a service of the Church. The entranced warriors and their squaws gazed and listened, till wonder and pleasure brought tears to their eyes, and their knees to the stranger. A marvellous change was wrought by these Jesuits in Paraguay; but the Spanish authorities interfered with the mission, confiscated the property, expatriated the fathers, and gave the lands to greedy colonists. The pueblo is in ruins, the churches are lost in tangled thickets, the fields are a wilderness, and the converts are naked savages of the rocks or pampas again.

We often speak of the Primitive man; where is he? The very despised Tasmanian had advanced in one respect, according to our notions of civilization, beyond the age of Abraham. We read of him marrying his half-sister; a practice which, though recognised as proper with his people, was abhorrent to the customs of Diemenese. The primitive man owned no family, for the children were the mother's only. With the wild race in the South, the father had a place in the community.

The Tasmanians had already advanced. But why had they not done more? Not certainly because of the fright their

escaped ancestors got at the Deluge, according to Dr. Martius; nor because, as Schlegel considered, they were so doomed by the law of nature. Why should they not have formed some rude pottery, when able to construct nets? But how did it happen that their clever neighbours of New Zealand and the South Seas were equally ignorant of clay moulds? It was not because, according to Klemm, they belonged to the Passive formation. Ritter once said of the Africans: "Must it be that civilization is to be brought from the exterior and inoculated, so to say, upon the inhabitants of the Soodàn, because, to judge according to the entire development of history, the others are called upon to give, and these to receive!" It was in this way that Eichthal would regard them as a portion of the *female* element of humanity in organization. It could not be because of their deficiency in physical beauty, as Courtet de l'Isle supposed, for perfection of form is a matter of taste. Other authors have regarded their inertness from the inauspicious position in which nature placed them. But, as Dr. Waitz properly observes, "The white man is not less dependent on external circumstances in his progress toward civilization than the black man." Mr. Buckle makes the civilization of Egypt, India, and Mexico, to arise from fertility of soil, while others see the advance of Europe from the rigour of climate and the inhospitality of soil. A German author declares for the state "where a people living in a healthy climate is master of the soil." But this was the condition of the Tasmanian.

The antagonism to progress, according to that thoughtful anthropologist, Mr. Wake, F.A.S.L., lies in the "permanent arrest of mental development." They were, to use the familiar expression of farmers, *bark-bound*, so as to present no perceptible growth. But Dr. Waitz, while acknowledging the tendency of the uncultivated, "be it European or African," to resist progress, according to the law of inertia, wishes it to be understood that the state "does not irresistibly lead to the conclusion that savage peoples are irreclaimable." Mr. Wake takes this hopeful view: "The explanation of the arrested development of the Chinese will be also that of the degradation of the negro and the native Australian; and an examination of the subject will show that both may be accounted for by the influences of the external conditions of existence, without requiring in

either case an original inferiority of physical or mental development." Lauzun, 200 years ago, saw the chaos of Genesis in the condition of Ireland. And Desgrigny calls the Irish "such beasts that they have hardly a point of humanity. Nothing moves them. Menaces astonish them not. Even interest cannot engage them in work!" Is not this a case of "special stolidness," or of "arrest of mental development"?

While the Native has been too readily pronounced incapable of civilization—that is, the acceptance of our form of civilization—sufficient apology has not been made for the conservative influence of tribal usages. Bound by the chain of custom, and swayed by the practice of forefathers, it is no less difficult for us to engraft our manners upon the naked savage, than upon the cultivated Hindoo. How could we expect to change the course of thought in such barbarians, when we have succeeded so ill in our teaching elsewhere? and that with races accustomed to think, and dependent upon us! The antagonism of aboriginal traditions and unwritten enactments to our projects of civilization has been thus expressed by Captain (now Sir George) Grey:

"He is in reality subjected to complex laws, which not only deprive him of all free agency of thought, but, at the same time, by allowing no scope for the development of intellect, benevolence, or any other great moral qualification, they necessarily bind him down in a hopeless state of barbarism, from which it is impossible for him to emerge, so long as he is enthralled by these customs, which, on the other hand, are so ingeniously devised as to have a direct tendency to annihilate any effort that is made to overthrow them."

To break through these, after having been subject to such laws, would require the self-denying, self-sacrificing courage which a Jew must exercise to become a Christian. The rarity of success with the latter class should teach us modesty and patience when attempting the civilization of savages.

The effects of our civilizing processes have not always been happy, and have not proved very enduring. The first Aborigines with whom the English were brought in contact were the Indians of North America, and after that Hottentots, Australians, and Tasmanians. The language of Mr. Commissioner Bigge, as applied to Africa, has much force when used in other directions: "I am not aware," wrote he, in 1830, "if any attempt have been

made or sanctioned by the Colonial Government to instruct the Hottentots, or to promote their improvement." Although a redeeming feature is prominent in the Australian and New Zealand Governments, especially since 1840, still the civilization of Natives has been left to chance influences, or to mere contact of the white and coloured man. The effort to raise the latter has been made without the direction of reason, conducted without system, and led by no benevolent impulse.

Not to refer at present to the extent of this civilization, let us look to the effects upon the race supposed to be benefited by its blessings. Although one branch of this subject is brought under notice in the chapter on "Decline," a few words upon the broad basis may be expedient. M. Rienzi, like many others, saw light and hope for the future of the Aborigines in the use of such means, and thus dwells upon the prospective advantages to the Van Diemen's Land Natives: "They have no other means of safety than to adopt the civilization of those whom they have unhappily learnt to despise; therefore they will finish by disappearing from the soil which belonged to them. A glory bright enough is reserved to the English; it is to enlighten and soften these ferocious islanders; it is to ameliorate their condition, in expiation of the evils which they have done to them."

The Rev. J. H. Hagenauer, Moravian Missionary to the Blacks of Victoria, in answer to one of my questions, as to the effect of our civilization upon them, gave the key to the difficulties of our work in saying: "In general it has thrown them back into a sort of despair." They are oppressed by our weight, and sink under the burden. This leads them to drink, as affording them a relief from their sense of abasement. This renders families unfruitful. This lowers the nervous tone, predisposing to disease, and arresting the progress of recovery. This robs of energy, so that they become feeble hunters, relinquish exercise, and depend upon the food of charity.

Men are accustomed to talk about the virtues of national elevation, without realizing the meaning of the term. One has written these thoughtful words: "*Progress* is a taking word, and civilization, like a cardinal's red hat, covers a multitude of sins and crimes. It is a tinkling cymbal, which drowns the noise of all other discordant things." We appropriate the land of a people, and gratify our self-love, while silencing the accusations

of conscience, by promising them all the delights and exaltations of our civilization in return. How ill we perform our part of the bargain, history can tell. They did not ask for bread, but we promised it, and then we gave them stones. Though not fascinated by our fruit of knowledge, we gave them some, and it proved to their taste but the apple of Sodom, with its ashes, that filled them with pain and disgust. The learned Austrian *savan*, Dr. Hochstetter, gave utterance to a sad experience when he wrote: "Despite the many advantages it has brought to the Natives, the European civilization and colonization acts upon them, after all, like an insidious poison, consuming the inmost marrow of their life." Mr. Consul Pritchard contends that, "just as the white man and the influences which accompany him intrude upon the home of the Pacific Islanders, so the latter, accepting the habits of the former, gradually but too surely wane."

There must indeed be something terribly wrong in our teaching, or faulty in our principles. Civilization indicates advancement, and has with it associated all that can enhance the happiness, purify the nature, and elevate the being of man. But much of that which is extolled is too often of a *pseudo* character; else, why is it that, at the present epoch of our national progress, so many authors lament the curses of our refinement? One has said, "Whatever civilization has done, it has not, to all appearance, materially diminished the sum of human misery and crime. Is all civilization, then, but a vicious circle, and our efforts, from century to century, but the oscillations of a pendulum?—Is it only a change of *form* in man and in states, not an essential change of nature or condition?" At any rate, we may say with Sir John Lubbock, "In reality we are but on the threshold of civilization."

To expect, therefore, from barbarians raised to civilization, a great exhibition of the virtues, and a considerable accession of enjoyment, may be hoping for that which we cannot observe among our own selves. They wear our clothes, and lose their grace and health. They eat our food, and suffer indigestion and idleness. They learn our language, and assimilate our vices.

May it not be that the very great contrast between our state and theirs strikes them with awe, and appals them by its magnitude? Might we not more wisely, and more successfully,

introduce some of our maxims and practices which could be easily engrafted upon theirs, without requiring them absolutely to resign their own, or contemptuously deride the ways of their forefathers?

It must be confessed, to the shame of our age and progress elsewhere, that we know not how to treat the Aborigines. "Search history," says Mr. F. Boyle, F.R.G.S., "and in the north and south, east and west, the story is ever the same,—we come, we civilize, and we corrupt, or exterminate." We attempt too much at first. If we meet with a hunting tribe, we seek to make them farmers and clerks at once. In the processes of nature, it took, perhaps, thousands of years to effect this transformation with our own ancestors, when we would fain accomplish it in a year with others.

Mr. Brooke, jun., of Borneo, had no such great expectations of immediate returns, when—speaking of the Bakatans—he writes: "who have become sufficiently civilized to build habitations, although they will be little able to appreciate them for at least a generation to come." De Maistre exhibits our folly and failure with Natives. "For three centuries," exclaims that author, "we have been there with our laws, our arts, our sciences, our civilization, our commerce, our luxury; what have we gained upon the savage state? Nothing! We destroy these unfortunates with the sword and brandy; we thrust them insensibly into the desert interior; until, at last, they disappear entirely, victims of our vices as much as of our cruel superiority."

Our striking failure with both Australians and Tasmanians has brought forward many apologies for our ill-success, and some commiseration for the Blacks themselves. Mr. ex-Protector Dredge exclaims indignantly, "They have been treated empirically; and, because the nostrums have proved valueless, their failure is attributed to some latent, inherent incompetency in the patients, which places them beyond the reach of ameliorating appliances; and we are upon the point of pronouncing their case hopeless, and abandoning them to their wretched fate."

This outburst of virtuous indignation is hardly justifiable. Mr. Dredge and several other gentlemen were sent to Port Phillip about 1840 to act as Assistant Protectors under Mr. G. A. Robinson, the Tasmanian hero of the Conciliatory Mission. They had their own plans, they had the support of the Home

Government, they had abundant supplies of money, and they failed. Even Mr. Robinson—who tried so desperately to civilize the Tasmanians on Flinders Island, and was held forth to be the very man to raise and save the Blacks—when removed to a new colony, under the most favourable circumstances, with a good staff, and the smile of the authorities, hardly ever attempted anything for the civilization of the Port Phillip Natives, and lived there long enough to witness the extinction of several important tribes under his protection, and the miserable decline of all others.

Count Strzelecki takes another view of the case in these words: "The Natives appeared unable to comprehend civilization, which to them consisted in a routine of irksome labours; and a critical examination of their religious views and attainments was ever a ludicrous and deplorable exposure. Why, then, continue that vegetative existence upon the isolation principle, which, if partially successful in one point of view, was yet wholly the reverse in every other, as it took from these poor creatures every hope and joy, every object and motive of exertion and of life, and gave them nothing they either understood or cared for in return? Why tear children from their clamorous parents, training them in spite of both parties into habits which they are ready on the first opportunity to abandon."

Lord John Russell having once said, "The best chance of preserving the unfortunate race lies in the means employed for the training their children," a great impetus was given to native schools. I have seen the Polish count's language illustrated in life. Once, in particular, I was much affected at seeing a Lubra at the door of the Black School, crying out piteously, with tears flowing down her maternal cheeks, "Jemmy, you come. No you stop along there. Jemmy—you come along a me." The English words were more intended for the softening of the heart of the Protector than reaching the ear of the child. And what was the result? Simply this, that the boys and girls, after all the care and training, took to the Bush. And when the excellent Archdeacon Hale succeeded in forming his depôt at Port Lincoln on a new principle—the association of schooled and civilized Blacks on a station by themselves—while the immediate results seemed Christian and satisfactory, it was soon perceived that nothing but new importations could support the colony,

for hardly ever was a child born, while the deaths were sad indeed.

Some complaint having been made in the colonies of native lads, brought up by the settlers, taking themselves off to the Bush, and delighting in the rude habits of the tribe, the editor of the *Gazette* in 1819 thus moralizes:—"In all this was nothing to be wondered at; that state among the white population that was assigned them was positively little better than the one they had forsaken; the meanest offices of drudgery, always reflecting on their minds a picture of debasement, a want of attention to their common wants, of which our very dogs and horses have not to complain. Such treatment could not be considered a fair trial of their capacities or fixed inclinations. Out of the woods the poor half-civilized Native has no chance of a mate; no chance of ever sharing in the tender feelings of a parent, which the very crocodile evinces."

The great obstacle to our civilizing exertions lies in the introduction of intoxicating liquors. Who can adequately describe the effects of strong drink upon aboriginal people? The prison, the asylum, the many spectre-haunted homes of civilization tell what it has done for us. Its history unfolds more horrors than pestilence, more miseries than famine, more destruction than war. But we have some resisting media to its attack; the remedies of medicine, counteracting stimuli, moral antagonisms, the forces of education, the voice of affectionate warning, the pleading example of self-denying ones. But what has the savage? It comes as a friend to relieve his *ennui*, and it supplies the lack of previously existing natural excitements. It represses energies, now no longer required, and it deadens sensibilities, now out of exercise. No shame stays its ravages, for the stranger has stolen native pride. No conscience struggles against its influence, for the canker of new vices has consumed his heart. He is too despised to hear the cautionary word of kindness, and the common moral fall of the tribe drags him quicker, deeper, down to ruin.

Alas! how many a tale could I tell of the ravages of this element of civilization! How full are the narratives of travellers of reference to its effects! How many a missionary enterprise has been arrested or overturned by its introduction! How happily did real civilization progress till the arrival of this

dreadful foe to peace! It came with the settlers into colonies. The Jesuit missionaries suffered from it in Paraguay as soon as the Spanish Government permitted settlements in the country. One of them says of his Indians: "They were not only made to contract a liking for brandy there, but even prevailed upon to bring quantities of it home with them, unknown to the missionaries. By this means drunkenness was introduced into the Reduction (Mission), and caused in it all those disorders that might naturally be expected from barbarians so lately reclaimed." In fact, it destroyed the influence of the padres, and was the principal cause of the ruin of so fair and promising a moral structure. Piotrowski assures his readers that the Ostiacks of Siberia, "although they exhibit no sympathy for the better influences of civilization, are all ready to accept its vices; without exception, they have the true savage love of spirits, and instances have not unfrequently occurred when its victims have drunk themselves to death at a single sitting." Similar records can be written of other races.

The Tasmanians were affected as others by its use. Mr. G. Robertson, the leader of a roving party, says of them: "You must not judge of their capability by what you have seen of those who have been caught and trained to rum-drinking, smoking, and swearing among the most abandoned of our prisoner population." As early as Nov. 7th, 1818, there was a Government order against giving the Natives "Bull," or spirits, "whereby the said Natives have become riotous and offensive by their fighting in the streets, and committing wanton barbarities on each other."

But it is useless to descant further upon evils admitted by all to be the product of drink among the Aborigines.

As at the time of writing this part of the work I am being whirled round the tempest-torn shore of Cape Horn, I am reminded of the swarthy race paddling from islet to islet of Terra del Fuego.

Of their lack of civilization Captain Fitzroy and others have informed us, of their pre-existing civilization we can see no trace, of their ultimate civilization we have little hope. Their origin is set in darkness, their fate is gloomy extinction. Patagonia, with its vast plains of glacial loose rocks and pebbles, presents few attractions for colonization, leave alone

the savage audacity and proud independence of its gigantic Indians. Fuego, though so much more southward, though stormed by western gales, and though oft wrapped in wintry fogs, has so much greater geological advantages, that it may before long be appropriated by Europeans, who will till its rich valleys, fish in its prolific waters, and raise their homesteads to leeward of its wood-crowned hills.

What will then be the fate of its dark tribes? Without a faith, they are little likely to accept of one. Migratory, they will not dwell in huts, or cultivate the soil. Like the Tasmanians, they will have no other land to fly to. They may retire before the white faces more southward from Magellan's Strait, more westward from the sheltered valleys, till the rigour of an inclement coast, and the melancholy of evil days, sink them from sight and memory. As fishers, not bold hunters, they may not, like our islanders, resist the stranger, and oppose the axe and gun with spear and waddy, but pass away in silence, leaving one race less of coloured Aborigines.

From general views of civilization let us descend to particular ones. A writer in the *Christian Recorder* for 1824 gives no flattering picture of Tasmanians when he says, "Though they have now been accustomed for several years to behold the superior comforts and pursuits of civilized men, they have not advanced one step from their original barbarism. All that they have imbibed from us is a smattering of our language, and a fondness for tobacco and spirituous liquors." But there are a few instances where the Tasmanians have been brought up from infancy in the homes of colonists, and have received a good training as well as fair education. But the ingrained barbarism often glanced through the superficial gloss of our civilization.

A good story is told by Mr. Gideon Lang, of Melbourne, about an Australian of his acquaintance, which will apply to the case of the home-taught children of the forests of Van Diemen's Land, and exemplify the difficulty of overcoming the savage instincts. A certain Jemmy, who had been brought up from mere infancy by the missionaries, was able to read his Bible, and was reputed as a fair-going sample of a Christian. One day Mr. Lang found him reading the "Sermon on the Mount," but looking very fierce and gloomy. Upon inquiry, it was learnt that the man's mother was dead. "Bogan black

fellow kill her," said the fellow; that is, though she had died from a lingering disease, he insisted, according to native superstition, that the neighbouring tribe had bewitched her, and occasioned her decease. Resolving upon revenge, and quite forgetting the practical lessons of which he had been reading, Jemmy waylaid and murdered an old friend, but one who, unfortunately, belonged to the other tribe.

The first account of attempting Tasmanian civilization I saw in the *Sydney Gazette* of Sept. 2, 1804. It is related that a child was found in the Bush near Risdon, that had been lost by its native mother, and was taken care of by a gentleman residing at Sullivan's Cove, or Hobart Town. "In compliment to his native soil," says the paper, "and in remembrance of the month upon which it was the will of fate that he should be released from a state of barbarous insignificance, he has been baptized *Robert Hobart May*." In all probability the little foundling was picked up after the massacre of the tribe in May, 1804. The parents had been, perhaps, murdered, and the little one was to be brought up, like a transplanted flower, under uncongenial and unnatural circumstances.

In the course of the work several instances are mentioned of half-civilized Blacks. Few girls were taken into households, for, before their arrival at puberty, their instincts led them to the camp in the Bush, or the tribe stole or decoyed them away. But several persons whom I knew in the island had tried to train up boys.

The children placed at the Orphan Schools of New Town, near Hobart Town, do not appear to have turned out well, though some laudable efforts were made by kind, Christian people to do them good. They could not be happy at the school, and they were not content with their position in a family. However English lads may reconcile themselves with a life of subordinate servitude, it was too opposite to the instincts of the Aborigines, and they fretted under restraint. As a writer in a colonial paper of 1818 observed: "A poor native boy in a kitchen was worse than in a state of solitude; for he had constantly, and the more so as he improved in faculty, to lament a debasement which Nature alone had stamped upon him." Two lads, Joey Tamar and Teddy Flinders, had been placed at the Orphan School at nursing age; but, as they grew up, they were

wearied at the irksome life, and repeatedly broke loose from bounds. Several times they were captured far off in the forest. It was found impossible to tame them, and so they were sent off to their native companions on Flinders Island.

In the Hobart Town paper of August 23, 1823, there is a story of partial civilization. A native girl had learned the equestrian art, and made use of her acquirements to assume the Bush-ranging profession, having stolen a splendid horse, worth one hundred guineas. The *Gazette* went on to relate that "the animal was rode at a full gallop down a valley, in view of Allanvale House, by a black native girl, with a long tether rope round the horse's neck. A servant was immediately sent on horseback in pursuit of the *fair* Tasmanian jockey (the first of her race, perhaps, who has ever before been seen on a horse at full speed); but, owing to her riding the animal so wonderfully fast, the man could not come up with her, after a pursuit of four days."

A few have been so civilized as to contract marriages after the approved fashion of Europeans. The first took place at Launceston. Two, who had long resided in the families of colonists, were formally united in St. John's Church, Launceston, August 16, 1830. On Flinders Island marriages were duly celebrated, though rather an unnecessary form with the free-and-easy living Natives; but it pleased the Whites, and got the pair some extra indulgences.

The civilization practices of Flinders are particularized under the head of "Flinders Island." They belonged rather to the *forced bed* process, and produced a few abortions. Without doubt a great outward change was apparent. Messrs. Backhouse and Walker, in their official report to the Governor of their visit to the place in 1833, expressed much satisfaction. "The women," said they, "are constantly clothed, and are more cleanly in their persons than formerly. They sweep their cottages regularly, rub their tin ware bright, and wash their own clothes, and those of the men, once a week." A moral change appeared: "They attend the public worship on that day (Sunday), and conduct themselves with great decorum; and, however little they may understand the nature of that institution, by their attendance they at least evince a readiness to conform to the wishes of those whom they regard."

A criticism appeared some few years ago in a leading article

of the *Melbourne Argus*, which rather too extravagantly reviewed the Flinders Island system, but which expresses the sentiments of not a few colonists:—

"Look at the means had recourse to in the case of the remnant of the aboriginals of Tasmania! They were beguiled to the number of some hundreds from their native haunts, and transferred to an island in Bass's Straits, where a system of restraint and plodding methodised daily pursuits was imposed upon them, which would be perfectly unbearable to our own people, and has terminated in those savages pining away, and dying *en masse*. They were, in the most literal sense, 'civilized off the face of the earth' by that process of 'vegetable existence' which the European finds too irksome to subscribe to himself, but which he thinks quite good enough to be the preliminary step for introducing and reconciling the wild denizen of the woods to the new condition proffered to him—proffered in so uncongenial, or rather absolutely revolting, a manner that it is impossible of acceptance."

The "Penny Cyclopædia" has no friendly notice of the civilization of Flinders Island. This is the article:—

"It would be tedious to detail the features of the 'civilizing' system pursued there. It is sufficient to mention that every habit and amusement peculiar to the Aborigines has been discouraged; the cumbrous and uncongenial forms and incidents of advanced civilization have been enforced in everyday life; the native language has been as much as possible suppressed; native names have been made to yield to those of the Cæsars, the Hannibals, and the Scipios; a disposition to indulge in the pleasures of the chase has been recorded as a delinquency; and the verbal repetition of the Commandments and the Catechism is alleged as the evidence of religious progress, and a confutation of all disbelief as to the capacity of uncivilized races to appreciate the doctrines of Christianity."

There is no doubt that the over-sanguine mind of Mr. Robinson, his intense energy, and his overwhelming will, did multiply tasks *ad nauseam*, and expect the barbarism of thousands of years to be exorcised by his own word. Too much exultation was manifested at exterior change, and too high an estimate was attached to learning by rote. But it is not less true, that a decided improvement was conspicuous in the tribes that had

been brought there untutored savages, and that they were, on the whole, as happy and contented as could have been expected of such exiles by necessity. The fatal extinction of the race was wrought out there by causes engendered long before. They came there a dying people.

We will hear what Captain Stokes, the explorer, has to say of some who were trained on Flinders Island. He visited the place soon after my arrival in Hobart Town: He speaks thus of two whom I afterwards knew :—"Walter and Maryann, a married couple who had recently returned from Port Phillip, where they had been living in the family of the former superintendent, Mr. Robinson, were so civilized and proficient in all the plain parts of education, that they possessed great influence over their countrymen, who, incited by the contemplation of their superiority, were apparently desirous of acquiring knowledge. The barracks in which the Natives dwell form a square of good stone buildings; but Walter and his wife have a separate cottage, with a piece of land attached. Maryann is a very tolerable needlewoman, and capable of teaching the others." In Dr. Jeanneret's time the pair dwelt in a hut apart from the rest.

I have now before me the original letter addressed by Walter George Arthur, commonly called King Walter, when he sought to buy a piece of land near the aboriginal station of Oyster Cove. When I knew him, he was keeping a boat there, taking charge of the mail, and waiting upon passengers desirous of landing from the steamer. The letter occupies more than three pages of note-paper, and has been rather roughly struck off in a hurry. It has been kindly presented to me by Sir Richard Dry, who thus permitted Mr. Surveyor-General Calder to keep a certified copy in the office. Walter entreats Dr. Milligan, the Protector, to get a certain eight-acre block for him, and, as he says, "ascertain from the Government what would they charge for it, the 8 acres." He gives his reasons for the purchase, and is generous enough to use the plural number in the first person; for his wife, Maryann, being a scholar, and weighing nearly twenty stone, was a partner demanding consideration. "We would very much like to have it," he continues, "to make it a little homestead for ourselves. My reasons for Troubleing you so much is that there is no distance from the water's edge, and that it is more Dryer than the other Piece of ground up the creek by Claytons, and

not only that, if we put anything into the ground up the creek it either gets trodden to Pieces or otherwise rutted up by somebody, or spoiled in some way so that we can't do any good by it." He is too independent to solicit eight acres of the soil seized by the Whites from his nation, but adds: "I mean for to buy it out."

The same person, believing himself possessed of sufficient means to keep a man, applied to Government in 1856 for a convict servant. This was his letter :—

"I beg respectfully to apply for permission to hire a Passholder Servant man subject to existing regulations."

Although many a white man who had been exiled for his country's good, and who had been utterly illiterate, obtained this privilege, it was not thought expedient to place a Christian Englishman under the authority of a savage, and the application was refused. Mr. Calder, who knew him well, gives this report, in 1868, of my aboriginal acquaintance, as it is in reply to a question of my own :—

"Mr. Bonwick asks if the Blacks of Tasmania were capable of *true civilization*. My reply is, '*Yes*, undoubtedly;' and I give as an example the case of Walter George Arthur, a Tasmanian aboriginal, whom I knew well, who was captured when a mere infant, and brought up and educated at the Queen's Orphan School (at Hobart Town). His ideas were perfectly English, and there was not the smallest dash of the savage in him. He was a very conversible man, fond of reading, and spoke and wrote English quite grammatically. His spelling was also quite correct. This man had a hundred acres of land, and knew his rights in relation thereto quite as well as you do yours. An instance of this, quite as creditable to his acuteness, sense of right, and of honourable feelings, was related to me by our old friend Bennison, the surveyor. One of Arthur's neighbours was a grasping and rather unprincipled fellow, who mistook Arthur for a person with whom he might do as he pleased, and encroached on a cultivated part of his land, which Arthur had no idea of suffering. So, after expostulating with him to no purpose, he employed and paid Bennison to resurvey his land, which was done in presence of both litigants. This operation proved that Arthur was right, and that he knew his proper boundaries quite well. And when he saw that his opponent

was satisfied, he said to him, 'Well, Mr. ——, though you have tried to wrong me, I will treat you very differently from what I believe you would have done to me, if I were in your place. You can come on to my land and remove your crop when it is ripe.'"

He was not quite civilized after all, for such conduct was scarcely that generally adopted by our enlightened countrymen.

In the chapter on "Flinders," it is mentioned that, under the auspices of the Rev. Mr. Dove and Mr. Robinson, the Superintendent, a sort of newspaper was established by the Aborigines. One of these papers, consisting of an Address to his fellow-countrymen, was written by Thomas Brune, on Flinders Island, February 19th, 1838. I find appended to the same these words, "Thomas Brune, an aboriginal youth, Editor and Writer." It is presented entire, with the exception of some correction of the spelling, and the use of punctuation.

"And now, my friends, let us love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and with all thy might, and with all thy mind. Love thy neighbour as thyself. And now, my friends, we ought to keep these things, because these are things that we must be to them that love God.

"And now, my friends, in again a place where he taught us when we approach the throne of thy grace, when we pray, to say, 'Our Father which art in heaven, hallowed be thy name, thy kingdom come, thy will be done in earth as it is in heaven, give us this day our daily bread, and forgive us our trespasses, and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil, for thine is the kingdom, and the power and the glory for ever and ever.

"And now, my friends, this is the prayer of God Almighty, which we pray. Pray to God with sincerity and truth.

"And now, my friends, you know that Mr. Dove, speaking to you upon the subject about the prayer of God Almighty, and if you, my friends, pray with sincerity and truth, then you will have that glory which is in Jesus Christ the Son of the living God.

"And now, my friends, pray with sincerity and in truth. Pray well—it is time. Now is the expected time. Now is the day of Salvation. My friends, we must pray always, for it is appointed out that men ought to pray, and our blessed Lord came upon earth to teach us about the doctrines of God and himself. He came upon earth to do the will of Him that sent Him. My friends, don't you believe that He died for poor, guilty sinners? Yes, my friends, we must believe that Jesus Christ came to save sinners.

"Oh, my friends, when we was lying at the brink of Hell's dark door, Jesus Christ came to save that which was lost. Now, my friends, don't you know that Mr. Dove, speaking to you about the prayer of God, said we must pray with sincerity and truth. And, also, my friends, Mr. Clark, speaking to you about the sower went to sow. Some fell on stony rock, and it growed up, and then it withered away. And some fell among the thorns, and they spring up, and the thorns choked them. And some fell by the wayside, and the fowls came and devoured them. And some fell on good ground, and they spring up, and brought forth hundred fold, some sixty fold, and some seventy fold. My friends, they that are on the rocks, they first hear the word of God, and then in temptations fall away. And those that are on the wayside they hear the word of God, and then cometh the devil, taketh them out of their hearts. My friends, that is the way that the devil takes the good words out of our hearts.

"My friends, who was it wrote the ten Commandments? I will tell you, my friends. It was God that wrote these ten Commandments. He wrote them with His fingers, and there is ten of them which we must obey. It is certain that we must obey these laws. These are the laws which the Israelites obeyed, which they had obeyed in the wilderness. They had manna to eat which rained from heaven, and they tempted God in the desert. And they also worshipped two calves, in the which God was displeased.

"THOMAS BRUNE,
Editor and Writer."

Further particulars of the editor and writer may be found in the report of the examination on Flinders Island. His interesting discourse unfolds the character of his mind, and displays his theological acquirements. Perhaps the obscurity of his ideas on dogmatic faith may not be more obvious than might be observed in many village frequenters of church, were they to attempt to put their conceptions of truth on paper, after the manner of Thomas Brune.

The Hon. J. H. Wedge has given me a pleasing story of an aboriginal youth brought under the influence of civilization. While engaged in a survey on the west coast, to the south of Cape Grim, he met with the following adventure:—"My attention," said he, "was arrested by an object, which I at first took to be the stump of a tree, being so perfectly motionless. I was soon made aware of my mistake, for I had no sooner stopped and directed my attention to it, as it struck me that it

somewhat resembled the figure of a man, than the object walked off, and disappeared behind the opposite rising ground. I called out to put my men on their guard, and told them the Native had taken the direction toward the beach. The men went, accordingly, and in about a minute saw, as they said, for I did not see them, about fifteen or sixteen Natives coming stealthily towards them with their spears poised. One of them (Peter Lennon, an old Bushranger) fired off his gun, as he said, over their heads. The Natives at once disappeared, as though by magic, and we saw no more of them. On going to the beach we saw the boy I have alluded to swimming amidst surf that was rolling and foaming in upon the beach. We in vain beckoned him to come out. There he swam in a wonderful manner amongst the breakers, floating over them like a sea-gull, till he was exhausted, and washed ashore apparently dead. I had him taken and laid before the fire, and continued rubbing his body and limbs, which gradually restored him. When sufficiently recovered, I gave him some warm tea and something to eat. In about an hour he was able to accompany us. At first, when I took hold of his hand to lead him, he evinced great fear, fancying, as he afterwards told me, that we were going to kill him. He made one, and only one, attempt to escape. On ascending the steep, rocky northern side of Mount Cameron, he slipped from the man who was leading him, when nearly at the top of the mount, and bounded actively down over the rocks. He was followed and overtaken when nearly at the bottom by Peter Lennon. When brought to me, I caressed and led him down the mount. During this, and the four or five following days, we had a plentiful supply of kangaroo, of which he partook to his heart's content. The quantity he consumed during this time was surprising, and almost incredible—not less than from eight to ten pounds daily. He acquired confidence in, and attached himself to, me after the first 'heavy feed;' and, of his own accord, would take hold of my hand, and walk by my side, sit by me when we took our meals, or stopped to rest, and roll himself in his blanket and lie next to me when we camped at night. He remained with me for a little more than two years, till he died of a pulmonary attack.

"I did not allow him to live with or associate with the servants, but had him to live with me in my tent. He accom-

panied me in all my surveying excursions, during which he always met with the greatest kindness from the settlers, and was allowed to sit at their table when I dined with them. His conduct was always correct and well-behaved, and would compare favourably with most European boys of the same age. On one occasion, when in Hobart Town, he was present at a mixed party of ladies and gentlemen. During the evening one of the gentlemen tried to persuade him to kiss a young lady in the room. He hesitated, and said, 'No good—no good,' meaning, 'not right.' But after being importuned for some time, he watched his opportunity, went behind the lady, and gently touched the neck, and then kissed his fingers. On another occasion, when a party of young ladies were escorted by their parents on their way home for the holidays, they called at the residence of a gentleman near Campbell Town, near which my tent was pitched. The family had shown great kindness to 'May-day' (he was taken on the first of May), and he was invited into the room. The lady of the house requested him to hand refreshments to the ladies, pointing to the eldest lady to be helped first. But one of the youngest had secured his admiration, and, notwithstanding the remonstrance of the kind lady of the house, he persisted in politely handing the viands to the young lady of his choice, to the amusement of all present.

"Having acquired our language tolerably well, I was on the point of teaching him to read, &c., when the severe inflammatory attack of the lungs carried him off. He was faithful, and became very attached to me; and I scarcely think, had his life been spared, that he would ever have returned to lead the uncivilized life from which he was rescued."

At Oyster Cove I witnessed the end of all this civilization. With the exception of Walter and Maryann, the work had been in vain. The others, nearly all old women, were ignorant, almost to brutishness. They lived wretchedly in dirt and neglect. Their food was cooked in a pot from which I saw the dogs allowed to eat. They lay in their clothes, with a dirty blanket in the cold season. They could not read, and they were never read to. They cared not for prayer, and had no one to pray with them. They bartered food and blankets with disreputable neighbours to obtain drink. They sat about on

the ground with their mangy dogs, smoking their filthy pipes, and cackling over stories of their past.

So was it with Jemmy Button of Terra del Fuego. In 1830, at the age of fifteen, he was bought for a button from his father, and brought to England by Captain Fitzroy. There he was petted and schooled. Great were the expectations of his usefulness among his benighted countrymen. Married to a girl that had, also, been educated, and who spoke English and Portuguese well, he was sent off with quite a cargo of good things, even to toilet services. A garden was made and stocked, and the Dandy Jemmy was left with his treasures. A year after Captain Fitzroy returned. The garden was destroyed, the treasures were scattered, and Jemmy was all but naked, with matted, filthy hair. Captain Snow saw him in 1855, "a wild, naked, and shaggy-looking savage." "The man of many hopes," wrote Mr. Snow, "of much talk, and of great name in getting an interest in the mission (while it brought large sums to the account), yet none the less a nude savage like his brethren." He adds, "yet that same poor creature had been the petted idol of his friends here and at home, had been presented to royalty, and finally sent back to Fuego as a passably finished man."

Mr. Dandridge, who is at present in charge of the one Tasmanian woman alive, gave me some intelligence of Mathinna, a girl of singular beauty and mental capacity for an Aborigine. Attracting the notice of the benevolent and literary Lady Franklin, the child was removed to Government House, and carefully and kindly trained by her ladyship. Mathinna pursued her studies with diligence, and became almost accomplished. Her good looks suffered no deterioration by her change of life, but were refined by education and developed by art. The age of early womanhood found her attractive in mind and body. But for whom were these charms to bud? On whom could she bestow her affections, and preserve her virtue? Could she, who had been indulged in the drawing-room of the Governor, who had become used to the luxuries of civilization, be content to be the bride of ever so handsome a Black? Dare she hope to be the mate of an Englishman whose tastes and education were equal to her own. Her moral danger had been foreseen by her kind friends, and many a lecture had she received upon duty. Ladies had warned, and ministers had preached. But the wild

pulses of the girl were speaking too, and the very reading of her tasks had quickened the growth of love. When Lady Franklin went to England, Mathinna was sent among the Blacks, and had the squalid children of the tribe as her companions. With her developed nature, and her being cast down among the refuse of a White population, the consequences may be understood. In a short time she died at Oyster Cove, friendless and hopeless; but affording another opportunity for some to deplore the depravity of human nature, and to lament mistaken kindness to a degraded race.

When, in 1841, Mr. Robert Clark brought to my house in Hobart Town four Tasmanian youths, my feelings of the prospective civilization and happiness of the race were of the most buoyant character. The dear lads were so interesting and artless as to gain my heart. They were clean, cheerful, and intelligent. Dressed in comfortable, and even respectable, European attire, with their fine open countenances, their languid smile, their beautiful eyes, I could not recognise them as the sons of degraded savages. Their replies to my questions were given in such correct English, they read the Testament so fluently, and conversed so agreeably, that I was ready to proclaim their civilization from the very housetop. But when, twenty years after, I saw a company, consisting chiefly of dirty, ignorant, drunken, and ugly old men and women, the last of the race, my sentiments changed most uncomfortably. I sighed for the lads that went childless to their graves. I thought of the dark-eyed maidens, all gone, after a miserable and barren life. I felt, amidst the chill of the present, a melancholy despondency seize me, and all hope of civilization for Aboriginal races seemed to die within me.

The last story to be brought forward, though relating to an Aborigine of New South Wales, is enough to depress the most sanguine worker. I give it in the words of my friend the Rev. G. Ridley:—

"Bungaree, who, after taking prizes at the Sydney College, speaking good Latin, and behaving as a gentleman in elegant society, returned to the Bush, and then entered the Black police, once said, in a melancholy tone, to Lieutenant Fulford (who repeated the remark to me at Surat on the Condamine), 'I wish I had never been taken out of the Bush, and educated as I have been, *for I cannot be a white man;* they will never look upon me

as one of themselves; and *I cannot be a black fellow,* for I am disgusted with their way of living.'"

Is this not enough to make one echo the language of Judge Baron Field, of Sydney, in 1822?—

"Yet deem not this man useless,
But let him pass,—a blessing on his head!
And while in that society, to which
The tide of things had led him, he appears
To breathe, and live but for himself alone,
Unblamed, uninjured, let him bear about
The good, which the benignant law of heaven
Has hung around him; and while life is his,
Still let him prompt the lib'ral colonist
To tender offices and pensive thoughts.

"Then let him pass,—a blessing on his head!
And, long as he can wander, let him breathe
The freshness of his woods.
May never we pretend to civilize,
And make him only captive!
Let him be free of mountain solitudes;
And let him, where and when he will, sit down
Beneath the trees, and with his faithful dog
Share his chance-gather'd meal; and finally,
As in the eye of Nature he has lived,
So in the eye of Nature let him die."

MISSIONS.

The apparent hopelessness of civilization with some races strikes the most careless observer. Forty years ago, a Hobart Town writer despairingly exclaimed of the Aborigines: "Had they any affinity to the African negro we might entertain some distant hope of the possibility of civilizing them." Count Strzelecki, with all his chivalrous regard for the poor creatures, admits the work no easy one, saying: "From what has been observed of the two races, one may affirm, without dread of contradiction, that it would be easier to bring down the Whites to the level of the Blacks, than to raise the latter to the ideas and habits of our race." He presents this apology for his dark friends: "The Christianity which was offered to him was stripped of its charity, and the civilization embraced no recognition of his rights of property. He, therefore, rejected both." The *Van Diemen's Land Courier,* of August 1830, had a lingering hope, after all the failures, that something yet might be done;

saying,—when noticing a project to introduce Chinese labourers into the colony,—"but it is by no means improbable or hopeless that we shall *ultimately* be enabled to tame or instruct these poor people to habits of useful industry."

Had the editor an idea of converting them to habits of industry, as had the Spaniards of the Indians, from the expectancy of getting good labourers out of them? The connexion of the passage with the importation of Coolies would imply as much. The Chinese were to be introduced in the failure of the other, as African negroes were carried to America to do the work of the non-labouring Indians. It is to be feared that much of the benevolent outcry of "civilization!" has an association with selfishness. While many urged expeditions to the interior of Africa, under the guise of rooting out slavery, and introducing a better faith, not a few thought of increased Birmingham and Manchester trade. It was a bitter sarcasm of Bayle's: "It is good to preach the Gospel to savages, because they ought to teach them as much Christianity as to make them walk clothed, as that would be a great benefit to English manufactures." The advocacy of low, mercenary motives to support missions has contributed not a little to this idea.

The noble army of missionaries have ever been the true and best civilizers of men in all ages. These were they who plunged into the marshes of Germany, to rescue the Goths from heathendom. These were they who penetrated the oak-forests of Britain, the bog-paths of Ireland, the sweet vales of Gaul, and the wilds of Russia, that they might raise man. These are they who go now to the desert, to the jungle, to the snows, to fever-haunts, to storm-girt coasts, to dreary wastes—among men, repulsive by their habits, disgusting in their persons, cruel in their hearts—and all to do good to their fellows, to bless them in the world, and lift their heads to God. All honour to these self-sacrificing, earnest ones!

Mistrust of the Whites has ever been the marked feature with the Papuan people everywhere. The only exception has been in the pacific work of the missionary; and the most notable one is seen in the method adopted by that extraordinary hero, the Bishop of Melanesia. I have heard him describe it in Melbourne. Approaching a wooded Papuan isle, he would put off in a boat toward the shore. The Natives were there gesticu-

lating defiance, and brandishing their arms at the advancing stranger. Standing up in the boat, he would throw open his arms to show the absence of weapons upon his person. Then, stripping off his outer dress, he leaped into the ocean, and swam toward the astonished wild men. Rising from the water, he singled out the most formidable-looking warrior, and, with a smiling face, he held out the hand of friendship. It was not in the nature of man to injure so confiding and courageous a being. They would gaze at him as if he were from another world. Then, stroking the head of a youngster, and admiring the beauty of a baby barbarian, he won the heart of the tribe. Though ignorant of the many varied dialects of the Melanesians, he would manage by signs, pointing to sun, ship, and a boy, to say: "Let me have the lad for six months and I will bring him back to you." Who that looked upon the noble, loving, and manly countenance of the Bishop, could mistrust him? He got the consent of the tribe, and gained the lad as well. Six months at the Mission School in New Zealand would give the language to an English missionary, and the lad returned improved to his isle, accompanied by a Gospel messenger. So far the experiment has been singularly successful.

That there was some hope at one time of something being done for the spiritual development of the Tasmanians appears from a letter addressed by the Rev. Mr. Mansfield to the Wesleyan Missionary Society. That gentleman had called in at Hobart Town, on his way to his own sphere of labour in New South Wales, about 1824. Naturally excited by the degraded condition of our Aborigines, he had endeavoured to interest others, especially the Colonial Chaplain, the Rev. Mr. Bedford, in the mission work. An extract from the letter is appended:—

"A considerable interest for them was at that time excited among the inhabitants at large, and in the mind of the Lieut.-Governor in particular. The Rev. Mr. Bedford and myself were appointed by his Honour to draw up a code of rules and regulations for the government of a Native Institution, to be supported partly by the Government, and partly by the public. This task we speedily executed, and the result of our labours received the approbation of the Lieut.-Governor, and of a large meeting held in the church. But I am sorry to add, nothing further has been done. I by no means think the interest has declined; but the

agricultural and commercial distresses of the colony, together with the formidable ravages of a banditti of convicts, who have ever since been at large among the interior settlements, have completely absorbed the public attention. I am fully satisfied that were a missionary sent out expressly for the Natives, he would receive the most liberal encouragement from all classes of the community." As to opposers, he says: "What has been done to try the validity of these objections? The Natives have confessedly fallen into a deep abyss; but what friendly arm has been stretched forth to rescue them? Is it benevolent to leave the sick to die, ere the power of medicine has been tried? It is agreed with all that the attempt must be made with the young."

But the mere attempt was never made.

In December 1826, the Hobart Town paper, in proposing to catch the contending Blacks, and send them to King's Island, suggests that there might be sent with the soldiers "a Gospel missionary or two;" and adds, "Volunteers for such a service, we are convinced, even in this colony, would be readily found."

There is another interesting extract from the *Gazette* of 1826, of an earlier date (Feb. 4th). The editor writes: "We should rejoice to see here, as at Sydney, a clergyman exclusively devoted to promote their conversion; and we think, if no Missionary Society has done it, the Government will be instrumental to promote so laudable an object." Elsewhere he nobly says: "It will be the brightest diadem in the crown of our future greatness if we can civilize and perpetuate this singular people, so as to render them an accession to the labour and strength of society. With this view, we think a portion of productive land ought to be preserved for their use."

This really Christian appeal met with no response from Christian colonists and a Christian Government! In 1829 we have Mr. Widowson exclaiming, in his work on Van Diemen's Land, "I have never heard, nor do I believe, that any teacher of the Gospel ever went half a dozen miles from Hobart Town to inquire into their condition."

But even at an earlier date, in the neighbouring colony of New South Wales, the press had called attention to the religious wants of the Blacks of both settlements. The chief chaplain of all the English stations there, the Rev. S. Marsden, who had inaugurated the mission to New Zealand, was entreated to do

something for a people nearer home. A writer in the *Sydney Gazette* ventures to ask, in the paper of January 1817, why that latter gentleman should be so eager for the conversion of Maories, and so indifferent to the salvation of the New Hollanders and Van Diemen Landers. A discussion ensued, and lasted for two or three issues of the *Gazette*. But as that was the glorious era of colonial slavery, and when a strict and more than Napoleonic surveillance of the press was maintained, with very heavy impending penalties, a notice appeared that the subject was not *agreeable*, and must be discontinued!

The first Wesleyan minister in Australia, the Rev. Samuel Leigh, appealed earnestly on behalf of missions at Port Jackson, and on the Derwent; but his voice was unheeded. A series of letters appeared in the *Sydney Gazette* of 1819, enforcing the claims of the Aborigines. "Are they not," asks the writer, "entitled to the first regards of Old England? And to a reflecting mind must it not appear strange that no body of Christians has yet commiserated their case? Ought we not to show piety at home, in the first case? And then, if after a fair and reasonable trial they should reject every entreaty, and despise all the grace of the Gospel, turn to the islanders at a distance? Who will undertake to send out a plain, zealous Christian missionary for the Aborigines of New Holland?"

British Christians were too busy with savages removed from the Whites, or with the more tractable and convertible negro slaves, to heed the cry from Sydney and Hobart Town.

The last effort made to excite an interest in the spiritual state of the Tasmanians, while they were free in the forests, was by the earnest Archdeacon Broughton, subsequently the first Protestant Bishop of Australia. The settlers of the south were placed under the episcopal charge of the Bishop of Calcutta, and once had a visit from the Archdeacon of Bombay, in 1835, under pressure of ill health. To the Duke of Wellington is Australia under obligations for affording the followers of the Church of England a local head. Archdeacon Broughton came as a learned and faithful minister of their Church. It was on the 1st of April, 1830, that he delivered his primary charge to the clergy of Van Diemen's Land, in St. David's Church, Hobart Town. One object of the excellent man's concern was the condition of the poor Native. This was his earnest language upon the subject:—

THE CORRA LINN OF NORTHERN TASMANIA.

"These hopeless human beings continue to this day in their original benighted and degrading state. I may even proceed further, so far as to express my fears that our settlement in their country has even deteriorated a condition of existence, than which, before our interference, nothing more miserable could easily be conceived. While, as the contagion of European intercourse has extended itself among them, they gradually lose the better properties of their own character, they appear, in exchange, to acquire none but the most objectionable and degrading of ours. The most revolting spectacle which presents itself to a stranger newly arriving on these shores is the sight of their natural occupants reduced to a state of worse than barbarian wildness, by that fondness for intoxicating liquors which they imbibed from our example; and in a reckless addiction to which they are encouraged by many whose superiority in knowledge ought to have been directed to some less unchristian work."

But the war was raging in the island. Bloodthirsty deeds occupied the minds of both races. The day had passed for such a mission. The hope of Christian men had gone.

The failure, however, of all the public efforts to convert the Aborigines in these colonies is enough to dishearten further enterprise. Missions had been organized in New South Wales from 1826, and all had failed. The Lake Macquarie Mission under Mr. Threlkeld lasted till 1841, and then expired. The Church of England Mission at Wellington lived from 1832 to 1843, costing several thousands of pounds, and failed. The Lutheran attempt seemed at first most hopeful, from the enterprise and self-denial of the German teachers; but it sunk in despair. The Roman Catholic Mission, under able Italian monks, on an island removed from settlers, failed as miserably. The Wesleyan Mission flourished for a while, but suddenly collapsed like the rest. Lately the Government Guardian of the Aborigines at Perth, Western Australia, is forced to acknowledge that the Protestant schools have all failed, and that the once hopeful school of the Sisters of Mercy now only contains six little girls. The Committee of Council, Queensland, in their report to the Legislature in 1861, reluctantly concludes:—"The evidence taken by your Committee shows beyond doubt that all attempts to Christianize or educate the Aborigines of Australia have hitherto proved abortive." The simple-hearted German mis-

sionary there, the Rev. J. L. Zillman, acknowledges: "I have found it very hard to make them understand divine things."

Such failures are not confined, however, to our gum forests. Perhaps a few millions of practical heathens may be found in Great Britain and Ireland, with all the array of preaching power. "Did the missionaries of New France," asks the historian of Labrador, "after 150 years of zeal and exertion, leave behind them a single Indian tribe whom they had actually converted to Christianity?" While missionaries were jubilant of success, and Père Lallemont wrote, "We have this year baptized more than a thousand, most of them afflicted with small-pox, of whom a large proportion have died, with every mark of having been received among the elect, and of whom there are more than three hundred and sixty infants—gathered by the angels as flowers in Paradise"—we have Baron de la Houtan writing: "Almost all the conquests gained to Christianity by the Jesuits, are those infants who have received the rites of baptism, and those old men who at the point of death find no inconvenience in dying baptized."

The Austrian Mission at Gondokoro among the Blacks of the Upper Nile, after continuing fruitless for thirteen years, was abandoned in utter despair. The Protestant Mission to the Fuegians, conducted by Captain Allan Gardiner, came to an ignominious end in 1851.

But they who ground an argument, upon the failure of such missions, that the tribes are wholly incompetent to receive scriptural truth, are mistaken. Many are the instances to the contrary. I have had personal experience in Australia of the power of religion on the hearts and lives of Aborigines. There is nothing to prove that the Australians and Tasmanians were not human beings, and as such qualified to understand the goodness of God, and feel a love toward Him. There is a poetical account of a dying Karen missionary, from the pen of the Rev. Mr. Mason, which may be pleasing to the reader of this chapter, as furnishing an illustration of the success of endeavours to convert a black race kindred to the Tasmanians:—

"As soon as the sun sank beneath the linden-leaved 'wood-oil trees, Quala, with the other Karens, lifted up his couch, and laid him down beneath their tall shadows. The mountains, which he was first to cross with the message of salvation, loomed

up before him as he reclined amid the fragrant koempferas, whose large stemless purple and white flowers rise in crowds from the bare earth without a leaf, typical of the resurrection; while the stream, whose noisy, bubbling sources had been his pathway through the gorges, resting at his feet in a quiet cove, and formed a transparent baptistery, encircled by an amphitheatre of floating water-lilies, where thirty-four of those for whose salvation he had prayed and laboured were baptized in his presence. When they looked to place him in that canoe that was waiting for him, 'he was not, for God had taken him.'"

The first supposed Christian convert of Australia was a fine lad, the particulars of whose death I read in the early Sydney papers of 1804. In the very year of the foundation of the colony, 1788, a little abandoned Native child was found by a prisoner of the name of Watt, who kindly took charge of the little thing, naming him James Bath. The *Gazette*, noticing his death, December 15, 1804, adds that he "gave proof of Christian piety, fervently repeating the Lord's prayer shortly before dissolution." At a missionary meeting held in Sydney, in September 1822, there were sitting on the platform two Christianized Aborigines,—the fruit of private religious exertion.

Not to multiply instances, but to show the adaptation of the aboriginal mind to receive a higher faith, one more case may be mentioned. It is that of Edward Warruban, brought to England by Governor Eyre, and confided to the Christian care of that distinguished philanthropist Dr. Hodgkin. He very soon died of consumption. Of his character his excellent friend writes: "We found him a peaceable and innocent character, and we do not remember, at any period, his ever having intentionally done wrong. In meetings for worship, Scripture readings, and other serious opportunities, his deportment was thoughtful and suitable for the occasion." About an hour before he expired, he exclaimed, "The white robe! oh! the white robe!"

Tasmania had its Christian monuments among the dark skins. I was much affected with the story of one dying in Christian hope at Oyster Cove; and the last Protector of the Aborigines, Dr. Milligan, will forgive my saying that I learnt, to his honour as a man, that he was not ashamed to kneel weeping beside the dying Tasmanian, who was calling upon Jesus as his friend.

Messrs. Backhouse and Walker, who paid the exiles a religious visit at Flinders Island, were not indifferent to some exhibitions of good feeling among them. Going to see them at their Sunday exercises, they said, "There was something peculiarly moving in seeing nearly all the remaining Aborigines of Van Diemen's Land, now a mere handful of people, seated on the ground, listening with much attention to the truths of the Gospel." Mr. Walker, many years ago, gave me a narrative of what he, with all the caution of a Quaker, regarded as a genuine conversion there.

Father Clark, as that beloved friend was called by his aboriginal disciples, often spoke to me of his "dear black fellows," and their heartfelt reception of truths which their intellects failed to comprehend. It is now seven-and-twenty years ago since he related, with freely-flowing tears, some stories of his success, the particulars of which have passed from my remembrance. In talking of the mission, he did not find fault with schemes: he would not say, as the Rev. John Williams did of the Australian efforts, "The means used were not, perhaps, well adapted, and not followed up with sufficient energy:" but he admitted the ordinary want of power in the Native mind to understand the mysteries of religion, and their disinclination to inquire. Yet, while he acknowledged this, he said that whenever he spoke simply, and with undisguised emotion, of the love of God, he found willing auditors, and sometimes tearful sympathisers. When he appealed to the affection of their own natures, he observed no want of interest. "And if," said the worthy man, "so few died joyfully blessing their God, are they singular in that respect? Do we find so many of our own people in the colony departing in lively hope?"

In a letter I received from Oyster Cove just twenty years ago, Mr. Clark again referred to his work, and said:—

"Several have given testimony, in their own simple manner, that they knew for what purpose the Lord Jesus Christ came into the world. One of the last persons who died before we left Flinders, and one who for more than two years had been correct and well-behaved, was in the habit of praying regularly; and, when suffering from disease, which kept him awake at night, spent three nights in prayer when dying, and conscious he was so. His last words were, 'Lord Jesus Christ, come, and take me

to thyself.' This was in the hearing of the greater portion of the people who are yet alive. He was a good man."

Though the civilization of the race proved a failure, the death-bed story of the Tasmanians proves that they had an inner nature, that they could live the life of Christians, and that they could die their death. May we, with all our knowledge, grope in no greater darkness than these at last!

CHAPTER XIV.

DECLINE.

In taking up this painful subject—the Decline of the Tasmanians—it would be impossible to dissociate that fact from the advent of the Europeans. Though the Cacique spoke of his people as melting like snow before the sun, when the pale faces came; yet it was not in the gentle manner of the disappearance of the snow, which passes onward at the solar approach, but only to rise and greet him, to fold round his bright orb, and add increasing beauty to his beams. The Aborigines have not been suffered simply to pass off and onward before colonization, but have been hurried in their departure; and this, not by the gifts from Egyptian impatience, but by the poison of contact, and the sword of destruction.

It has been usual to associate the history of Indians and Spaniards with that of Tasmanians and Englishmen. But if there are some points of resemblance, there are, also, objects of contrast. With the one, the conquest of the Aborigines was necessary before the settlement of the country; with the other, the paucity and feebleness of the population presented no such barrier. Repeated efforts of an outraged but gentle race to extricate themselves from the grasp of those desecrators of their altars, violators of their homes, and murderers of their kindred, naturally led to their destruction. But the roamers of the gum forests were exterminated, not because of their political hostility, or for their insurrection against the Colonial Government, but when, chiefly embittered by the brutality of convict stock-keepers and shepherds, they drove off the flock to the scrub, they applied the lighted bark to the hut of the wilderness, and they hurled the spear at the solitary one.

A difference in the object should also be observed. In the establishment of Australian colonies, the motive was either the

convenience of Government in ridding England of a social curse and incubus, or the cupidity of men of enterprise. The weal of the Native was not contemplated in the arrangements of the one, or the calculations of the other. With the organization of Spanish empires in America it was otherwise. The idea was not one of mere conquest and lust, but, strange to say, of assumed Christian feeling and benevolence. Alas! to carry out that principle, the steel armour accompanied the linen cassock; the clanking of swords mingled with the exhortation of preachers; the smoke of ruined cities rose with the perfume of the censer; and the shrieks of victims entered the portals of heaven, in company with hymns to the gentle Jesus.

The crowns of England and Spain recognised to a certain extent the rights of the Aborigines to protection. The last-named did more—the object of invasion was declared to be the conversion of the heathen. The expeditions departed with all the solemnities of religious worship, and the sanction and blessing of the Pope himself. The hearts of the faithful were excited by pious enthusiasm, and tearful eyes indicated depth and purity of emotion. Pizarro was required to convey in each vessel of his warriors a certain number of ecclesiastics. That same man of blood, in his celebrated contract with Almagro and Father Lugue, was quite pathetic in his expression of the Virgin's love to Indian souls. Colonial functionaries had reiterated instructions that the conversion of the Natives was the primary object of the Home Government; though the American historian is forced to admit that "unfortunately in this laudable purpose they were not often seconded by the colonists themselves."

Then, again, admitting, as we do with profound grief and strong indignation, all that has been narrated of the atrocities of the Spaniards, we have sets-off of a pleasing character, which shine not upon the page of Australian story. If there was a Cortez, there was a Las Casas. The evangelizing missionary issued from the bosom of the same nation as gave birth to the desolating conqueror. The garotte of Atahualpa, and the fiery bed of Montezuma, are revolting objects of contemplation. But who can imagine without satisfaction the Christian fane in the cactus wilds, the grouping of Indian worshippers, and the red-skin students of the schools? Even the eloquence of the Protestant Prescott is aroused at the thought of the self-denying Spanish

Padre, whom that historian describes as "at all times ready to lift up his voice against the cruelty of the conqueror, and the no less wasting cupidity of the colonist; and when his remonstrances, as was too often the case, have proved unavailing, he has still followed to bind up the broken-hearted, to teach the poor Indian resignation under his lot, and light up his dark intellect with the revelation of a holier and happier existence."

Who ever heard of the English missionary to the poor Tasmanians? We threw him a crust, or sent him a bullet; we laughed at his corrobory, or carried off the wife of his home; but we never thought of his soul. It is true the church bells toned in his ear; but they pealed not for him. The robed teacher addressed the Deity; but the prayer was not for him. Men wept for the votaries of Boodh, and sighed for erring Israel; but no tear fell for him. Entrenched in the pride of their spiritual citadel, Christians had no sympathy for the dark, opossum-rug clad wanderer, over whose plains their flocks browsed, and in whose rich vales their corn waved.

We have not the miserable satisfaction of feeling, in the decline of the Tasmanians, that our motives in the occupation of their country, and the consequent exile of their race, were influenced by the elevating thoughts of the Spaniards of the sixteenth century. They dealt with millions, we with straggling hordes. Their desolations formed no part of their policy, but were none the less terrible for the race. Las Casas declares that from twelve to fifteen millions of American Aborigines disappeared before the Spaniards in forty years. Hayti had a million, but became extinct of aboriginal life in 1729. When men felt they were but the instruments of God, they knew no pity, they had no remorse.

But we need be as much ashamed of our own countrymen in the New World as of the Spaniards. Our colonists met with no vast numbers in the field, but warred with what there were. In the "History of Connecticut" it is said that 180,000 Indians perished there. The historian shows further that the Puritans, persecuted in England, forgot the instincts of mercy in their new home. They carried their Old Testament proclivities thither, and, regarding themselves as favoured Israelites in the Promised Land, proceeded to exterminate a people whose "iniquity was full," like so many Heaven-commissioned Joshuas. Even the

pious Cotton Mather was so imbued with this fierce doctrine, and so full of complacent regard for the *Lord's people*, as to exult in a destructive sickness among the Indians, and could quietly write: "By this prodigious pestilence the woods were cleared of those pernicious creatures, to make room for a better growth."

Mr. Merivale, in his "Colonies and Colonization," lays down the principle that "Native races must in every instance either perish, or be amalgamated with the general population of their country."

The amalgamation with aboriginal people has never been a favourite theory with the colonists from the British Isles. In a certain circle, the presence of Indian blood, provided it be direct from Pocahontas, or other historical princess, would be a passport to respectability; otherwise, it need not be mentioned. With the Spaniards and Portuguese it is otherwise. Alliance with the coloured race, though not always a necessity, was unobjectionable to taste, and was sanctioned by religion. The spread of mixed populations over the Americas has preserved the Indian element, not only by direct amalgamation, but by the growth of sympathy with the dark man of the woods. The Romish Church was eager to facilitate such unions, as they extended its influence and secured its triumphs.

Though the gratification of mere lustful emotions brought the opposing races occasionally together in our southern settlements, it tended greatly to the further decline of the weaker people. Marriages were scorned, and lengthened associations were only maintained for the convenience of the stronger party, to be broken at his will, and annulled without remorse. Concubinage itself was abhorrent to many Bushmen, when with such a debased and inferior race as the Tasmanians, especially in the later times of their degradation and decay. But still, with the lighter coloured, higher developed, and even graceful inhabitants of New Zealand, the alliance could not reach beyond the temporary and the selfish. Some remarks from a recent number of the *Taranaki Herald* of New Zealand illustrate the difficulties in the way:—

"The great excess of males over females will of itself prevent in a great measure intermarriage between white men and native women. In addition to which it may be mentioned that, until

lately at least, the missionaries encouraged marriages among the Natives at an injuriously premature age of the females, to prevent their being sold to white men for illicit purposes—a practice not suppressed by the tone of society which exists in the colony. Those early marriages have become habitual among the Natives, and it is painful to witness its result upon the diseased and feeble generation which is now growing up. An educated European who marries a native woman must give up all ideas of peace and comfort. A Maori will never marry a white woman, because he feels her superiority, and he cannot make a slave of her as a native woman. No white woman, not even the most degraded, could be induced to unite herself to a Maori—to herd, native-fashion, in a *pa*, amid dirt, vermin, and discomfort."

The Government of Van Diemen's Land was not indifferent to the amalgamation idea, as may be seen in this work. If not offering a bonus for such unions, several instances are recorded of grants of land to men who have been legally married to Tasmanian females, but which property could not be sold during the lifetime of the Native. Under the head of "Half-Castes," the subject receives further discussion.

Not able to amalgamate, the other unfortunate condition followed—*they perished.*

The Puritans were not alone in the belief that the Aborigines were a sort of Canaanitish people, who were doomed to be exterminated by the *peculiar people.* Even the missionary to the Blacks of New South Wales, Mr. Threlkeld, seems to find some comfort, in his natural astonishment at the rapid diminution of his charge, from feeling that it "is from the wrath of God, which is revealed from heaven against all ungodliness and unrighteousness of men." He utters this sentiment when standing in a colony constructed out of the refuse crime of Britain, and rapidly filling the land with their prosperous descendants! The Rev. Dr. Lang, of Sydney, more mildly observes: "It seems, indeed, to be a general appointment of Divine Providence that the Indian wigwam of North America and the miserable Aborigines of New Holland should be utterly swept away by the flood-tide of European colonization." This is the common idea of many good people, who call it "an inscrutable Providence." In olden times, all pestilences arising from the neglect of organic laws,—all

famines proceeding from the cruelty or ignorance of society,—and all wars coming from the passions of men,—were esteemed "appointments of Divine Providence." Professor Waitz properly rebukes this impiety, or self-delusive blindness, in this manner: "According to the teaching of the American school, the higher races are destined to displace the lower. The extinction of the lower is predestined by Nature; and it would thus appear that we must not merely acknowledge the right of the white American to destroy the Red man, but perhaps praise him that he has constituted himself the instrument of Providence in carrying out and promoting this law of destruction."

Not a few put away the paltry religious pretence, and take up the broad doctrine of necessity. Mr. Squier, the distinguished American traveller and ethnologist, asserts, in his "Central America," that "short-sighted philanthropy may lament, and sympathy drop a tear, as it looks forward to the total disappearance of the lower forms of humanity, but the laws of nature are irreversible—it is the will of God." But Captain Burton, the enterprising explorer, takes up this bold ground: "Maugre some evidence to the contrary, I still believe that the North American Aborigine, like the Tasmanian and the Australian, is but a temporary denizen of the world, who falls in the first struggle with nature. He is like a wild animal, to be broken, but not to be tamed, as the wolf can be taught to refrain from worrying, but cannot be made to act as a dog. In his wild state, the Indian falls before the white man. Settled and civilized, he dies of acute disease."

That is, the Blacks go before the superior Caucasian race, as the old, gigantic Saurians before other types of beings, and we have but to shrug our shoulders, and cry, "Poor fellows!" As the Irish elk retired before the Celt, the reindeer before the hunters of Gaul, so the Tasmanian before the Saxon. But while the Native thus retires, the kangaroo does not, the opossum does not. These very ancient animals suffer no diminution, but are greater pests to the settlers than ever the Blacks were, destroying crops or monopolizing the choicest pastures. *Battues* of thousands fail sensibly to thin the kangaroo army. The Native dog, or dingo, is nearly poisoned off, and the emu is hunted from the plains; but the fleet kangaroo conceals himself in the scrub by day to feed on the squatter's grass by night, as if he

believed that he had a right to the land from which his dark-skinned hunter had been driven.

The learned Bodichon expresses the sentiments of many political economists and jurists in these words:—"In the eyes of theology they are lost men; in the eyes of morality, vicious men; in the eyes of humanitary economy, they are non-producers. From their origin they had not recognised, and they still refuse to recognise, a supreme law imposed by the Almighty, viz. the *obligation of labour*." He advances, and develops the extreme views of the question in these words of ominous meaning to the few aboriginal races remaining:—"True philosophy should not tolerate the existence of a race whose nationality is opposed to progress, and who constantly struggle against the general rights and interests of humanity."

The author of the work on "The Universal Destruction of Aboriginal Nations," denies the position assumed by the Necessitarians. "He who talks of a necessity," says he, "that uncivilized man must perish away before civilized, proud though he may be in his own fancied light, is, with respect to the nobler qualities of man, barbarous and uncivilized himself. That almost all historical experience is on the side of the exterminating politician we are compelled, alas! to admit, to the shame of our race and of our country; but, in the name of humanity, we indignantly deny that the circumstances which impel the civilized race to root out the uncivilized are inevitable."

The decline, however, has in some cases at least been observed to have commenced before the advent of Englishmen. As Rome had sensibly fallen before the walls were polluted by the tramp of the barbarian, had declined in vigour, had decreased in population, and was crumbling to decay by the operation of causes within, so were the Natives in some places deteriorating in numbers, and waning in social strength. Devastating pestilences had swept over the forests, intestine wars had thinned the tribes, and physical decadence of family had commenced. Mr. Wohlers, of New Zealand, has these remarkable observations upon the fall of the Maories, which may, perhaps, be applied with justice to other people:—

"Studying the old New Zealand mythology, and other information about the Aborigines in the South Seas, it is my individual opinion that, at one time, long ago, they had obtained a far

higher degree of culture than they are in possession of at present, or of later years, and that at that time they were both healthy and flourishing; but that both their religious and civil institutions having been decayed, and, particularly in New Zealand, almost annihilated, they were sunken into a very feeble and degraded condition, and that that is the original cause of their decrease. If, therefore, Christianity and civilization had never been brought them by Europeans, they would gradually have vanished by themselves."

But there is no evidence to show that Australians and Tasmanians had a more consolidated and advanced state. The remark of Mr. Wohlers applies only to races having, like the Maories, a civilization of their own, and not to a migratory people. At the same time there is much force in what Mr. J. W. Jackson says, that "there is increasing evidence that these ruder types once occupied a much wider area in the world than they now do. It is also obvious that the day of their approaching extinction is measurable, if not by decades, at least by centuries. We are in many ways on the verge of an ethnic crisis." Certainly, when we hear the cry of "America for the Americans," and "Italy for the Italians,"—when we observe the heaving of the various dislocated tribes of Sclaves for union, and when we painfully witness the disappearance of races,—we are conscious of being on the verge of an ethnic crisis.

The death-struggle of ancient peoples is known on all sides of us. In some places they seem, as Humboldt so grandly describes, "the fading remnants of a society sinking amidst storms, overthrown and shattered by overwhelming catastrophes." At other times they appear, as Mr. Markham, the naturalist, speaks of the present Peruvian Indians, "marching slowly down the gloomy and dark road to extinction." A few illustrations from other lands will prepare for the story of the decline of the Tasmanians. Such will sadly demonstrate Mr. Darwin's philosophy that "the varieties of man seem to act upon each other in the same way as different species of animals; the stronger always extirpates the weaker." The coloured races are those which suffer, though there is evidently a vitality in negroes which, to a great extent, defies our power of destruction. Favoured with less sensibility, or endowed with stronger frame, they flourish where others fail, and they increase

with Hebrew facility under worse than Egyptian bondage. The fact is recognised, though philosophy ventures upon no proper solution of the enigma. The negro dwells in pestilential swamps, in sultry valleys, on mountain tops, on arid plains, in damp, and in cold. His merry, careless laugh is heard in every clime. The language, therefore, of Poeppig, the student of natural history, will not apply to him; for, said he of the dark skin, "He cannot endure the spread of European civilization in his neighbourhood; but perishes in its atmosphere, without suffering from ardent spirits, epidemics, or wars, as if touched by a poisonous breath."

When the two ministers forming the deputation from the London Missionary Society came to King Pomare II. of Tahiti, he saluted them with these mournful words: "You have come to see me in a very bad time. Your ancestors came in the time of men, when Tahiti was inhabited; you are come to behold just the remnant of my people." A prophecy of Teearmoar, the high priest of Paree, is often repeated by the islanders:—

"E tupu te fau,	The palm tree (*fau*) shall grow,
E torro te farero,	The coral (*farero*) shall spread,
E mou te taata."	But man (*mou*) shall cease.

Captain Cook estimated the population of Tahiti in his day at 200,000. It is now but little more than one-tenth of it. Mr. Herman Melville describes some of the causes of that decrease: "To say nothing of the effects of drunkenness," said he, "the occasional inroads of the small-pox, and other things that might be mentioned, it is sufficient to allude to a virulent disease, which now taints the blood of at least two-thirds of the common people of the island; and, in some form or other, is transmitted from father to son. Their first horror and consternation at the earlier ravages of this scourge were pitiable in the extreme. The very name bestowed upon it is a combination of all that is horrid and unmentionable to a civilized being."

Hawaii is another frightful example of declension of numbers. In 1823 the population was 140,000, though the Natives declare it was once four times that amount. In 1838 it had fallen to 108,000; in 1849, to 80,000; in 1853, to 71,000; in 1860, to 67,000; in 1863, to 62,000. There were one-fifth more males than females—the effect of libertinism. Dr. Ruschen-

berger, U.S. Navy, found 8,679 in the district of Rohalo in one year, and but 6,175 four years after. In the district of Hanapepe there were eight deaths recorded to one birth. Of 1,154 men, selected from one portion of the island, twenty-five only had a family of three children. Out of 637 elsewhere, ten only had three. The official reports give an average of half a child to each married couple on the whole island; of eighty married women only thirty-nine ever had offspring. Well might Mr. Wylie of the Foreign Office exclaim, "It is my frank belief that unless Hawaiian females can be rendered more pure and chaste, it is impossible to preserve the Hawaiian people in being." And yet they are the most civilized of the Pacific Islanders.

The same melancholy record is given of the interesting Samoans and other civilized South Sea people. They are accepting our religion, wearing our clothes, conforming to our habits, and hastening to their extinction. In spite of their former infanticides, murders, wars, cannibalism, the Fijians were the most populous of the ocean races; now those crimes have nearly ceased, and yet they are going the way of death.

It is with the Tasmanian's eastern neighbour, the Maori, that the devastation is as disastrous. From the official statistics the following facts are gleaned:—Of 222 wives in one district, 75 are reported barren; of 440 wives in another, 155 were barren. There were only 24,000 females to 31,000 males in 1858. A comparison of the two races is thus made: with one death in 136 of the White population, it was one in 33 of the Maori; and with one birth in 25 of the White, it was one in 67 of the other. These two causes must bring on ultimate extinction. One-fifth of the population passed away during the fourteen years previous to the census of 1858. That twenty per cent. will be greatly increased during the next fourteen, as decrepitude induces greater rapidity of extinction. In the district of Ngatikarewa, the magistrate declared that among seventeen women there was but one female child. "The present generation," writes the Rev. Mr. Ellis, "deeply sensible of the depopulation that has taken place, even within the recollection of those most advanced in years, have felt acutely in prospect of the annihilation that appeared inevitable." The Maories themselves have a poetical and affecting way of picturing their future:—"As clover killed

the fern, and the European dog the Maori dog—as the Maori rat was destroyed by the Pakeha rat—so our people, also, will be gradually supplanted and exterminated by the Europeans."

A Buffalo paper was some time ago exulting in the thought of the monopoly of the world by Americans, saying, "Sixty years ago there were only six millions in America (U.S.); now there are twenty-six millions. In another century they will be sixty millions, and they will spread over the earth until the globe be theirs!" It is this heartless egoism of our common race of Britain and America that so shocks the benevolent mind, and chills the aspiration for a better policy toward the native peoples. Major Warburton could tell the Buffalo editor that with his Indian of the prairies, "no soothing voice of affection fell upon his ear, no gentle kindness wooed him from his savage isolation. The hand of irresistible power was stretched out,—not to raise him from his low estate, and lead him into the brotherhood of civilized man,—but to thrust him away with cruel and unjust disdain." The Indian Bible which Elliott translated can now be read by no one. With such indifference and recklessness among the civilized, we are ready to believe what Dr. Wilson, in his "Prehistoric Man," asserts: "Whole tribes and nations have disappeared, without even a memorial mound, or pictured grave post, to tell when the last of the race is returning to the earth from whence he sprang." Dr. Gliddon gives utterance to the same thought: "Who can count how many races have already disappeared! What populations, of which we ignore the history, the very existence, have quitted the globe, without leaving on it their name, at least for a trace."

Strong drink has played an important part, as we have seen, in the decline of aboriginal races. Sir Francis Head, in a despatch to Lord Glenelg, said, "Wherever and whenever the two races come in contact, it is sure to prove fatal to the red man. If we stretch forth the hand of friendship, the liquid fire it offers him to drink proves still more destructive than our wrath." The King of Basutos, when converted to our faith, prohibited the introduction of alcoholic liquors into his dominions. Other chiefs of Native races have tried the same expedient, but while traders and missionaries themselves use the drink, it is in vain to maintain such prohibitory laws, especially as a declining race

ever flee to it for solace in their sorrow. That true friend of the coloured races, Bishop Selwyn, now Bishop of Lichfield, is reported to have uttered these solemn words, at a missionary meeting in Manchester:—

"He had spoken of the seeming failure of the work in New Zealand. He had to tell them of one of its causes. The people of the New Zealand race stood out for many years against the temptation to intoxication, but if the native people of New Zealand had given way to the sin of intoxication, from whom would God require an account of their sin? It was not a sin of native growth; it was an imported, an exotic, sin. They stood against it for a time, but as their faith failed they gave way to the temptations forced upon them by their English brethren. They had heard it said, and they were fearful words, that it was the law of nature that the coloured races should melt away before the advance of civilization. He would tell them where that law was registered, and who were its agents. It was registered in hell, and its agents were those whom Satan made twofold more the children of hell than himself. He from the bottom of his heart urged them to do all they could to discountenance the use of spirituous liquors."

In another work I have portrayed some mournful illustrations of the effect of drink on the Aborigines of New Holland, particularly on women. By it the latter were seduced into abhorrent vices, by it they contracted a horrible disease, by it they raised the anger and murderous blow of husbands and brothers, by it they degrade and kill the tribe.

The Corio tribe, living in the Geelong neighbourhood, were, at the time of my going to the south, a powerful body. A recent number of the *Geelong Register* has this paragraph, which tells of drink and decline: "The Corio tribe is nearly extinct, as King Jerry and one male companion are all that are now known to reside in the district. The last-named is far from well, and both are evidently shortening their existence by their habits of living." The physical and moral declension of the Aborigines by drink has tended to disgust the decent colonist, who wishes them out of his presence. The *Adelaide Observer*, like almost all the Australian papers, has uniformly taken the side of virtue, and maintained humane and generous principles, but could not forbear giving up all hope from the increasing drunkenness of

the Natives, and added, "The miserable races composing the Native tribes of this continent will soon melt away."

The Tasmanians suffered less from strong drink than the Australians have done, because they were less social with the Whites, and preferred dwelling apart in the independence of the wilderness. But every case I have examined into of, so-called, partial civilization has been one of misery from that cause. Whalers, stock-keepers, and sealers employed that agency for the accomplishment of their purpose with the Black women. The "Tame Mob" that hung about Hobart Town in early times, were dissolute and drunken. The unhappy remnant at Oyster Cove deplored their exposure to that curse; and, while declaring their passion for the excitement, spoke feelingly of the cruelty of subjecting them to its temptation.

No story can be sadder, as illustrating both civilization and decline, than that told me at Oyster Cove by the Superintendent concerning a beautiful Tasmanian girl, who had been adopted by Lady Franklin, and afterwards thrown into the herd of degraded savages. She had dwelt in the Colonial palace, had been taught, petted, and trained to higher hopes. She was then left to grope her way to the grave along with the untutored of her own race, the ignorant and vicious of ours. But a friend has sent me his own sketch of the girl. It appeared in the *Hobart Town Mercury* last June. He describes a visit of Lady Franklin's to the Blacks' temporary station, where was a pretty baby.

"As there were no picaninnies," says he, "at Government House at that time, it was in some way arranged that an addition should be made to the family at home; and so it was ordered that the little wild girl should take her place as one of the family. The king's daughter carried no dowry with her, save, indeed, a single kangaroo-skin, a rush basket, a shell necklace or two, a pet opossum, and her name—that was Mathinna. This pretty sound means in the language of her fathers 'Beautiful Valley.' She grew to be a tall, graceful girl—and here I am at a loss to describe perhaps one of the grandest specimens of our kind that ever nature smiled upon. She stood, when I saw her last, about five feet eight inches high, was very erect, with a quick, thoughtless, or perhaps thinking, if you please, toss about her head now and then. Her hair still curled short as before, but seemed to struggle into length, and was blacker

than black, bright, glossy, and oh! so beautiful! Her features were well chiselled, and singularly regular, while her voice was light, quick, yet sighed like, and somewhat plaintive."

He goes on with his sad narrative. "When Sir John Franklin was ordered home, the Tasmanian beauty did not go with her ladyship. The medical men thought her unfit for the rough English climate. She was left behind. But, strangely enough, instead of her being placed with a household of respectability and virtue, where at least her happiness would have been consulted, she was thrust into the Convict Orphan School, where some black children had been sent to be educated or to suffer and to die."

"Poor Mathinna," adds my friend, "was transferred sobbing and broken-hearted, from the tender care of one who had always proved far more than a mother to her, and the luxury and grandeur of Government House, to a cold stretcher in the dormitory of the Queen's Asylum. She soon fell sick, and took to her bed in the hospital. Poor girl! she had no friends then, save one, who sleeps with her now. All those fawners about Government House who used to say kind things, and pretend to be proud to take her hand in the ball-room because it pleased Lady Franklin, had all disappeared; and, as her wan fingers beat upon the wall, she sighed and thought of days gone by, and of that flock of summer friends who revelled in the sunshine of the hour, but vanished with its splendour."

When the Flinders Island establishment was removed to Oyster Cove, she was ordered thither. The sequel is well told in my friend's sad tale:—

"Too soon, alas! she fell into the habits of the rest; and, as they were permitted to wander about in the Bush in all directions, amongst sawyers, splitters, and characters of the deepest depravity, the reader may guess for himself what my pen refuses to write. One night, however, Mathinna was missing; and, although *cooey* after *cooey* resounded from mountain to mountain, and from gully to gully, no tidings were heard of the lost girl. In the morning the search was continued, till at length the wanderer was found. The little wild girl with the shell necklace, and the pet opossum—the scarlet-coated, bare-headed beauty in the carriage—the *protégé* of the noblewoman—the

reclaimed daughter of the native chief, had *died*, abandoned by every virtue, and—*drunk*—in the river!"

The decline has been attributed by many to the "breeding in and in" practice, as the Tasmanians had been isolated for many generations from contact with any other people. This doctrine has been presented forcibly by Mr. George Combe in his "Constitution of Man," and has been acted upon by the regulations of savage tribes, as well as by the exhortations and enactments of churches and states. The "degrees" have been insisted upon. From not "marrying a grandmother," down to the Chinese regulation of not marrying out of his own clan, the man has been hedged in with his natural proclivities. The decay of nations, the diseases of families, the imbecility and unproductiveness of certain royal houses, have been ascribed to this *cousinly* practice of close breeding. But of late, the argument for the other side has been taken up. Instances,—like that given by Quatrefages of the fishing village of western France, where a couple of thousand healthy, good-looking, and intelligent people are found having no connexion out of their borders—or like the brawny "Caller Herring" women of the Forth—have been adduced to prove the contrary. Several French and English physiologists have lately been opening up the question, and have brought forward statistical evidence to prove the contrary of what has generally been assumed as the evil consequences of "cousin unions."

Mr. Fenton is of the old belief, and writes: "One other cause of depopulation suggests itself to the mind of the writer—the constant intermixture of blood during the twenty generations that the Maories have occupied this country." But, according to the Maori traditions, the settlement was made those twenty generations ago by a few canoe-loads only. When first known to Captain Cook, the islands were thronged with people. The "intermixture" must have been closer at the formation of the colony by the Maories. Mr. Heaphy, another New Zealand authority, attempts similarly to account for the "run out" of the race. "Has isolation been the cause?" says he. "I am not aware that the fact of New Zealand being the populated island most remote in the world from any other populated country has attracted the attention of naturalists. May an infusion of fresh blood not be necessary to restore prolificacy?

Among the islands of Melanesia, where communication from group to group is easy, the villages teem with children, and young mothers with several young children hanging about them are met continually, notwithstanding the effect of disease and the insecurity of perpetual warfare."

But had not New Zealand declined most rapidly after their bloody intestine wars had ceased, after cannibalism and infanticide had disappeared, after the filth of pas had been removed, after chastity and temperance had succeeded impurity and drunkenness, after Christianity had supplanted heathenism? Intercourse with other tribes has, in fact, been promoted by commerce, been cemented by missions.

The cases of Melanesia and New Zealand, or, more aptly, the Papuans of Melanesia and the Papuans of Tasmania, are not parallel. The islanders of those equatorial regions have not been, except at rare intervals, even visited by Europeans. Although communication be easy, it is not expedient, for each island is a nation in itself, having its independent language, and only coming in contact with others on terms of destructive warfare. The "new blood" has more force when applied to Tasmania.

The importation of diseases has, doubtless, accelerated the departure of Natives. Hearne ventures so far as to affirm that nine-tenths of the North American Indians perished from small-pox. Scrofula is regarded as a most subtle and destructive cause. Syphilis has been a fearful scourge, though something of that character, perhaps, existed in the South Seas before the visit of our navigators. Dr. Broca does not esteem it the principal agent in their decline, remarking that it has never been so horrible in modern times among savages as it was in Europe three or four hundred years ago. Dr. Bourgard examined a number of dead bodies at Tahiti, and found tubercles in all, or nearly all. He thinks that we have imparted consumption, which has raged as an epidemic among them. "It has thus," he says, "destroyed the families without noise, and as if by stealth." He concludes by asking, "Is it become an epidemic, while preserving its character of hereditary, and does it thus constitute the most complete scourge that medicine can inscribe upon its nosological list?"

Dr. Jeanneret thus refers to the decline on Flinders Island:

"This was, perhaps, unavoidable under so sudden a change, from a life of hazard to one of comparative indolence, without precautions which experience alone could indicate. Many of them were aged. Several still suffered from the effects of their wounds, and few were prepared to adopt the means of graduating their exchanged position. The temporary necessity of resorting to a diet of salt provisions might also possibly operate prejudicially." He speaks of a pseudo-civilization "increasing an inherent tendency to pulmonary and inflammatory affections; and several were victims of intermutual violence and revenge." He told me that some had confessed to him that men had received blows in the loins, which would, in their decaying condition, produce the manifestations of consumption.

One prominent exponent of the Tasmanian decline, as with that of others, was the absence of children. Mr. A. C. Gregory, the celebrated explorer of Northern Australia, told me that in Queensland the want of reproduction was being already felt with the Blacks, even in the most recently settled parts, and that decay would set in. Though, without doubt, many Tasmanian aboriginal children disappeared during the hardships and harassment of the "Black War," yet the absence of births even more than the frequency of deaths completed the destruction of the people. From inquiry of the nine women at Oyster Cove, I learned that only two of them had ever had a child. One of the two had one child, and the other two children; all had died many years ago. Upon my expressing my surprise, one said, with a burst of laughter, "What good hab him piccaninny?" Another, with better taste, remarked, "What por? blackfellow, him all die."

But some, struck with the non-fertility of Australian and Tasmanian women, have supposed that some mysterious effect was produced by their intercourse with white men. Count Strzelecki advanced this theory respecting the dark-skinned female:

"She loses the powers of conception, on a renewal of intercourse with a male of her own race, retaining only that of procreating with the white man." Again, "Hundreds of instances of this extraordinary fact are recorded in the writer's memoranda, all occurring invariably under the same circumstances among the Hurons, Seminoles, Red Indians, Yakies, Mendoza Indians, Auracos, South Sea Islanders, and Natives of New Zealand,

New South Wales, and Van Diemen's Land; and all tending to prove that the sterility of the female is not accidental, but follows laws as cogent, though as mysterious, as the rest of those connected with generation."

The common opinion among colonists is that such sterility is in consequence of their mode of life, as with the prostitutes of Europe; and that, though very occasionally a half-caste has appeared, the females became so rapidly diseased, or internally enfeebled, as to be unable to produce. This is especially seen in the Australian races, and those of New Zealand and the Pacific Islands.

Whatever the exceptions, births with Blacks, after intercourse with Whites, were, as a rule, unknown. While travelling through the volcanic country of Mount Gambier, I heard of an instance of a woman bearing a child to a young Black, after she had been delivered of two half-castes. Other examples have been mentioned to me. Addressing the Rev. Mr. Ridley upon the question, as he had had great experience among the Natives of New South Wales, he answers, "In all parts I have heard it said that black children are never born of mothers who have given birth to half-castes. I never heard of one instance in which this occurred." Mr. A. Oldfield, of Western Australia, says, "During twenty years' observation I have ever found the Count's statement to be correct."

On the other hand, the German Gipps Land Missionary, Mr. Hagenauer, writes thus to me: "This is not true, for every woman (at his mission) who had a half-caste child has had black children afterwards, and is *still getting them.*" The Rev. George Taplin of Queensland Missions has this observation: "I have known many instances of women bearing black children after half-castes." Many are ready to declare the same of negro nations. Though six Tahitians were with nine seamen of the *Bounty* in association with thirteen Tahitian females, the children were all half-castes.

As to our Tasmanians, Dr. Milligan has at least one exception. Writing in 1851, he says: "There is now living at the Tasmanian Aborigines' Establishment, at Oyster Cove, a native black woman of Tasmania, who, when young, bore black children to her native husband—then several half-castes, of whom two grown-up women are now alive—and, finally, two or three black children

(one of whom is now a fine boy about nine years old) by a black countryman, to whom she was united upon being removed from her European protector." Dr. Jeanneret of Flinders declares: "I do not think Strzelecki was right in his estimate of their fertility."

To my interrogative of "Why did they cease having children?" I received the following reply from Dr. Story, a benevolent member of the Society of Friends, who has lived at Swanport, in Tasmania, for between forty and fifty years:—"I think it a physiological question, that from want of sufficient data could not be answered. I do not know if the medical men who have attended the Natives ever ventilated the question. The deaths at Flinders Island, and the attempts at civilizing the Natives, were consequent on each other. If left to themselves, to roam as they were wont, and undisturbed, they would have reared more children, and there would have been less mortality. The change to Flinders induced or developed an apathic condition of the constitution, rendering them more susceptible of the heats and chills attendant on their corrobories, inducing a peculiar disease in the thoracic viscera." Elsewhere he writes: "After 1823 the women along with the tribe seemed to have had no children; but why I do not know. Their being at war with the Whites may have caused the mothers to neglect their infants, or frights caused continual abortions, until the uterine system was habituated to it."

Among the opinions collected upon the theory of non-fertility, a letter was sent me from Mr. Surveyor-General Calder, of Hobart Town. "I believe," wrote he, "there is mighty humbug in Count Strzelecki's theory, that where a savage woman has had sexual intercourse with a white man, she is for ever after incapable of having children by a man of her own race. What can colour signify? I should almost as soon think of asserting that a black mare could not have a foal by a black horse after having had one by a white one." But he was good enough to enclose me a note from Mr. Solly, Assistant Colonial Secretary of Tasmania; and to whom I take this opportunity of acknowledging my gratitude for past literary assistance. Mr. Solly says: "When I was a resident in South Australia, I knew a woman, an aboriginal Native, the mother (at least I have no doubt she was the mother) of a half-caste child, who had subse-

quently another child as dark as herself, and without question the child of a black man." He then proceeds to philosophize upon the subject, saying, "Many of these poor black women used to prostitute themselves for clothes, tobacco, or 'white money,' and, in such cases, I question whether they would bear children any more than white prostitutes."

There is another side of this question. The female is not alone in defective virility. A New Zealand writer says that a "full quiver is the ordinary result of mixed marriages." There never was a difficulty about children with Whites, even when black children in Tasmania were almost unknown. A case in Victoria may bear upon the subject. Seventeen years ago I knew a native who was *knocking about* the settled districts, having a wife, but being childless. Then he was often intoxicated. About a year since I saw him healthy and happy. He was under good influence, had kept away from town life, and was then working quietly upon his little bit of ground. He had regained his vigour, and with great glee held up a fine black child, that he took from its black mother, and claimed for his own.

Although the destruction in Tasmania was not so awful in magnitude as on the continent, where the Rev. L. E. Threlkeld says, "Of one large tribe in the interior four years since there were 164 persons, now there are only three individuals alive,"—yet the account of Flinders Island experience is a sad one of decline. Surgeon Allen in 1837 wrote from Flinders: "It is almost certain that these people will become extinct in a few years." It is sickening to read such extracts as these from the medical reports :—

"20 Feb. 1837.—Died this day of chronic visceral inflammation, the native man Algernon.—J. Allen, Surgeon.

"22 Feb. 1837.—Died this evening of acute visceral inflammation, the native man Omega.—J. Allen, Surgeon.

"25 Feb. 1837.—Died this evening of chronic visceral inflammation, the native man Matthew.—J. Allen, Surgeon.

"29 Feb. 1837.—Died this day of visceral chronic inflammation, the native woman Tinedeburrie.—J. Allen, Surgeon."

The decline of our Aborigines would be explained by Mr. Brace, in his ethnological work, as proceeding "from the wear

and contact with a different and grasping race." He explains further:—"This must not be understood to be a poetic or sentimental statement. It is a scientific consideration now, in explaining the diminution of any barbarous or inferior race in presence of a more powerful one—the effect on the spirits or temperament which the contrast of a different and more fortunate people causes." This is especially the truth in relation to the Tasmanians. The iron entered into the souls of these sensitive men. They sank under the burden of the thought.

Our Tasmanians suffered from heart sickness and home sickness. Mr. R. H. Davis, in his interesting notice, refers to their residence on Flinders, "where," says he, "they have been treated with uniform kindness; nevertheless, the births have been few, and the deaths numerous. This may have been in a great measure owing to their change of living and food; but more so to their banishment from the mainland of Van Diemen's Land, which is visible from Flinders Island; and the Natives have often pointed it out to me with expressions of the deepest sorrow depicted on their countenances." Dr. Barnes was conscious of the same antagonism to his medical treatment, saying, "They pine away, not from any positive disease, but from a disease they call 'home sickness.' They die from a disease of the stomach, which comes on entirely from a desire to return to their own country." The *Ranz des Vaches* appeals to the imagination, and excites romantic impulses, though proceeding from the lips of voluntary exiles from their Swiss mountain-home. Can it be less affecting to witness the tear-dimmed glance of the Tasmanian at the hills from which he was stolen, or listen to the deep sigh of the dark captive as he dwells upon the forest haunts of his youth, and the loved ones of his days there? When the poor *gin*, with eager look and pointing finger, asked a gentleman if he saw the white, snowy crest of the towering Ben Lomond, then just looming in the distance, the tears rolled down her swarthy cheeks, as she exclaimed, "That-me-country." Perhaps Governor Bourke was justified in declaring, "They conceive that the God of the English is removing the aboriginal inhabitants to make room for them."

It was not to be expected that so mournful a fate could be a matter of indifference to statesmen, and we hear again and again expressions of sympathy from our British rulers. When

Governor Arthur wrote home about the terrible decline of the Tasmanians, even before the great conflict of the Line, and subsequent battle strife, Sir George Murray thus replied in a despatch, dated Nov. 5, 1830 :—

"The great decrease which has of late years taken place in the amount of the aboriginal population, renders it not unreasonable to apprehend that the whole race of these people may, at no distant period, become extinct. But with whatever feelings such an event may be looked forward to by those of the settlers who have been sufferers by the collisions which have taken place, it is impossible not to contemplate such a result of our occupation of the island, as one very difficult to be reconciled with feelings of humanity, or even with feelings of justice and sound policy; and the adoption of any line of conduct, having for its avowed or secret object the extinction of the native race, could not fail to leave an indelible stain upon the British Government."

It was too late to attend to the benevolent cry of Lord Glenelg, "Rescue the remnant!" It is noticed in the glens of Tasmania that the beautiful *Exocarpus*, or native cherry-tree, flourishes best beneath the shade of other forest forms. When the axe lowers its tall and graceful companions, it begins to sicken, as though bemoaning the loss of sympathy, and gradually decays. Thus was it with the Natives. The departure of some let the sun in too rudely upon the others, and they shrank in their sensitive natures, hastening to the shade of the tomb.

When I was at Oyster Cove I could not avoid, when rambling through the Bush with King Walter George Arthur, asking a question bearing upon the departure of his people. I repented of my curiosity. His face became suddenly clouded, his eyes lost their lustre, his mouth twitched nervously at the side, he sighed deeply, and his very body seemed to bend forward. He slowly turned himself round, but said nothing. He looked like one oppressed with secret and consuming grief—as one without hope. He had no child. All his dark friends were childless, and were silently leaving him on the strand alone.

Notice after notice appears in the Hobart Town papers of the departure of the few I saw at Oyster Cove. Poor Patty died early in 1867. Wabberty was then dying, leaving but two

others of the sisterhood alive. The last of the Straits Aborigines, known as Mrs. Julia Mansell, died in July 1867, on Sea Lion Island. She was sixty years of age. Her large family of half-castes were scattered through the group of islands. Her sealer husband, now sixty-four, survives his aboriginal partner. Walter has gone, and Maryann, his intelligent wife, has gone also. Particulars of them may be gathered from the chapter on "Oyster Cove."

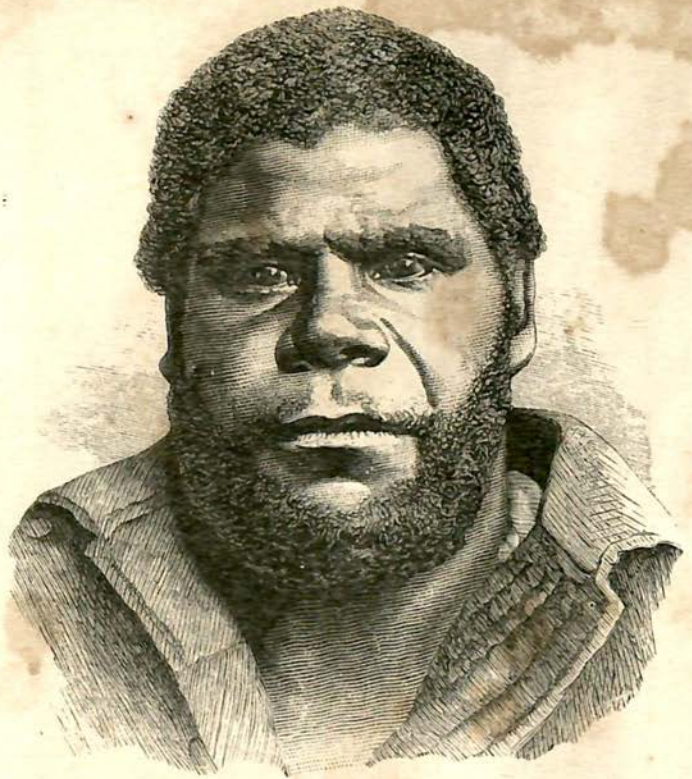
One man remained, William Lanné. In October 1864, the *Hobart Town Mercury* has this paragraph:—

"At the last ball at Government House, Hobart Town, there appeared the last male aboriginal inhabitant of Tasmania. We had read much before of the Last Man, and heard much of the last man of his race, but had never expected to have been favoured with the sight of such a person. In this case, however, the person in question was accompanied by three aboriginal females, the sole living representatives of the race beside himself, but not of such an age, or such an appearance, as to justify the expectation of any future addition to their numbers."

This is the account given by the press of the Last of the Botany Bay tribe. The poor fellow tells a gentleman his sad tale. "Well, Mitter, all black fellow gone! All this my country! Pretty place, Botany! Little piccaninny, I run about here. Plenty black fellow then. Corrobory great fight. All canoe about. Only me left now, Mitter. Poor Mini *tumble down* (die). All gone! Bury her like a lady, Mitter. All put in coffin—like English. I feel lump in throat when I talk about her; but I bury her all very genteel, Mitter." The Rev. Mr. Threlkeld wrote in 1855: "I saw last month the last man of the last tribe of these districts" (near Sydney).

How expressive, as applied to such a man, is the language of the talented and estimable Mr. Westgarth:—

"Behold him a wandering outcast; existing, apparently, without motives and without object; a burden to himself, a useless encumberer of the ground! Does he not seem pre-eminently a special mystery in the designs of Providence, an excrescence, as it were, upon the smooth face of nature, which is excused and abated only by the resistless haste with which he disappears from the land of his forefathers? Barbarous, unreflecting, and superstitious, how strangely contrasted is an object so obnoxious



WILLIAM LANNÉ, THE LAST MAN.

Photographed by MR. C. A. WOOLLEY, 1866.)

WILLIAM LANNÉ, THE LAST MAN.

(*Photographed by* MR. C. A. WOOLLEY, 1866.)

and so useless with the brightness of a southern sky, and the pastoral beauty of an Australian landscape."

When I went over to Hobart Town a couple of years ago, William Lanney had just returned from a whaling voyage. Truganina had mentioned his being a sailor, when talking to me about "him such a fine young man." I, therefore, sought him. Once I caught sight of him at a distance, but he was too drunk to talk with. My young friend Mr. Woolley gave me one of his excellent photographs of the poor fellow, a copy of which the reader is enabled to inspect. As he was going to see the Queen, as he said, I went several times to the ship in the hope of catching him sober, and having a chat with him, but was obliged to terminate my visit to the charming island unsuccessful in that object.

William Lanney, Lanny, or Lanné, *alias* King Billy, the last man of the Tasmanian Aborigines, was, singularly enough, the last child of the last family brought from the island. The story of their capture, near Cape Grim, is given elsewhere in the work. Dr. Jeanneret is my authority for stating, that when the family arrived at Flinders Island, they were unable to consort with other Natives from their ignorance of language, and their own speech being unknown to the rest. They were much attached to each other. The mother, from privation and anxiety, wore the aspect of extreme age and feebleness. The father was singularly gentle in his manners. The children exhibited an affectionate interest in each other, and were very fond of their little "Billy" brother. But having just received further particulars from Dr. Milligan, the last Protector, concerning the last man, I would give an extract from his interesting communication :—

"Near the close of 1842," writes that gentleman, "being at that time in charge of the *then* new Convict Department, I took Launceston in the course of a tour of inspection of the convict establishments in the colony. There I found placed for safe custody, until transport to the aboriginal establishment at Flinders Island could be provided, the family of Aborigines afterwards known by the name of Lannie—consisting of a father and mother, with a son and daughter, fourteen to eighteen years of age, and two or three younger children, one of whom was afterwards named 'Billy,' and who, from his being the last male survivor of his race, together with the untoward circumstances

supervening on his decease, has acquired a posthumous notoriety, which no condition of his life, or characteristics of his own, ever entitled him to. As a boy and youth he was very docile, and rather (as was very naturally to be expected) stupid and dull of apprehension. He never attended any public school, but an attempt was made by the catechist to teach him with the other children, an attempt which proved him a signal failure. *Lanny* or *Lannie* is, you will find, an aboriginal verb of the western tribe of Tasmania, signifying to *fight* or *strike*. How it came to be applied to the family I know not; it is certain they showed no fight when cleverly captured in the act of robbing in a shepherd's hut on the Cape Grim property of the Van Diemen's Land Company, shortly before the date at which I first saw them in H.M. gaol at Launceston. They were taken, I believe, between Mount Cameron and the Arthur River, on the west coast. . . . . The aboriginal race of Tasmania possessed, in common with wild natives of other regions, great acuteness of vision at long distances; and to this faculty, rather than to any general fitness as a sailor, must be attributed the employment of Billy, and of many Polynesians of equally low development, on board whaling ships, where a keen eye at the mast-head is often worth a mint of money."

William Lanné afterwards sojourned with his own people at Oyster Cove. He then contracted an acquaintance with boatmen and sailors. Ultimately he became a whaler, and for years sailed from Hobart Town in the *Aladdin*. Jolly in habits as well as in appearance, he was always a favourite with his fellow-seamen, and was received with enthusiasm by the old ladies of the settlement whenever he paid them a visit. As the youngest and handsomest of their tribes, they were loud in their praises of him to me. Consorting with the Europeans, and having no mate among his colour, it is not remarkable that he should have found fault with the excellent photograph copied in this work, and told Mr. Woolley, the artist, that it was "too black" for him.

Lanné continued cruising about for years. I never heard that her Gracious Majesty invited him to dine with her, although he had supposed, should he ever visit England, that compliment might have been paid to him as the last sovereign of his ancient race. It was some consolation to receive her smiles

indirectly, being warmly greeted by her son, the Duke of Edinburgh, in January 1868. Clad in a blue suit, with a gold-lace band round his cap, he walked proudly with the Prince on the Hobart Town regatta ground, conscious that they alone were in possession of royal blood.

A couple of months after Lanné went whaling again. He returned in the *Runnymede* in February of the present year, bloated and unhealthy. For several days he complained of sickness. On the Friday he was suddenly seized with choleraic diarrhœa, and his system was unable to bear up against the attack. The following day he attempted to dress himself, with a view of proceeding to the hospital for treatment, but the exertion overcame him, and he fell dead on the bed. The *Hobart Town Mercury* of March 5th, 1869, has this melancholy record:—

"He had an unfortunate propensity for beer and rum, and was seldom sober when on shore. He was paid off on Saturday last, when he received a balance of wages and *lay* amounting to 12*l.* 13*s.* 5*d.* He took up his residence at the 'Dog and Partridge' public-house, at the corner of Goulburn and Barrack streets, and died from a severe attack of English cholera, as described by us yesterday. His body was removed to the Colonial Hospital on Wednesday night, March 3d, where it awaits burial, and to-morrow the grave will close over the last male aboriginal of Tasmania."

The circumstances attending this funeral were very remarkable. From my friend Mr. J. W. Graves, barrister in Hobart Town, I received letters relative to this extraordinary affair. A true friend of the Tasmanians, he endeavoured to make the occasion of national significance, and wished to see the Governor with other officials pay the last mark of respect to the Last Man of the Aborigines. But the *Hobart Town Mercury*, of March 8th, gives the following particulars:—

The Burial of William Lanné.

On Saturday afternoon the remains of "Billy Lanné," or, as he was generally called, "King Billy," the last male Aboriginal of Tasmania, were committed to the grave in presence of a very large concourse of the citizens. On the announcement of the "death of the last man," it was generally supposed that the funeral would be made a public

affair, and that some part in the arrangements would be taken by the Government; the first announcement made, however, was simply to the effect that the funeral would move from the establishment of Mr. Millington, undertaker, of Murray Street, at 9 A.M. on Saturday, and inviting friends of the deceased to attend. As previously stated by us, the body had been removed from the Dog and Partridge Hotel, where the man died, to the dead-house at the Hospital, and, on an order being sought for its removal to the undertakers, it was declined, on the ground that, as the body was of the greatest scientific value, the authorities were determined to do all in their power to protect it. An application to the Colonial Secretary met with the same reply, and the Hon. Sir Richard Dry sent positive instructions to Dr. Stokell that the body of "King Billy" should be protected from mutilation: on this subject, however, we have more to communicate presently. On its being ascertained that the authorities were taking no steps respecting the obsequies, the matter was taken in hand by Mr. J. W. Graves, and invitations were issued to a number of old colonists and natives, requesting their attendance, the funeral being postponed until two o'clock. At that hour between fifty and sixty gentlemen presented themselves at the institution, and found all in readiness for the burial. Rumours had, meanwhile, got afloat to the effect that the body had been tampered with, and Captain McArthur, Mr. Colvin, and some others interested in the deceased, from his connexion with the whaling trade, requested that the coffin should be opened, in order to satisfy their minds that the ceremony of burial was not altogether a "vain show." This was done by Mr. Graves, and the body was seen by those who desired to see it, in the condition which will be hereafter described. The lid was then again screwed down, and, at the suggestion of some of those present, the coffin was sealed. In connexion with this part of the proceedings a singular accident occurred. On a seal being asked for, it was found that there was not such a thing in the institution, but on a search being made in the dispensary an old brass stamp was found, and on its being impressed upon the wax, it left the simple word "world." What such an odd seal could have been cut for is unknown, but its turning up under such circumstances, and its accidental use to seal down the coffin of the last man of his race, is a circumstance so singular as to be worth recording. Having been duly sealed, the coffin was covered with a black opossum skin rug, fit emblem of the now extinct race to which the deceased belonged; and on this singular pall were laid a couple of native spears and waddies, round which were twined the ample folds of a Union Jack, specially provided by the shipmates of the deceased. It was then mounted upon the shoulders of four white native lads, part of the crew of the *Runnymede*, who volunteered to carry their aboriginal

countryman to his grave. Their names were, John Silvester, John Timms, James Davis, and George Attwell. The pall was borne by Captain Hill, of the *Runnymede*, himself a native of Tasmania, and by three coloured seamen, John Bull, a native of the Sandwich Islands, Henry Whalley, a half-caste native of Kangaroo Island, S.A., and Alexander Davidson, an American. The chief mourners were Captain McArthur, of the whaling barque *Aladdin*, and Captain Bayley, owner of the whaling barque *Runnymede*. Among the mourners were nearly all the masters of vessels in port, and many gentlemen connected with the whaling trade. There was also a large muster of old colonists and native-born Tasmanians. As the procession moved along Liverpool and Murray streets to St. David's Church it gathered strength, and was followed by a large concourse of spectators. The Rev. F. H. Cox read the service, and preceded the body to the grave, clothed in his surplice. On leaving the church the procession numbered from a hundred to a hundred and twenty mourners, and the event recalled to the minds of the old colonists present many an interesting episode of the early days of the colony, and of that race the last male representative of which was about to be consigned to his tomb. At the cemetery the Rev. Mr. Cox read the second portion of the impressive Burial Service of the English Church, and the grave closed over "King Billy," the breast-plate on whose coffin bore the simple inscription, "William Lanné, died March 3d, 1869. Aged 34 years."

Mutilation of the body.

Notwithstanding the precautions above referred to, the body of poor "King Billy" has not been respected, nor does the grave around which so many persons gathered on Saturday, contain a vestige of Tasmania's "last man." It is a somewhat singular circumstance that, although it has been known for years that the race was becoming extinct, no steps have ever been taken in the interests of science to secure a perfect skeleton of a male Tasmanian aboriginal. A female skeleton is now in the Museum, but there is no male, consequently the death of "Billy Lanné" put our surgeons on the alert. The Royal Society, anxious to obtain the skeleton for the Museum, wrote specially to the Government upon the subject, setting forth at length the reasons why, if possible, the skeleton should be secured to them. The Government at once admitted their right to it, in preference to any other institution, and the Council expressed their willingness at any time to furnish casts, photographs, and all other particulars to any scientific society requiring them. Government, however, declined to sanction any interference with the body, giving positive orders that it should be decently buried; nor did they feel at liberty to give their sanction to any future action which might be taken; although it is needless to say that so valuable

a skeleton would not have been permitted to remain in the grave, and possibly no opposition would have been made to its removal, had it been taken by those best entitled to hold it in the interests of the public and of science, and without any violation of decency. Besides the Royal Society, it seems that there were others who desired to secure "Billy Lanné's" skeleton, and who were determined to have it in spite of the positive orders of the Colonial Secretary. The dead-house at the hospital was entered on Friday night, the head was skinned and the skull carried away, and with a view to conceal this proceeding, the head of a patient who had died in the hospital on the same day, or the day previously, was similarly tampered with, and the skull placed inside the scalp of the unfortunate native, the face being drawn over so as to have the appearance of completeness. On this mutilation being discovered, the members of the Council of the Royal Society were greatly annoyed, and feeling assured that the object of the party who had taken the skull was afterwards to take the body from the grave, and so possess himself of the perfect skeleton, it was resolved to take off the feet and hands and to lodge them in the Museum, an operation which was carefully done. The funeral then took place as above described. On the mutilation of the bodies in the dead-house becoming known, a letter was addressed by the Colonial Secretary to Dr. Stokell, requiring a report upon the case, and we have it upon the very highest authority that Dr. Stokell reported the circumstances much as they are described above, informing the Colonial Secretary that the only persons who had been present in the dead-house during Friday night were a surgeon, who is one of the honorary medical officers, his son, who is a student, and the barber of the institution, and neither of those persons were seen to remove anything from the hospital. It is believed, however, that the skull was thrown over the wall at the back of the dead-house with a string attached to it, and that it was secured by a confederate stationed in the creek on the other side. These reports occasioned a very painful impression among those present at the funeral, and a deputation consisting of Messrs. Colvin, McArthur, and Bayley, waited upon Sir Richard Dry in the evening, and requested that steps should be taken to have the grave watched during the night. Sir Richard at once acquiesced in the proposal, and instructions were given to the police, but in some way they miscarried, possibly owing to the fact that they were not communicated through his Worship the Mayor, and the consequence was that the grave was found disturbed yesterday morning, when Constable Mahony reported that the earth had been removed, that a skull had been found lying on the surface, that a part of the coffin was visible, and that the ground surrounding the grave was saturated with blood. During the morning this report spread through the city,

LALLA ROOKH, OR TRUGANINA, THE LAST WOMAN.

(*Photographed by* Mr. C. A. Woolley, 1866.)

LALLA ROOKH, THE ONLY WOMAN ALIVE.

(*Photographed by* Mr. C. A. Woolley, 1866.)

and several hundreds of persons visited the cemetery in the afternoon. On the facts being communicated to Sir Richard Dry, he, in company with the Hon. Attorney-General, visited the grave, where they were met by Mr. J. W. Graves. The skull found on the surface was buried in their presence, and a general examination of the ground was made. Whether any other step will be taken respecting the violation of the grave we are unable to say. The visit of ministers to the grave was, we understand, consequent upon a report that the coffin had been removed, and had this been the case a search warrant would have been issued at their instance, as executors of "Billy Lanné," with instructions, in the event of any portions of the body being found in the course of its execution, that they should be taken possession of. Sir Richard and Mr. Dobson satisfied themselves, however, of the presence of the coffin, and therefore no step was taken, as it is doubtful whether any legal property in the body exists. Many rumours are afloat as to what has become of the body, and the men employed in the cemetery state that blood was traced from the grave to the gate opposite the stores of the Anglo-Australian Guano Company in Salamanca Place, but that there the traces were lost. There can be little doubt that the body has been secured by the individual who made off with the head, and possibly the fact that it is minus feet and hands may yet lead to the restoration of that important portion, as the skeleton will be comparatively valueless unless perfect. We have been informed by the Hon. Sir Richard Dry that Dr. Crowther waited upon him on Saturday morning prior to the mutilation being reported, and made a request that the body should be granted to him, in order that he might secure the skeleton for the Royal College of Surgeons, England. Sir Richard Dry informed the Doctor of the prior claim of the Royal Society, and expressed his opinion that if the skeleton was to be preserved at all, it should be in the Hobart Town Museum, where all scientific inquiries respecting the aboriginal race would most probably be made.

It is sufficient to add that Dr. Crowther was suspended as honorary surgeon of the hospital, that the skeleton was in possession of the Royal Society of Tasmania, and that, according to the *Launceston Examiner*, "it is expected that one of the first orders on the assembling of Parliament will be a 'return of King Billy's head!'"

The "Last Man" has gone. The Last Woman is no less a person than the historical Truganina, or Lalla Rookh!

The woolly-haired Tasmanian no longer sings blithely on the Stringy-bark Tiers, or twines the snowy clematis blossom for

his bride's garland. The concern awakened for his condition comes too late. The bell but tolls his knell, and the Æolian music of the she-oak is his hymn and requiem. We cover our faces while the deep and solemn voice of our common Father echoes through the soul, "Where is thy brother?"

Oh! if he were here, how kindly would we speak to him! Would we not smile upon that dark sister of the forest, and joy in the prattle of that piccaninny boy? And would not the Christian cheek, once pale with reproaches and tearful with penitence, glow with delight to tell of a found Saviour to the lost savage? But now the burthen of each saddened spirit is,

Would I had loved him more!

THE END.

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